# KENTISH SONGSTER:

0 R,

# Ladies and Gentlemen's Miscellany.

CONTAINING

Above SIXTEEN HUNDRED

OF THE MOST CELEBRATED

## ENGLISH, SCOTCH, and IRISH SONGS;

IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED

All the Favourite New Songs fung at the THEATRES ROYAL, VAUXHALL,
RANGLAGH, and POLITE CONCERTS.

#### The FOURTH EDITION.

Music the siercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve
And antedate the bliss above.

Pors.

#### CANTERBURY.

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a latita

# ALPHABETICAL TABLE of the SONGS.

		All in the Downs the fleet was moot'd	1	89
BOUT the time when bufy faces meet		All my past life is mine no more -	7 2 7 7	199
	52	Alf nature looks gay		165
		All on the pleasant banks of Tweed -		36
		All you who would with to fucceed with a !	afs a	
curfe attends that woman's love		A mafter I have and I am his man .		160
dawn of hope my foul revives		Amidft my admirers when Domen appears		64
	196	Ampbitryon and his bride, a godlike pair	3	17
dien thou lovely youth	42	And are you fure the news is true -		74
	152	And canft thou leave thy Nancy	100	313
	153	And did you not hear of a jolly young watern	nan :	384
	180	And has the then fail'd in her faith -		234
few years ago in the days of my grannam	216	Angelic fair, beneath you pine		133
fond father's blifs is to number his race	380	Arife, fweet meffenger of morn		267
Again, Britannia, fmile	352	A failor's voice, tho' coarse can raise -		119
gain in ruffic weeds array'd	70	As Amoret and Phillis fat		263
Igain the balmy zephyr blows	263	As archers and fidlers who cuaningly know		70
	181	As Bacchus and Mars once together were fitti	ing	318
Ah! Celia, why affect difdain	406	As bringing home the other day		135
th ! Chloe, thou treasure, thou joy of my breast		As burns the charger when he hears -	1	365
Ah! Chloris, could I now but fit -	199	As Celia in her garden ftray'd		199
Control of the Contro	114	As Celia to the covert firay'd -		210
h I dear Marcella, maid divine -	164	As Chlor came into the room tother day		129
Ah! happy hours, how ficeting -	106	As Damon late within the grove		265
Ah! feek not to know what place detains	44	As Dopbne fat beneath a shade		95
h! fohtude, take my diftrefs	41	As Delia, bleft with every grace		309
th! Strepbon, what can mean the joy	43	As Dian and her hunting train		307
Ah! fure a pair was never feen	162	As down on Banna's banks I firay'd -		164
Ah! tell me, why should filly man	361	As down the cowflip dale I ftray'd		74
Ah! think not to deceive me	52	As flows the cool and purpling rill -		166
Ah! where can one find a true fwain -	45	As in a penfive form Myrtilla fat -		309
Ah! where is my Damon? ye fongsters	405	As I on purple tapeftry lay		322
Ah I whither, alas ! thall I fly	264	As I fat joyous in a pleafant room -		307
Ah! why did Jocky gang away	95	As I faw fair Chipe walk alone -		130
sh! why must words my hame reveal	27	As I was ganging o'er the lee		115
Ab! why should fate purfuing	395	As I went o'er the meadows, no matter th	e da	y 95
Alexis, a pretty young fwain	71	As I went to the wake that is held on the g	reen	16
Alexis, a shepherd, young, constant, and kind	62	As Jumie gay, gang'd blithe his way -		265
Alexis. how bathful a lover		Afk if , on damafk role is fweet		130
Alexis shunn'd his fellow swains	276	Afk me not how calmly I	-	350

#### ALPHABETICAL TABLE of the Songs.

ithe

66 ow,
17 ow,
26 paft
26 paft
26 paft
16 right
16 right
31 right
4 ring,
17 riton
32 urft
34 ufy,
19 y a
40 y a
150 y Cl
16 y din
19 y hi
16 y lo
14 y m
231 y m
231 y fo
380 y th
350 y th
350 y th
350 y th
350 y th

26 an 26 an 3 an 7 an 39 an 32 aft. 40 eaf 9 eaf 19 eaf 21 Celia

	On the Toursday Lill there is all asia
	180 At Totterdown bill there dwelt an old pair
	181 A twelve-month and more I had courted young
	190 At Windsor, where Thames glides so softly
As my cow I was milking just now in the vale	
As now my bloom comes on apace .	65 Awak'd by the horn, like the fpring deckt
A foldier, a foldier, a foldier, for me .	408 Awake, my charmer, my Rofalind, wake
As on a fummer's day	266 Awake, my fair, the morning springs
As once a gentle red-breaft took his fland	405 Awake, thou blithfome god of day
	191 Away, let nought to love displeasing .
As o'er the lawn young Sandy tripp d .	80 Away to the field, fee the morning looks grey
	290 A wonder! a wonder! a wonder! I'll fhew
	196 A wretch, long tortur'd with disdain .
	266 A youth, adorn'd with every art
	309 B
Affift me, all ye tuneful nine	129 Bacchus, god of joys divine
Affift me, every tuneful bard . :	181 Bacchus, Jove's delightful boy
	297 Bacchus, one day gaily firiding
"As the Thames' filent ftream crept penfive along	
As through the fields I chanc'd to firay	56 Beat on my heart, eyes pour your tears
As through the grove I chanc'd to ftray	164 Beauteous nymph, approve the flame
	313 Beauty and music charm the foul
	314 Before I faw Clarinda's face
As t'other day milking I fat in the vale	96 Before the moon's empurpling light
As t'other day o'er the green meadows I past	71 Behold, fairest Pherbe, yan garden so fair
As t'other day young Damon came	
A Swain, of love despairing	385 Behold from many an hostile shore
	283 Behold, my love, the rofy morn
A fweet-scented beau and a simp'ring young cit	
As wit, joke, and humour, together were fitting	
As you mean to fet sail for the land of delight	
At a filent evening hour	385 Behold this fair goblet, 'twascarv'd from the
At Cynthia's feet I figh'd, I pray'd	198 Believe me, dear aunt
At eve with the woodlark I reft	298 Believe my fighs, my tears, my dear .
A thousand charms the lover fees	39 Belinda, with affected mien
At noon, on a fultry fummer's day	266 Beneath a bower of blooming may
At once I'm in love with two nymphs that	119 Beneath a cooling shade
A trifling fong you shall hear	354 Beneath a fragrant myrtle shade
At Saint Ofythe, by the mill	224 Beneath this grove, this filent shade
At fetting day and rifing morn	70 Bestow your attention on this little fong
Attend, all ye hepherds and nymphs, to my lay	158 Bid me when forty winters more
Attend ye ever tuneful fwains.	190 Billy Briftle fcorns to rank with those flimly
Attend, ye nympus, while I impart .	70 Blab not what you ought to fmother .
At the close of the day, when the hamlet	372 Bleft as th'immortal gods is he
At the foot of a hill in a neat lonely cot	71 Bleft with thee, my foul's dear treasure
At the peaceful midnight hour	362 Blithe, blithe, as feather'd fongfters are
	3 Aurmal an remerer o somPeters ste

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38	the Colin, a pretty young fwain .	33	Chloe brifk and gay appears 2:	35
B 179	ithe Jocky, young and gay	71	China abana da afana fan	96
-5	ow, blow, thy winter's wind	386	Charles and City and Comment	34
00	ow, ye bleak winds, around my head	267	Colin and denin server mand	
17	aft not, miffaken fwain, thy art	64	Come all us Asshauts of the slein	93
20	batswain, pipe up all hands, hoy	323	Come all as another what house death to 2	93
20	reathe foft, ye winds, be calm, ye fkies		Come all non tally Paralamete	94
10	right Cynthia's pow'r, divinely great	166		25
104	ight dawns the day with rofy face .	10	Comme and assess many post is mid-	73
y	ight dawns the day with fory face		Come of the last to be a company of the last to the la	04
36	right Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er	6		34
31	right was the morning	154	10-01	IOI
4	ing, Phabus, from Parnaffian bow're	200		53
1 11 3	risk wine and women are	34		75
354	ritons, attend, I fing in merry lay .	31		OI
224	urft clouds and tempens roar	23		97
34	ufy, curious, thirfty fly	38		198
30	y a cool fountain's flow ry fide	16		57
40	y a whirlwind methought I through AL	ther 35	Come, dearest Nancy, bless my eyes . 2	52
150	y Chreeft and St. Patrick, going home la	te 33	Come, dear idol of my fancy	57
16	y dimpled brook and fountain brim	. 32		144
10	y him we love offended :	10	Come, hafte, my Phillis, hafte away . 2	101
16	v love too long depriv'd of rest	. 18	Come, hafte thee, my Phillis, I pray . 2	60
Tie	y mosfy bank and flow'ry plain .	. 7	Come bed as the modding of the to	191
22	y my fighs you may discover .	. 3	Come bishes - se sousten Marie	91
231	y fome I am told	• 33	Came have then a see of a the faile	223
3	y the dew-besprinkled rose .	12	0 0	34
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14	y the fide of a ffream at the foot of a hi	11 16		393
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91	y Tweed's clear fiream as late I ffray'd		C C	381
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3	an lovely Delia still persist .	. 22		253
7	Can then a look create a thought	. 20	Come, Roger and N. Il, come Simkin and Bell	339
39	an the fhepherds or nymphs of the grow	se 16		140
321	Caft. my love, thine eyes around	• 31		
40	Cease awhile, ye winds, to blow	•	4 Come, rouse from your trances	4
9	Cease, cease, heart eafing tears .	. 1		272
10	Cesse, gay seducers, pride to take		Come, fing round my favourite tree	62
8	Ceafe, rude Boreas, bluff'ring railer	. 3		276
21	Celia, hoard thy charms no more .		Come then, pinish, peevish lover .	98
	Celia, too late you would repent .		52 A 3	1243

Come, thou queen of penfive air			Delia I lov'd, a willing fair	107
Come, thou rofy-dimpled boy .		238	Despairing beside a clear stream	274
Come, ye hours, with blifs replete		124	Did ever fwain or nymph adore	247
Come, ye party jangling swains -		325	Did not tyrant cuftom guide me	SI
Come, ye fportimen fo brave -		5	Did you fee e'er a thepherd, ye symphs -	67
Confider; fair Silvia, ere wedlock -		226	Diffant hie thee, carping care	325
Confider, fond fhepherd, how fleeting		121	Does the languid foul complain	248
Constantia, fee my faithful flave -		138	Down the bourne and thro' the mead	379
Contented all day will I fit by your fide		315	Do you hear, brother fportfman, the found	4
Contented I am, and contented will be		332	Drink to me only with thine eyes	202
Corinna cost me many a pray'r -		234	E.	
Could I each fault remember		312	E'er love did first my thoughts employ -	22
Cruel Cupid, why distress me		35	E'er Phabus did prep on the fresh-budding	139
Cruel Strephon, will you leave me -		42	E'er round the huge oak that o'ershadows	364
Cupid, god of love and joy		147	E'er the primrofe or cawflip could blow -	258
Cupid, god of fost persuafion -		119	Ev'ry blifs that heav'n can give	
Cupid, instruct an amorous swain -		234	Ev'ry mortal some fav'rite pleasure pursues	135
Cupid, thou waggish, artful boy		238	Ev'ry nymph and shepherd bring	202
Cynthia frowns whenever I woo her		235	Extinguish the candles	
Cyprian goddess take the lyre -		252	F F	353
Cyprian gotaen take the 19.0		-3-	Fair and foft, and gay, and young -	***
Dame Nature in forming a creature fo fa	air	124	Fairer than the op'ning lilies	195
Damon, if you will believe me -		68	Fairest daugher of the year	143
Damon, would you know the passion			Faireft ifle, all ifles excelling	289
Dapbnis flood pensive in the shade -		34	Fair Hebe I left with a cautious defign -	393
		275	Fair Hetty my heart has enchain'd -	1,0
Daughter fweet of voice and air		301		151
Dear Chice, come give me sweet kisses		143	Fair Iris 1 love, and I hourly lie -	177
Dear Chlor, while thus beyond measure	•	61	Fair is the fwan, the ermine white Fair Kate I lov'd, but she unkind	142
Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes		84		222
Dearest Damon, do not fly me	1	1000	Fair Kitty, beautiful and young	160
Dearest Daphne, turn thine eyes -		299	Fair Kitty's cherms young Johnny took -	393
Dearest Kitty, kind and fair -		159	Fair Sally lov'd a bonny feaman	374
Dearest youth, why thus away		73	Fair Semira, lovely maid	202
Dear Kathleen, yru, no doubt		399	Fair Venus left her bleft abodes, they fay -	302
Dear madam, when ladies are willing		182	Faithless Damon's turn'd a rover -	82
Dear Nancy fir'd my artiels breaft -	•	202	Fanny, fairer than a flow'r	176
Dear Sally, thy charms have uncone me		169	Farewell all the joys which of late I poffest	232
Dear Sally, whilst poetic freams -		212	Farewell, Ianthe, faithless maid	188
Dear Silvia, hear thy faithful swain		247	Farewell, my Pastora, no longer your swain	143
Dear Imiling Kitty's to my mind -	•	103	Farewell the smoaky town, adieu -	388
December is the month	•	23	Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean	176
Declare, my pretty maid -	•	151	Farewell ye green fields and fweet groves -	139
Decrepid winter limps away	•	262	Farewell ye love enchanting shades	277
Cefend my heart, ye virgin powers	•	30	Far sweeter than the hawthorn bloom -	124

ALPHABETICAL	TAI	LE of the Songs.	vii
Far fwifter than light my love flies	73	Gay flatt'ring bopes the fancy warms	391
Fill me a bowl, a might bowl	321	Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air .	30
Fill, O goddefs, fill my breaft	269	Gentle breezes waft him over	50
Fill your glaffes, banish grief	340	Gentle Damon, ce fe to woo me	31
Fire flies your eyes	366	Gentle gales, in pity bear	85
Flatt'ring hopes our mind deceiving	50	Gentle maid, ah! why fuspect me	211
Flow, murmuring river flow	277	Gentle fhepherd, footh my forrow	50
Flow, thou regal purple ffream	335	Gentle youth, oh! tell me why	29
Fly, fly, to you vale, other pastimes pursue	74	Gently fir and blow the fire	323
Fly, fost ideas, fly, that neither tears	42	Gently touch the warbling lyre	224
Fly fwiftly, ye minutes, 'till Comus receive	335	Give Isaze the nymph who no beauty .	213
Fly fwift, ye minutes, hafte away	223	Give me but a wife, I expect not to find .	124
Follow a shadow, still it flies you	223	Give round the word, dismount, dismount	23
For ever, fortune, wilt thou prove	190	Give the toaft, my good fellow	323
Forgive, fair creature, form'd to pleafe .	204	Go, and on my truth relying	177
Forgive, ye fair, nor take it wrong	26	Goddels of ease leave Lette's brink	. 183
Fr me, ve fair a wieath has woye	203	God fave great George our king	323
For Phillis I figh and hourly die	222	Go, gentle breeze that fans the grove .	247
For fafety my flocks feek the plain	274	Go, go, thou falle deceiver	83
Forfaken my pipe and my crook	258	Go high, go low, in every flate	203
For the brook and the willow	402	Go, naughty man, I can't abide you .	83
Fortune's like a tight or flip shoe	404	Good Damon, if you will you may	66
For twice twelve-month's had Harry fued	104	Good mother, if you please you may .	. 85
For various purpose ferves the fan	59	Good people all, both great and fmall .	367
Free from forrow, free from ftrife	301	Go, perjur'd youth, thou foe to truth .	85
Free from the buftle, care, and ftrife .	177	Go, plaintive founds, and to the fair .	-0.
Friendship is the bond of reason	213	Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace	131
From all uneafy passions free	194	Go, feek fome nymph of humbler lot .	57
From College I came	162		141
From flow'r to flow'r the butterfly	60		160
Erom morning 'till night, and wherever I go	80		204
From Paphos, fam'd of old, I come .	316		379
From place to place forlorn I go	50		204
From filent shades and the Elysian groves	394	Guardian angels, now protect me	44
From fort deluding tales of love	34	H	
From fweet, bewitching tricks of love .	171	Had I a heart for falshood fram'd	161
From the court to the cottage convey .	73	Had I but the wings of a dove	188
From the face of the fun the mifts	361	Hail, Burgundy, thou juice divine	324
From the man that I love tho' my heart .	49	Hail, Greenwich, crown'd with foft delight	
From tyrant laws and custom free	335	Hail, politeness, power divine	371
Full of dreams of bright beauties	161	Hail, thou fource of thought divine .	278
G		Hail, Windfor, crown'd with lofty tow'rs	260
'Gainft the deftructive wiles of man .	132	Hail, young fpring, the earth adorning .	277
Gay Damon long fludied my heart	25	Happy hours, all hours excelling .	252

### ALPHABETICAL TABLE of the Songs.

I'd ha If a di If all

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Happy the man, whose wish and care .	262]	How can I again believe you	58
Hark away ! 'tis the merry ton'd horn .	2	How can you, lovely Nanny, thus cruelly	377
Hark ! for fure I hear the horns melodious	13	How chearful along the gay mead	261
Hark ! from that cottage by the filent ftream	17	How cruelly fated is woman to woe .	100 .
Hark ! hark ! jolly fportimen, awhile .	21	How fair is my love	206
Hark ! hark ! o'er the plains what glad tumult	8 315	How gentle was my Damon's air	83
Hark! hark! the joy-infpiring horn .	1	How happy a lover's life passes ! .	205
Hark ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb	284	How happy a ftate does the miller possess	396
Hark ! hark ye! how echoes the horn in the val		How happy should I be with either	255
Hark ! the birds begin their lay . ,	279	How happy was I	2:6
Hark! the hollow groves refounding .	19	How happy was I my blithe Jocky	101
Hark ! the horn cal's away	8	How happy were my days till now	32
Hark ! the horn falutes the eaft	9	How hard is my fate	58
Hark ! the huntfman's begun to found .	16	How heavy the time rolls along	122
Hark! the loud tuning horn bids	17	How impartial our art is	365
Hark! 'tis I, your own true lover	149	How imperfect is expression	86
Hafte, hafte, Amelia, gentle fair	156	How little do the landmen know	338
Hafte, heav'nl. nine, ye muses, hafte .	222	How oft, Louisa, hast thou faid	163
Haste, Lorenzo, hither sty	96	How pleafant a failor's life passes	395
Have ye feen the morning fky	278	How pleas'd within my native bow'rs	118
Hear me, blooming goddes, hear me	136	How pleasingly glided the day	211
Flear me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain .	205		86
He comes, he comes, the hero comes .			
Hence with care, complaint, and frowning	355	How toft glides the ftream the gay meadows	395
	339		
Hence with caution, hence with fear	177		323
Here's to the maiden of balhful fifteen	322		150
Her hair is like a golden clew .	226		200
Her sheep had in clusters crept close	277		221
He's as tight a lad to fee to	79	How fweetly fmells the fimmer green	205
He, who a virgin's heart would win	222		278
His form by nature's hand was cast	372	Hush, every breeze, let nothing move .	297
Hift! hift! I hear my mother call	96		247
Hither, Plæbus, turn your eyes	260		
Hither turn thy wandring eyes	370	I am a jolly huntiman	11
Hither, Venus, with your doves	210	그 없는 그리고 있다면 하는 사람들은 사람이 되었다면 가장 하는 것이 되었다면 하는 것이 없는 것이 없는 것이 없는 것이 없는 것이 없는 것이 없는 것이 없다면 없다면 없다면 없다면 없다면 없다면 사람이 없다면	178
Honeft lover, who foever	394	I am a young maid	97
Hope and fear alternate rising	383	I am a young shepherd, the pride of the pla	in 151
Hope, thou fource of every bleffing .	381	I am a young virgin, who oft has been .	97
How bleft has my time been	130		142
How bleft the maid whose bosom	30	lanthe, the lovely, the joy of my plain .	274
How blithly all the live-long day	259	I alk not beauty quite compleat	16
		I afk not beauty quite compleat	
How blithly all the live-long day	259	I ask not beauty quite compleat I could never lustre see I crave not Gyge's boundless pow'r	16

ALPHABETICAL T	CABI	B of the Songs.	iz
I'd have a man of fenfe and air	86,	In greenwood shade or winding dell -	364
If a daughter you have, the's the plague .		In history you may read	342
If all the world and love were young .	381	In infancy our hopes and fears	388
If e'er I should learn the sweet lesson of love	50	In Jacky Bull, when bound for France	336
If ever a fond inclination		In Lincoln's Fields there lives a lafe .	230
If ever, O Hymen, I add to thy tribe .	87	In love to pine and languish	391
If ever thou didft joy to find	192	In my pleafant native plains .	295
If I have fome little beauty	87	In pity, Celia, to my pain	148
If I was a wife	74	In purfuit of fome lambs from my flocks	168
If love's a (weet passion how can it torment	152	In pu fuit of the fox and the hare .	147
If o'er the cruel tyrant love	42	In rofy bloom of ripen'd years	260
If pure are the fprings of the fountain .	219	In fearch of fome lambs from my flocks	406
If the whispers the judge, be he ever so wife	396	In spring my dear shepherds,	260
If that man is happy whose life is most free	123	In fummer when the leaves are green .	117
If the heart of a man is depress'd with care	204	In the barn the tenant cock	279
If the quick spirit of your eye	242	In the bloom of her youth shall it ever be faid	36
If those who live in shepherd's bow'r .	260	In the city of Phabus a widow there dwell	378
If 'tis joy to wound a lover		In the golden barge we ride	390
If truth can fix thy wav'ring heart	193	In the morn as I walk thro' the mead .	284
If wine and music have the pow'r		In this shady blest retreat	24
If wine be a cordial why does it torment		In tuneful numbers let me tell	229
If you at an office folicit your due	396	In vain, dear Chloe, you suggest .	159
I have rambled, I own it		In vain I ev'ry art effay	211
I heed not while life's on the wing .		In vain I feek to calm to reft .	229
I have feriously weigh'd it and found it but just	171	In vain I try my ev'ry art	59
I lately faw what now I fing		In vain you b'd your captive live	208
I like the man, whose soaring soul	83	In vain you te'l your parting lover	192
I'll pass no dull inglorious life		I once was a maiden as fresh as a role .	102
I'll fing of my lover all night and all day .	67	I pr'ythee fend me back my heart .	207
I'll to some shady cool retreat	87		
I love, I doat, I rave with pain .	211		276
I love thee, by heav'ns! what can I fay more		I faw what feem'd a harmless child .	46
I made love to Kate		I fee it, Mira, know it well .	230
I met in our village a swain t'other day		I feek my shepherd, gone astray	52
I'm in love with twenty		I feek not at once in a female to find .	131
Immortal powers convey me where		I figh and lament me in vain .	. 115
I'm not to be ffinted in love		I tell thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve	242
In all mankind's promiscuous race .		I tell with equal grief and truth	172
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#### To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Great Britain.

O compile a volume of Songs for the entertainment of the Public, without offending against the laws of decency, has been particularly attended to; for which purpose industry alone was requisite. In this refined age, the theatres, the public gardens, and every place of mufical entertainment, affords an ample range for selecting a pleasing collection, both as to music and words- It is too true, that the Public have been nauseated with volumes of Songs, which are the difgrace of our language. The general encouragement that has been given to mufical entertainment, has naturally excited men of genius to exert their abilities in composing some very excellent pieces, and whilst the ear is pleased with the harmony of the numbers, the heart is improved by the delicacy of the fentiment. This Collection the Ladies may fafely open, without the flart of a blush upon their cheek, or offending the most rigid virtue; nor can the Gentlemen be more pleased by the particulaattention frewn to the LADIES, than by the compliment we pay to their good fenfer by an omission of all indecent ribaldry. We are forry to see so many publications, that are equally a difgrace to the understanding of the Publisher, as an infult on the judgment of the Public; but of thefe it is fufficient to fay,

Immodest words admit of no defence, For want of decency is want of fense.

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Their very much obliged humble fervants.

The PROPERSTORS.

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T THEN Hareld was inveded, And Norman William wated b gore to pull him down The counties round, with tears profound, To mend their fad condition, Their lands to fave, they homege paid, Proud Kear made ne fubmiffign. Then fing in praise of Men of Kent, All loyal, beave, and free; Of Briton's race, if one furpale, A Man of Kent is be

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The hardy flout freeholders. Who fawthe tyranti near With burthese on their the A grove of oaks did bear.

Which when he faw in battle draw,
And thought that he might need and,
He cena'd his arms, comply'd with terms,
And granted noble freedom.

At hunting, and the race too; They forightly vigour flow;
And at the femile chare too,
None bears the Kearife bears.
Pollefs'd of wealth, and bleft with health; A knight in other places: 22 to 22 t But the photograph was

The promis'd land of bleffing To our forefathers meant

lis now in right possessing. For Cangen fuce is Kent ? The Dome of Keepl, by fame enroll'd. The church of Cantenbury,
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Oft' ferve to make as merry. Then, Ga

1 42 432 50 30 30 50 50 50 50

Augmented füll in flory, Our applent fame fiell tile, And Wolfe, in match left plory. Shall fouring reach the fixes; His dech can tell, how great he fell Amide his god-like thunder, To Then, Get the state of the s

And the despotic power With Iron reine do check. Our Britis font of treaten Their parent cause will back: With voice and you they forthwith fiand,
Brave Sambridge from will tell them,
That virtue's cause and Arreign laws, Bold Mea of Kest won't fail them. Then, Sc. man grown hard when did to the

When royal Gover commanded The French would fure have landed. But for fuch youthe se thefe; Their oren dall, and cricket ball, They left for marrial glory,
The Konije lade field win theodes Your fathers did before you. han Bhen Ben Sat and San san theft st g sitt gi ban atter mi jene as sail . not, affe

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Their very much obliged humble fervants.

The PROPRIETORS.

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#### KENTISH SONGS.

## SONG I. The Man of KENT.

WHEN Hareld was invaded,
And fa'ling loft his crown,
And Norman William waded
Through gore to pull him down,
The counties round, with tears profound,
To mend their fad condition,
Their lands to fave, they homage paid,
Proud Kent made no fubmission.
Then fing in praise of Men of Kent,
All loyal, brave, and free;
Of Briton's race, if one surpass,
A Man of Kent is he.

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The hardy flout freeholders,
Who faw the tyrants near,
With burthens on their thoulders
A grove of oaks did bear,
Which when he faw in battle draw,
And thought that he might need 'em,
He ceas'd his arms, comply'd with terms,
And granted noble freedom.
Then, &c.

At hunting, and the race too;
They sprightly vigour shew;
And at the semale chace too,
None beats the Kentish beau.
Posses'd of wealth, and bless with health,
By fortune's kind embraces,
A yeoman here surpasses far
A knight in other places.
Then, &c.

The promis'd land of bleffing.
To our forefathers meant,

Is now in right possessing,

For Canaen sure is Kent:

The Dome of Knowl, by same enroll'd,

The church of Canterbury,

The hops, the beer, the chercies there,

Oft' serve to make us merry.

Then, &c.

Augmented fill in flory,
Our antient fame shall tise,
And Wolfe, in matchless glory,
Shall soaring reach the skies;
Quebec shall own, with great renown,
And France, with awful wonder,
His deeds can tell, how great he fell
Amidst his god-like thunder.
Then, &c.

And the despotic power

With iron reins do check,
Our British sons of treedom

Their parent cause will back:
With voice and pen they forthwith stand,
Brave Sawbridge soon will tell them,
That virtue's cause and British laws,
Bold Men of Kent won't fail them.

Then, &c.

When royal George commanded
Militia to be rais'd,
The French would fure have landed,
But for fuch youths as these;
Their oven stall, and cricket ball,
They left for martial glory,
The Kentish lads shall win the odds
Your fathers did before you.
Then, Sic.

The noble GAME of CRICKET.

Written in consequence of a Match betabeen Hamp-(bire and Kent. August 19, 1772, which was decided in fawour of the latter.

ATTEND all ye muses, and join to reheatse An Old Englife iport never prais'd yet in verle, Tis cricket I fing, of illuftrious fame, No nation e'er boafted fo noble a game. Deny down, Sc.

Great Rindar has bragg'd of his heroes of old, [bold Some were fwitt in the race, fome in battle were The brows of the victor with office were crown'd, Hark ! they shout ! & Olympia returns the glad found What boasting of Castor, and Pollux his brother, The one fam'd for riding, for bruifing the other; Their luftre's eclips'd by the lads in the field.

To Minshall and Miller these brothers must yield. Here's guarding & catching, & throwing & toffing, And bowling and firiking, & running & crofting ; Each ma e must excel in some principal part,

The parties are met, and array'd all in white, Fam'd Elis ne'er boafted fo pleafing a fight, Each nymph looks askew at her favourite swain. And views him half ftrip'd, both with pleasure & pain

The Pentathlon of Greece could not thew fo much art.

The wickets are pitch'd now, & meafur'd the ground Then they form a large ring, & fland gazing around: Since Ajax fought Heffor, in fight of all Troy. No contest was feen with fuch fear and fuch joy.

Ye bowlers take heed, to my precepts attend. On you the whole fare of the game must depend; Spare your vigour at first, nor exert all iour strength But measure each ftep, and be fure pitch a length.

Ye strikers beerve when the foe shall draw nigh, Mark the bowler advancing with vigilant eye: Your skill all depends upon distance and fight, Stand firm to your icratch, let your bat be upright.

Ye fields men look tharp, left your pains ye beguile Move close, like an army, in rank and in file;

When the ball is return'd, back it fure, for I trow Whole states have been ruin'd by one overthrow.

The foort is now o'er. IO victory rings. Echo doubles the chorus, & Fame spreads her wings; Let us now hail our champions, all fleady and true Such as Homer ne'er fung of, nor Pindar e'er kne ".

Minsball, Miller, and Parmore, with Lumpey & May, Fresh laurels have gain'd by their conquest to day; Wood, Pattenden, Simmons, with Fuggles and White, With Boreman we'll join, & we'll toaft them all night

With heroes like thefe even Hampfbire we'll drub, And bring down the pride of the Hambiedon club; The Duke" with Sir Horacet, are men of true merit And nobly support fuch brave fellows with foirit.

Then fill up the glass, he's the best who drinks most The Duke and Sir Horace in bumpers we'll toaft: Let us join in the pra fe of the bat and the wicket. And fing in full chorus the pa rons of cricket.

And when the game'so'er & our fate that draw nigh For the heives of cricket, like others, minft die); Our bats we'll refign, neither troubled or vext. And give up our wickets to those that come next. Derry down. &c.

The Hop - Supper.

A Round the brown board at the farmer's we met. Where plenty of all we tould with for was fet; His hops were all pick a, and of corn his barns full Man and wife were all joy, 'twas a fin to be dull. Derry down, &c.

He bleft with his friends with his children & spoule Gave freely, drank freely, and bid us caroufe; By Jove, we enjoy'd it, as fons of true mirth, We drank him success in the fruits of the earth.

But the farmer's large bowl, & his flaggont of beer (As brown as a fibert, and ag d a full year) [lole, Made our eyes (like the fars in a froft, night win-Not a brow of threefcore had that night the least Of Dorfet. wrinkle

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If the king and the queen to our presence had flept, ! And view'd. with our joy, what decorum we kept, They'd wifh'dto have join't us, when we with their pow'r. Would have fettled the nation in left than an hour. We drank, fung, and danc'd, & told flories of fun,

Ne'er heeded old time, nor his fands how they run, 'Twas the farmer's good will we of joy should be full We refolv'd to be fo, and hang all that were dull. Now death, thou destroyer of good and of evil,

(Directed by providence) be to us civil; The life of the worthy pray lengthen the fpan, And spare this good farmer as long as you can. Derry down, &c.

The ALLIANCE. WHEN Harwich Camp was form'd; And Kent and York did meet, Like brethren they accorded; And did each other greet, In friendhip's bands, they joined hands, In token of alliance; And to all foes, that dar'd oppose, They boldly bid defiance. Then fing in praise of Harwich Camp, In which we all agree, Mongst foldiers brave, if one you'd have, Of Harwich Camp is he.

We both have left our houses; And countries far behind, And now our verigeance rous'd is; We fear not form or wind, The French to fight we both unite, Our country's righte maintaining; Whene'er they come, we'll fend fome home Most bitterly complaining. Then fing in praise, &c. &c.

Under our gallant leaders; We'll fight while we have breath, We'll go where'er they need us; In fcosn of wounds or death.

When Dorfet bids, or Harvey leads, We'll prove our king's defenders, With Bold Thornton, and Dallifon, We'll baffe all-pretenders. Then fing in praise, &c. Ce.

We love our Majors, Captains ; Lieutenants, Enfigns too, Nor would forget our Chaplains: Could we their faces view, They cure our fouls o'er flowing bowls, Their bufinels is not fighting; At home they flay, receive their pay, Perchange their fermons writing. Then fing in praise, &c. &c.

As Men of Kent fo fam'd; And Yorkfbire fo renown'd, We will not be asham'd; To boatt our native ground ; Our mest we'll dreft, together mefs, And know no profitution; We'll drink and fing, God fave the King. And eke our conflitution. Then fing in praise, &c. &c.

And the' we've loft our Effex friends; We never can forget them, We hope they'll make us fome amends; Whene'er the wind will let them; In the mean time, we'll meet in rhime. And wish them mirth and pleasure, With every sport, within the fort, They can have without measure; Then fing in praise, &c. &c.

And when the wars are over. Again we'll tend the pleagh, From toldiers we'll turn lovers, With laurels on our brow; Our wives we'll kifs, our friends carefs, And every toil forgetting; We'll cure our wounds, with the crash of hounds,

From fun-rife to the letting;

Then fing, Sc.

BRE

Ope in Praife of KENT.

SWEET Melody! the charm repeat!

To please the mind's a feast complete : Kent's sons must ev'ry way with harmony be crown'd

Again inform the willing lyre,

With notes that might Apollo charm, Sweet and prevailing, like his fire.

That please and melt us as they warm.

Along thy fertile fides,
The swelling Thames, with plenty loaded, glides,
Enriching thee with tributary tides.

Safe there, and in thy Medway's wat'ry bed, The floating guard of Britain's wealth and trade, In flate triumphant rides.

Her fleets their being owe to thee; Thou her fure bulwark; Europe's she.

Nor dost thou raise those giant frames alone, (Whose pow'r e'en Neptune's self must own :) To rule where'er expanded ocean rolls;

Thou fills those bodies with heroic souls. [sphere They journey with the sun, they join each hemi-And spread alike thy pow'r & blessings every where.

So well fet out for peace or war, What may not Albion dare!

Here magnifies the kings;

Sweet liberty, thy Briton's boaft,
To thy funs indulgent most,
Bids here succession be secure,
And titles still endure:
For virtues with estates come down,
And from the father bless the son.
Great souls with plenty rais'd, aspire:
A gen'rous spirit, e'en in swains,
Enlarg'd with ease, and freedom reigns,
That heav'nly double gift, the food of manly fire,
The blessing slows, as pleasure glides with health,
From thy reviving springs;
And shar'd by all the happy subject's wealth.

Kone, early pious, early great,
Fair Albion's front, her awful head,
Her neighbour's envy, wish, and dread s
Thyself a royal state!
All rock, all fortress, to their fight;
To thy blest sons, all Eden, all delight!
While fond of thee, untaught to yield,
They're first to take, and last to quit the field:
Secure the eastern world you face,
Nor can the greater mate the less.

The first great William, fortunate and brave, Who came to conquer, as the last to save, When on to Kent with victor troops he rode, Late of a thousand ships the load,

Britain, which he who half the world could awe,

Great Cafar little more than faw. Bow'd to the Norman law.

The fons of Kent alone the tide withflood;
Of right tenacious, fingular in good;
Unshaken, the the only unsubdu'd.

In arms collected all agree,
To live and die, like their great fathers, free.
Grasp'd with one hand, the threat'ning fixed they
The other, verdant boughs display'd. [sway'd s

The other, verdant boughs difplay'd. In dire array, thus dreadful from afar, Invasion's living bar,

On the brow of the threaten'd land, The moving forest made a dreadful stand.

The warrior king, mov'd at the doubtful fight, So equal both for friendship, or for fight, A parley sounds; pleas'd even in foca to see, Spirits so worthy to be free.

They come, they answer'd, negligent of life, By friencly peace and generous strife, To claim their dearer liberty and right.

Undaunted race, the hero cry'd,
Such virtue cannot be deny'd;
Take more from me than forecan claim,
My friendship; nay, my conqu'ror's name;
Thus to your rights, and valour true,
'Tis more like you to date than kingdoms to subdue.

SONGS.

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See ruddy health more dear than wealth,
On von blue mountain's brow;
The neighing freed invokes our speed,
And Reynard trembles now;
The neighing freed Sc.

In ancient days, as flory fays,
The woods our fathers fought;
The rustic race ador'd the chace,
And hunted as they tought.
Come let's awa, make no delay,
Enjoy the forest scharms;
Then o er the bowl expand the soul,
And rest in Chloe's arms.

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IGS.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,
To horse, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox,
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza!
The traitor is seiz' on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchana's shouring and gay,
How sweet is the bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day:
With sport, love, and wine, sickle fortune defy,
Dull wisdom, all happiness sours:
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

Away, my brave boys, to your horses away,
For the prime of our humour's in quest of the hare;
We have not so much as a moment to spare.
Hark the lively ton'd horn, how melodious it sounds,
To the musical tone of the merry-mouth'd hounds.
O'er highlands, and lowlands, and woodlands we fly,
Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry,
So match'd in their mouth, and so swiftly they run,
Like the trine of the spheres, and the race of the sun;

Health, jey and felicity dance in the rounds, And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very fure fign,
That the hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline:
A chace of two hours, or more, she has led;
She's down-look about you-they have her-she's dead.
How glerious a death! to be honour'd with sounds
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.

THE fun from the east tips the mountains with gold,

And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold;

How the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,

And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our delay!

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,

While jound we follow, follow, follow, follow,

follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,

follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
Court.

No care nor ambition our patience annoy, But innocence still gives a zest to our joy. With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient, the coursier a place,
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.
With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the foldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name,
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs she her lover pursues.
With the sports of the field. &c.

Let the bold, and the busy, hunt glory and wealth, All the bleffings we ask is the bleffing of health, With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands to roam.

And when tir'd abroad find contentment at home. With the sports of the field, &c.

THE

THE early horn falutes the morn
That gilds this charming place,
With chearful cries bids echo rife,
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chrystal floods,
All return the enlivining found.

And hie to my woodland walks away;

I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,

And tie to my forehead a waxing moon;

With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,

And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

A WAY to the field, see the morning looks grey,
And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day,
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.
Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew;
While the season invites, with all its delights,
The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the fight when Aurora first dawns, To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns; To welcome the sun, now returning from rest, Their matins they chant as they merrily quest.

Then hark, &c.

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,
To flart just as Phæbus peeps over the hills;
While joyous from valley to valley resounds
The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate, Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate, Borne by their bold coursers no danger they sear, And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town, And forn the duil pleafure of fleeping in down; Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.
Then hark, &c.

OME, rouse from your trances! I The fly morn advances, To catch fluggish mortals in bed; Let the horn's jocund note In the wind fweetly float, While the fox from the brake lifts his head; Now creeping. Now peeping, The fox from the brake lifts his head; Each away to his fleed, Your goddess shall lead. Come follow, my worshippers, follow, For the chace all prepare, See the hounds fnuff the air, Hark, hark, to the huntiman's fweet hallo ! Hark Fowler, hark Rover, See Reynard breaks cover. The hunters fly over the ground; Now they skim o'er the plain, Now they dart down the lane, And the hills, woods, and vallies refound ; With dashing, And splashing. The hills, woods, and vallies refound: Then away with full speed, Your goddess shall lead. Come follow, my worthippers, follow: O'er hedge, ditch, and gate, If you stop you're too late. Ha:k, hark, to the huntiman's fweet hallo!

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of the horn,
And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
For shame, rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,
With me the sweet melody join.

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Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally, Nor quit him till panting he lies; While hounds in full cry, thro hedges shall fly,

And chace the fwift hare till he dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields,

Both willing and joyous repair;

No pastime in life greater happiness yields,

Than chasing the fox or the hare.

For fuch comforts, my friend, on the sportsman attend, No pleasure like hunting is found; For when it is o'er, as brisk as before, Next morning we spurn up the ground.

Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale, To charm us to barter for ignoble rett,
The joys which true pleasure can raise in the breast,
The morning is fair, and in labour with day,
And the cry of the huntsman is hark, hark away,
Then wherefore defer we one moment our joys?
Haste haste let's away, so to horse my brave boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chace,
Where meaner delights to more noble give place?
While onward we press, and each forrow defy,
from valley to valley re-echoes the cry:
Dur joys are all sterling, no forrow we fear,
We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old care;
Forgetful of sabour, we leap o'er the mounds,
Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

HEN Phæbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
How fweet is the found of the echoing horn,
When the antling flag is rous'd with the found,
Erecting his ears nimbly fweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:
But fill we purfue and now come in view of the glorious game.

O fee how again he rears up his head, And winged with fear he redoubles his speed: But oh! tis in vain that he flies, That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the cries,

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bro

For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants, till with well-scented hounds surrounded
he dies.

ET the gay ones and great

Make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run,
Well, who cares a jot?

I envy them not,

While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercife, air,
To the fields I repair,
With fairits unclouded and light;
The bliffes I find,

No flings leave behind, But health and diversion unite.

COME, ye foortimen so brave, who delight in the field,

Where the bud-barren mountain fresh raptures can

With the health-breathing chace rouse the soul with delight,

With the jolly god, Bacchus, be jovial at night.
See the high-mettled steeds I where snorting they sty!
While, staunch, the dogs cover the ground in full cry!
While, staunch, while staunch, the dogs cover the ground in full cry!

How can ye, my boys, from such sports now refrain, When the horn's chearful sound calls you forth to the plain?

Poor Puffey! she sies, and seems danger to scorn.

Then redoubles her speed as she bounds o'er the lawn.

See the high-mettled steeds. &c.

She has cunningly cheated the scent of the hounds; Through hedge-rows she creeps, and sculks o'er the downs:

Brush them in, my bold hearts! she fits panting for

The victim is feiz'd-Hark ! the horn founds her death. See the high-mettled fleeds, &c.

B 3

LAST

AST Valentine's day when bright Phæbus shone clear,

I had not been hunting for more than a year:

I mounted black Slowen, o'er the road made him bound,

For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns sweetly found,

Hallo into covert, old Anthony cries,
No fooner he spoke, but the fox, fir, he 'spies;
This being the signal, he then crack'd his whip,
Taleo was the word, and away we did leap.
Taleo, &c.

Taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo.

Then up rides Dick Dawfon, who car'd not a pin, He fprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in; And as he crept out, why he spy'd the old Ren', With his tongue hanging out stealing home to his den. Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horfes were always as good As ever broke covert, or dasn'd thro' the wood; Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die, Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry, Taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or more, Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and fwore, But Reynard being spent soon must give up the ghost, Which will heighten our joys when we come to each toast.

Taleo, &c.

The day's foort being over the horns we will found,
To the jolly fox-hunters let echo refound,
So fill up your glaffes, and chearfully drink,
To the honest true sportsman who never will shrink.
Taleo, Sc.

BRIGHT dawns the day with rofy face, That calls the hunters to the chace.

> With mufical horn, Salute the gay morn, These jelly companions to cheer;

With enliv'ning founds, Encourage the hounds, To rival the speed of the deer.

If you find out his lair,
To the woodlands repair,
Hark! hark! he's unharbour'd they cry;
Then fleet o'er the plain,
We gatlop amain,
All, all is a triumph of joy.

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,
Thro' forests and floods,
The stag slies as swift as the wind;
The weikin resounds,
With the cry of the hounds,
That chant in a concert behind.

Adieu to all care,
Pale grief and despair,
We ride in oblivion of fear;
Vexation and pain,
We leave to the train,
Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo! the flag flands at bay,
The pack's at a flay,
They eagerly feize on their prize:
The welkin resounds
With the chorus of hounds,
Shrill horn with his knell, and he dies.

HEN Phæbus begins just to peep o'er the hills,
With horns we awaken the day,
And rouse, brother sportsmen, who sluggishly sleep,
With hark! to the woods hark! away:
See the hounds are uncoupled in musical cry,
How sweetly it echoes around;
And high mettled steeds with their neighings all seem
With pleasure to echo the sound.

Behold when fly Reynard, with panic and dread,
At distance o'er hillocks doth bound;
The pack on the scent fly with rapid career,
Hark! the horns! O how sweetly they found;
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Now on to the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales, All dangers we nobly defy;

Or nage are all flout, and our sports we'll pursue, With shouts that resound to the sky.

But fee how he lags, all his arts are in vain, No longer with swiftness he flies; Each hound in his fury determines his fate,

The traitor is seiz'd on and dies: With shouting and joy we return from the field,

With drink crown the sports of the day; Then to rest we recline, till the horn calls again, Then away to the woodlands, away.

NOW the hill-tops are burnish'd with azure and gold,
And the prospect around us most bright to behold;
The hounds are all trying the mazes to trace,
The steeds are all neighing, and pant for the chace.
Then rouse, each true sportsman, and join at the dawn,

The fong of the hunters, and found of the horn.

Health brages the nerves and gives joy to the face, Whilit over the health we purfue the fleet chace; See, the downs now we leave, and the coverts appear, As eager we follow the fox or the hare.

Then rouse, &c.

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Wherever we go, pleasure waits on us still, If we fink in the valley, or rise on the hill; O'er hedges and rivers we valiantly fly, For fearless of death we ne'er think we shall die. Then rouse, &c.

From ages long past, by the poets we're told,
That hunting was lov'd by the sages of old;
That the soldier and huntsman were both on a par,
And the health-giving chace made them bold in the
war.

Then rouse, &c.

When the chace is once over, away to the bowl, The full flowing bumpers shall chear up the foul; Whilst jocund our songs shall with choruses ring, And toasts to our lasses, our country and king. Then rouse, &c.

SOUND, found the brisk horn,
'Twill enliven the morn,
And nature replenish with glee,
The vallies around,
Shall rejoice at the found,
And join in the chorus with me,

Let ladies each night
In cards take delight,
And fuch dull amusements embrace,
At noon then arise,
Unknown to the joys
Of the health-giving, health giving chace.

But while they're content, Why let them frequent

The pleafures I chuse,
My time to amuse,
Are greatly superior to all.

O'ER the lawns, up the hills, as with ardour we bound,

Led on by the loud founding horn,

Kind breezes still greet us, with chearfulness crown'd,

And joyful we meet the fweet morn.

Rofy health blooms about us with natural grace,

Whilft echo re-echo'd enlivens the chace.

Should all the gay larks as they foar to the fky,
Their notes in a concert unite,
The music of hounds when set off in full cry,
Would give a more tuneful delight.
Rosy health, &c.

Tis over, tis over, a pleasure divine,
Fresh air and full exercise yield,
At night, my good friends, o'er the juice of the vine,
We'll fing to the sports of the field.
Rosy health, Co.

RECITATIVE.

HARK? the horn calls away; Come the grave, come the gay; Wake to music that wakens the skies, Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

ATR.

From the east breaks the morn,
See, the fun-beams adern
The wild heath and the mountains so high;
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the stoods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers, so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the hart or the boar;
Ruddy health bloom'd the f.ce,
Age and youth urged the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full fight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mortal fenfations refine!
Where is care, where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's loft in fomething divine.

Now to horse my brave boys:
Lo! each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole;
Than at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

RECITATIVE.

THE chace was e'er, Act aon fought a feat,
To shade him from the rage of mid-day heat:

His fainting dogs, with toil and thirst oppress,
Long'd for the cooling stream and fresh ning rest,
As on the hunter wandered.

Diana and her nymphs appeared undress:
Whilst creams nor nymphs could save her from his
sight,
Thus try'd the youth to speak, appal'd with fright.

AIR.

O think me not, goddess, to blame, I lurk'd not those charms t'espy; By chance to this covert I came, And fate is more faulty than I. All weary with hunting I strove To hide me from Phæbus's ray; Forgive me thus destin'd to rove, O let me now win back my way.

RECITATIVE.

Enrag'd the goddess thus bespoke the swain, Who su'd for pity, and had su'd in vain:

AID.

Rash youth! your mad folly you soon shall deplore, No mortal thus naked has seen me before,

Lest you tell where you've been, Boaft of what you have seen, Bold hunter, here know

That Diana's your foe.

That for this you shall never again see me more; You shall branch out with horns, bound with swiftrunning seet,

No longer a man but a flag all complete.

Your hounds in full cry,
Shall purfue as you fly,
Chace you all the long day,
Till they make you their prey,

Since your eyes dar'd to glance tow'rds Diana's retreat.

HEN first Aurora gilds the eastern hills,
And on the ground her glitt'ring dew-drop
spills.

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#### HUNTING Songs and CANTATAS.

The swelling horn salutes the rising day,
Pleas'd with the sound, all nature looks more gay.
The drowly huntsman, freed from Morpheus chain,
With dogs and horses scatter all the plain:
From his close paddock starts the srighted deer,
Old earth scarce teels him in his swift career.

AIR.

Over mountains fee him bound, Lighter than the fleeting wind ; Woods and vallies echo round. While he leaves them far behind, Now fainting with toil, He takes the cool foil. But there finding refuge in vain, He feeks the wide lawns once again. The flaunch op'ning hounds have at length feiz'd their prize, What joy reigns around, When brought to the ground, And the horn founds his knell as he ftruggling dies. Our fports at an end, The ev'ning we fpend, In innocent mirth and good cheer; Like bold Robin Hood, Our prey is our food, And liquor Old English brown beer.

RECITATIVE.

The hunters ready, morning clear; ome, the happy hours embrace, oin the ever jovial chace.

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AIR.

See the flag how he bounds
O'er the neighbouring grounds,
His speed still increas'd by his fear;
Hills and dales are soon past,
See his swiftness so vast,
The huntsmen he leaves in the rear.

'Twas Nimrod of old,
By the poets we're told,
Began first the sports of the chace,

Tho' fo great was his fame, There's a flur on his name, As men he pursued in the race.

But such tyrants the chace
Will its pleasures disgrace,
Yet friendship shall still be our guide;
With the sound of the horn,
Call forth each in the morn,
Our sports there shall nothing divide.

But again he's in view,
And we nearer purfue,
His fpirits decrease as he slies;
Now they've pull'd him to ground,
And the dogs have him bound,
Ah! see how he trembles and dies.

Now our pleasure's complete,
Hark, the horn sounds retreat,
Our sport does our health fill maintain;
To the bowl next away,
We'll with joy crown the day,
And then be as merry again,

#### RECITATIVE.

THE rosy morn with crimson dye,
Had newly ting'd the eastern sky,
The feather'd race on every spray,
Sweet warble to the god of day.
When chaste Diana, goddess bright,
From balmy slumber springing light,
Wak'd all her nymphs from pleasing rest,
And thus her sylvan train address'd.

ATR.

From this high mount with me descend,
And hey to the joys of the chace;
O'er hill and dale our flight we'll bend,
And match the fleet stag in our pace.
My filver bow is ready strung,
My golden quiver is graceful hung,

Away my nymphs, away, away,
Let shouts to the welkin resound,
And she who strikes the destin'd prey,'
Shall queen of the forest be crown'd.

RECITATIVE

THE whiftling ploughman hails the blushing dawn,

The thrush melogious drowns the rustic note,

Loud sings the black bird thro' resounding groves,

And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

AIR.

Away, to the copfe lead away,
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds;
I'll warrant he shews us some play;
See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.
Then spur your brisk coursers, and smoke 'em, my bloods:

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn;
What concert is equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn?

Each earth fee he tries at in vain,
In cover no fafety can find,
So he breaks it, and fcours amain,
And leaves us at distance behind.
O'er rocks and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we fcorn;
Steut Reynard we'll follow up to that he die;
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce erreps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
His speed can no longer avail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.
From our staunch and sleet pack 't was in vain that he fled,

See his brush fails bemir'd forlorn,
The farmer with pleasure beholds him lie dead,
And shout to the sound of the horn.

RECITATIVE.

NOW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top, Its different notes each feather'd warbler tunes,

The milkmaid's carol glads the ploughman's ear, the joily huntiman winds his chearful horn, And the flaunch pack return the lov'd faiute.

AIR.

The hounds are unkenneled, and now,

Theo' the copie and the furz will we lead,

Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,

For there lurks the thief that must bleed.

I told you fo didn't I?—see where he slies;

'Twas Bellman that open'd, so sure the fox dies.

Let the horn's jolly sound,

Encourage the hound,

RECITATIVE.

And float through the echoing skies.

The chace begun, nor rock, nor flood, nor fwamp, Quickfet, or gate, the thundering course retard; Till the dead notes proclaim the falling prey, Then—to the sportive squire's capacious bowl.

ATP.

O'er that and old beer of his own,

This found, bright and wholesome we'll fing,

Drink success to great George and his crown,

For each heart to a man's with the king.

And next we will fill to Jove's favourite scene,

The rich isle of faints, Britannia I mean,

Where men, horses and hounds,

Can be stopp'd by no bounds,

For no spot on the earth e'er bred sportsmen so keen.

IRTH, admit me of thy crew,
To liften how the hounds and horns,
Chearly route the flumb'ring morn,
From the fide of fome hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing fill.

ROUSE, rouse, jolly sportsmen, the hounds an atlout,
The chace is begun, I declare;
Come up and to horse, let us follow the rout,
And join in the chace of the hare.

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Hark! hark! don't you hear they are now in the dale,
The horn, how melodious it founds!

Poor Puss in a fright, how she strives to prevail,
And fly from the cry of the hounds.

The here's Scentwell and Finder,
Dogs never known to fail,
To hit off with humble nose,
But with a lofty tail &c

Though up to the hills and the mountains she scales,
Whose top seems to join to the sky;
We mount in the air like a kite in a gale,
And follow the hounds in full cry.
Though into the copse there for refuge she slies,
We kill her, 'tistwenty the odds;
While echo surrounds us with hooting and cries,
We seem to converse with the gods.

Our freedom with conscience is never alarm'd.

We are strangers to envy and strife;
When blessed with a wife, we return to her arms,
Sport sweetens the conjugal life.
Our days pass away in a scene of delight,
Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taste,
In pleasures of love we revel all night,
Next morning return to the chace.

AM a jolly huntiman,
My voice is shrill and clear,
Well known to drive the stag,
And the drooping dogs to chear.
And a hunting, &c.

ceen.

Hark

leave my bed betimes,
Before the morning grey;
Let loose my dogs, and mount a horse,
And hallo, come away, &c.

The game's no fooner rous'd,

But in rush the chearful cry,

Thro' bush and brake, o'er hedge and stake,

ads ar The frighted beast does sty, &c.

n vain he flies to covert,

A num'rous pack purfue,

hat never cease to trace his steps,

Ev'n though they've lost the view, &c.

Dogs never known to fail,
To hit off with humble note,
But with a lofty tail &c
To Scentwell, hark! he calls,
And faithful Finder joins,
Whip in the dogs, my merry rogues,
And give your horse the reins, &c.
Hark! forward how they go it,
The view they'd loft they gain;
Tantivy, high and low,
Their legs and throats they strain, &c.

There's Ruler and Countefs,
That most times I ad the field,
Traveller and Bonnylass,
To none of them will yield, &c.

Now Duchefs hits it foremost,
Next Lightfoot leads the way,
And Toper hears the bell,
Each dog will have his day, &c.

There's Music and Chanter,
Their nimble trebies try;
While Sweetlips and Tunewell,
With counters clear reply, &c.

There's Rockwood and Thunder,
That tongue the heavy bas;
Whilft Trowler and Ringwood
With tenors crown the chace, &c.

Now sweetly in full cry
Their various notes they join;
Gods! what a concert's here, my lade!
'Tis more than half divine, &c.

The woods, rocks, and mountains,
Delighted with the found,
To neighb'ring dales and fountains
Repeating, deal it round, &c.

A glorious chace it is,

We drove him many a mile,

O'er hedge and ditch, we go thro' flitch,

And hit off many a foil, &c.

And

And yet he runs it floutly,
How wide, how swift he flrains,
With what a skip he took that leap,
And scours it o'er the plains, &c.

See how our horses foam!
The dogs begin to droop,
With winding horn, on shoulder bor'n,
'Tis time to chear them up, &c.

[Sounds Tantivy.]

Hark! Leader, Countes, Bouncer, Chear up my merry dogs all; To Tatler, hark; he holds it imart, And answers every call, Se.

Co co there, drunkard Snowball, Cadzooks! whip Bomer in; We'll die i'th' place, ere quit the chace, 'Till we've made the game our own, &c.

Up yonder steep I'll f llow,

Befet with craggy stones;

My lord cries, Jack, you dog! come back,

Or'else you'll break your bones, &c.

Huzza! he's almost down,
He begins to slack his c urse,
He pants for breath; I'll in at's death,
Or else I'll kill my horse, Sc.

See, now he takes the moors,
And frains to reach the fiream;
He leaps the flood, to cool his blood,
And quench his thirty flame, &c.

He fearce has touch'd the bank,
The cry bounce finely in,
And fwiftly fwim across the fiream,
And raise a glorious din, &c.

His legs begin to fail,
His wind and speed is gone,
He stands at bay, and gives 'em play,
He can no longer run, &c.

Old Hector long behind,
By use and nature bold,
In rushes first, and seizes fast,
But soon is flung from's hold, &c.

He traverses his ground,
Advances and retreats,
Gives many hound a mortal wound,
And long their force defeats, &c.

He bounds, and springs, and snorts, And shakes his branched head, 'Tis safest farthest off, I see, Poor Tallboy is lain dead, &c.

Vain are heels and antlers,
With fuch a pack fet round,
Spite of his heart, seize every part,
And pull him fearless down, Se.

Ha! dead, ware dead, whip off,
And take a special care;
Dismount with speed, and cut his throat,
Lest they his haunches tear, &c.

The sport is ended now,
We're laden with the spoil;
As home we pass, we talk o'th chace,
O'erpaid for all our toil.

And a hunting &c.

Awake and pursue the steet hare;

From life say what joy, say what pleasure you reap,

That ere could with hunting compare:

When Pbæbus begins to enlighten the morn,

The huntsman attended by hounds

Rejoices and glows at the sound of the horn,

Whilit woods the sweet echo resounds.

The courtier, the lawyer, the priess have in view,

Navey'ry profession the same.

Nay ev'ry profession the same,
But sportsmen, ye mortals, no pleasures pursue,
Than such as accrue from the game.

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While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the cup, And turn into day ev'ry night; At the break of each morn the huntiman is up, And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

Then quickly my lads to the forest repair,
O'er dales and o'er valleys let's fly;
For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,
When each joy will another supply:
Thus each morning, each day, in raptures we pass,
And defire no comfort to share;

But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass, And feed on the spoil of the hare.

HARK! for fure I hear the horns melodious
Then come come come join in [tound;
The chearful merry din
Of the hounds in concert shrill,
Heard round from hill to hill.
All shall join in jolly song,
Noble sports to us belong;
Hail the morning's ruddy face,
Now begins the sprightly chace.

Then out fcouts Reynard strong And nimbly darts along,
To climb the neighb'ring hill,
Or leap the purling rill.
All shall join, &c.

leep,

While

Boys, follow then with speed,
As we have thus agreed;
Then come, come, mend your pace,
And follow brisk the chace.
All shall join, &c.

We foon shall fee him lag, Like deer or hunted stag; Then press him hard, my bloods, We'll drive him to the floods. All shall join, Sc.

O'er floods, o'er rocks and hills, And over purling rills, We will pursue the game, Till Reynard flout we tame. All shall join, &c.

Ah! fee in vain his flight, His heart is broken quite; And as he gasping lies, He pants, he pants, and dies, All shail join, Sc.

YE fportimen all,
Attend to the call,
The welcome call of the chearful horn;
Quit bufinels for pleasure,
Nor thirst after treasure,

But purchase new life from the sweets of the morn, See now dapple Bay in his foin waxeth grey, And white Lily stops, with the scent in his chaps. And now nimbly she bounds from the cry of the

- 18

And now nimbly she bounds from the cry of the Then boys, haste away, [hounds.

Without further delay,

"Tis with pleasures like these that we hail the new

Whilft cares of flate
Attend the great,

And courtiers prey on their country's wealth;
No stately ambition,
Or sickly condition.

Disturbs our repose, recreations, or health.

The sop, vainly proud of his delicate self,

The miser, who doats on his ill-gotten pelf,

And the lover who sighs, ogles, flatters, and lies,

Would they hither repair, they need not despair Of enjoying sweet life, with a mind free from care

RISE, rise, brother bucks, see how ruddy's the Diana's been long on the plain; [morn, Hark, hark, 'tis the sound of the hounds and the Repeated by echo again. [horn, Then, to horse, my brave boys, to the chace let's For the pleasures of hunting admit no delay. Saway

If our hounds, when they're dragging the wood-Unkennel the fox from his den: [lands around, Or if, when they're trailing along on the ground,

A puls should be started—O then, So ho, cries our huntsman, so ho, she's in view, Then with hounds in full cry we the passime pursue.

But if we should meet with an out-lying deer,
The passime so royal we'll rouse;
Pursue him till slain where he flies without fear,
And ne'er the glad fight of him lose.

Neither hedges nor ditches shall fet us our bounds; It our horses are good we'll keep up with the hounds.

When our day's sport is over then home we'll return
To enjoy our dear bottle and glass,
And all be as ready as ever next morn
To go back to the jovial chace.
Thus Nimrod's diversion we'll keep in renown,
And each night with a bumper our day's sport we'll
[crown.

How fost glides the stream the gay meadow a long'. The birds all how chearful, how tuneful their song, How Flora the meads with her gifts doth adorn, The violet, the rose, and the fair blooming thorn; And hark! still to heighten the joys of this place, The sound of the horn speaks the hounds are in chace

See over you clover the hare swif ly flies,
While the hunters pursue her with clamorous cries;
Haste, haste, then away, let us join in the foort,
Leap the banks, fly the gates, to you covert resort;
There trembling she lies, panting, gasping for breath
Let's sollow with speed to be in at the death.

"Tis done, the is breathless, now home we repair, While peaks load, triumphant, resound thro' the air Not a hill, or a valley, or cavern around. Where each refides, but repeats the glad found; While Phochus well-pleas'd the gay prospect surveys And streaks the fair morn with his brightest of rays.

Thus bles'd with the pleasures the country affords, Content with our flations, more happy than lords, With heart true and loyal we jovially fing, Not troubled with cares from ambition that spring, While the courtier is eagerly hunting a place, We jocundly join in the sports of the chace.

LET the flave of ambition and wealth,
On the frolic of fortune depend,
I ask but old claret and health,
A pack of good hounds and a friend.
In such real joys will be found,
True happiness centers in these;
While each moment that dances around

Is crown'd with contentment and ease.

Old claret can drive away care,

Health smiles on our days as they roll;

What can with true friendship compare?

And a taily I love from my soul.

Then up with your bumper my boys, Each hour that flies we'll improve; A heel tap's a fpy on our joys—

Here's to fox-hunting, friendship, and love.

Now faintly glimm'ring in the east

Sol brings on the ling'ring morn,

As loth to quit fair Thetis' breaft,

While dew bespangles ev'ry thorn.

The herald lark falutes the skies,

And bids the jocund sportsman rife.

AIR.

Hark! the chace is begun,
See, yonder they run,
And fleet as the wind the flag flies;
O'er mountain and dale,
Thro' woodland and vale,
His purfuers awhile he defies.

But in vain is his forced.

But in vain is his fpeed, They faster proceed, In hopes to c'ertake him anon; AW

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While echo around,
With the horn and the hound,
Responsive replies Ton-ta-ron.

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ng.

Thus we pleasure obtain,
'Thout fickness or pain,
What ruddiness smiles on each face;
Ye jemmies prepare,
Mount the steed if you dare,
And overtake health in the chace.

THE sweet rosy morning
Peeps over the hills,
With blushes adorning
The meadows and fields;
The merry merry horn
Catts come come come away,
Awake from your slumber
And hail the new day.

The flag rous'd before us
Away feems to fly,
And pants to the chorus
Of hounds in full cry;
Then follow follow follow follow
The mufical chace,
Where pleasure and vigour,
With health you embrace.

The day's sports when over,
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk lover
Fresh charms for the night.
Then let us let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let love crown the night,
As our sports crown the day.

RECITATIVE

WHEN chearful day began to dawn,
While Cupid fill his pillow press'd,
Diana rous'd by hounds and horn,
Her gentle virgins thus address'd.

Hark away, hark away to the merry ton'd horn, While the hounds chearful cries awaken the morn, Diana herfelf rules the sports of to-day,

And joins in the chorus of Hark, hark away.

With cautions step avoid the bow'r,
Where wily Cupid sleeping lies;
Fond nymphs, you'll rue the fatal hour,
Should Love our spotles train surprise.
Ha k away, &c.

Love will promise and deceive,
Leading youthful hearts aftray,
But the joys our passimes give
Are jocund innocent, and gay.
Hark away, &c.

WHEN Sol from the east had illumin'd the sphere, And gilded the lawns and the riv'lets so clear, I rose from my tent, and like Richard, I call'd For my horse and my hounds too, loudly I bawld. Hark forward, my boys, Billy Meadows he cried, No swore he spoke but old Reynard he spied; Over joy'd at the sight we began for to skip, Ton-ta-ron went the horn and smack went the whip.

Tom Bramble scour'd forth, when almost to his chin, O'er scaping a ditch—by the lord, he leap'd in; When just as it hap'd, but the sly master Ren', Was sneakingly hast'ning to make to his den; Then away we pursu'd, broke covert and wood, Not a quick set nor thickset our pleasure withstood So ho! master Reynard Jack Rivers he cried, Old Ren' you shall die, Daddy Hawtborn replied.

All gay as the lark the green woodlands we trac'd, While the merry-ton'd horn inspired as we chae'd, No longer poor Reynard his strength could be boast, To the hounds he knock'd under & gave up the ghost The sports of the field when concluded and o'er, We sound the horn back again over the moor; At night take the glass, and most chearily sing The fox-hunters round, not forgetting the King.

Cz

46

HARK! the huntiman's begun to found the shrill Come quickly unkennel your hounds; [horn, 'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden-ey'd morn, We'll chace the fox over the grounds.

See yonder fits Reynard, so crafty and fly,
Come saddle your coursers apace;
The hounds have a scent, and are all in full cry,
They long to be giving him chace.

The huntimen are mounted, the fleed feels the spur, And quickly they scour it along; Rapid after the fox runs each musical cur, Follow, follow, my boys, is the song.

O'er mountains and valleys we skim it away, Now Reynard's almost out of fight; But sooner than lose bim we'll spend the whole day In hunting, for that's our delight.

By eager pursuing we'll have him at last,

He's too tired, poor rogue, down he lies;

Now starts up afresh, and young Snap has him fast,

He trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.

To chase o'er the plain the fox or the hare,
Such pleasure no sport can e'er bring,
It banishes sorrow and drives away care,
And makes us more blest than a king;
And makes us more blest than a king.
Whenever we hear the sound of the horn,
Our hearts are transported with joy;
We rise and embrace with the earliest dawn,
A pastime that never can cloy.
O'er surrows and hills our game we pursue,
No danger our breast can invade;
The hounds in full cry our joys will renew
An increase of pleasures display'd:
The freedom our conscience never alarms,

We live free from envy and firife;
If bleft with a spouse, return to her arms,
Sport, sweetness, and conjugal life.

The courtier who toils o'er matters of state,
Can ne'er such an happiness know;
The grandeur and pomp enjoy'd by the great,
Can ne'er such a comfort bestow t
Our days pass away in scenes of delight,
Our pleasures ne'er taken amis:
We hunt all the day, and revel all night,
What joy can be greater than this.

Ev'Ry mortal some favourite pleasure pursues, Some to White run for play, some to Batson for news; To Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applause, And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's noise: But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun, And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phæbus has finish'd his summer's career, And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care. When Roger and Nell have enjoyed harvest home, And their labours being o'er, are at leisure to roam; From the noise of the town and its follies I run, And I range o'er the fields with my dog and my gun.

When my pointers around me all carefully stand, And none dares to stir, but the dog I command, When the covey he springs, and I bring down my I've a pleasure no passime beside can afford: [bird, No passime nor pleasure that's under the sun, Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I repair And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear; There I exercise freely my levelling skill, And wi'h pheasants and woodcocks my bag often fill; For death (where I find them) they seldom can shun, My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command; Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand; If a woodcock they slush, or a pheasant they spring, With heart chearing notes how they make the woods. Then for music let sribbles to Ranelagh run, [ring! My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

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When at night we chat over the sport of the day,
And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay;
Then I think of my friends, and to each send a part,
For my spicious to oblige is the pride of my heart;
Thus the vices of town, and its follies I shun,
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

49 ---

AWAK'd by the horn, like the fpring, deckt in Betimes in the morning the hunters are feen; [green, With joy on each brow they enfive the place, And impatiently wait to join in the chace.

ATD

From his close covert rous'd, the stag swiftly slies, As the arrow that's shot from the bow; O'er rivers and mountains all danger defies, And fears nothing but man, his worst fue.

RECITATIVE.

Now they trace him thro' the copfe, Panting, firuggling—fee! he drops! Hark! rude clamours rend the skies, While the dappled victim dies.

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Thus Britain's fons, in Harry's reign,
Pursu'd the trembling Gaul,
Thro' streams of blood, o'er hills of slain,
And triumph'd at his fall.

CHORUS.

Now hoftile foes alarm ; arm, arm, Britannia, arm.

RECITATIVE.

Then away to the field, tis great George gives the word Quit the horn for a trumpet, the whip for a fword; Like our valiant forefathers, stern death let us face, And be glorious in war as we are in the chace.

Hark, the loud tuning horn bids the sportsman pre-And the hounds woo him forth to the lawns pare The huntsman proclaims that the morning is fair, And Aurora with red streaks the dawn.

With cleasure he hearkens the heart-soothing chear Shakes Morpheus and slumber away;

While joyf I he starts, and with speed doth appear.
The foremost to welcome the day.

With the h rn's jolly clangor he quickens the chace And fills all the vale with his joys;

While his pleature full glowing, enlivens his face, And the hounds in full concert rejoice.

From the sportsman, ye drones, ye may learn how Exempted from pain or disease; [ro live, He'll shew, that the fields and the meadows will That health which you bar er for ease. [give

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does
Why, how now, you fluggardly fot! [pecp,
How can you, how can you sie fnoring affeep,
While we all on horfeback are got,
My brave boys!

I cannot get up, for the over-night's cup,
So terribly lies in my head;
Besides, my wife cries, my dear, do not rise,
But cuddle me longer in bed,
My dear boy.

Come on with your boots, and faddle your mare, Nor tire us with longer delay;

The cry of the hounds, and the fight of the hare, Will chace all dull vapours away,

My brave boys.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! from that cottage by the filent fiream,
How fweet the swallow greets the rising gleam
Of light, that dawns upon the eastern hill,
Tipping with grey the fails of yonder mill;
And hark! from the farm below the watchful cock
Warns the dull shepherd to unfold his flock;
His hurdled flocks the fresh ning breeze int ale,
And bleat for freedom, and the clover vale.
See! how away the severing clouds are driven,
How gay already seems the face of heaven!

Those ruddy fireaks foretel the fun is near To drink the dew and glad our hemisphere. O! did the fone of diffipation know What calm delights from early-rifing flow, They'd leave (with us) their down, and in the Imbibe the health that fresh Aurora yields. Shelds

Now indolence fnores upon pillows of down, Now infirm ty, guilt, and difease, Envy the gentle repose of the clown, And in vain beg the bleffing of eafe.

Whilft we honest fellows, who follow the chace, Of fuch troubles are never poffes'd,

The banner of health is display'd in each face, To fhew Peace holds the fort of the breaft.

Can the flaves of a court, can the mifer fay this? Or the wretches who feed in diffrets? O! may fuch ne'er tafte of our rational blifs. Till, like us, they difdain to oppreis.

RECITATIVE.

See! to the copfe how the dogs foud along. They've found out the drag of the foe; And hark? how the huntimen ride shouting along, He's now in the cover below.

Let's follow the cry, he'll foon be in view, See! yonder he sculks o'er the glade; Spur your courters, my lads, and brifkly purfue; Or's craft will our vengeance evade.

The shepherd with joy views the chace, His lambs the vile traitor would fleece, The farmer, delighted, beholds his difgrace. And thinks on his turkies and geete.

The maids of the hamlet look gay; The dames, o'er a noggin of ale, Tell what poultry of late was his prev. And wish the flaunch pack may prevail.

In queft of the fleet-footed foe, As the hunters fly over the plain, Ev'ry breaft feels a rapturous glow, Ev'ry tongue trills the jocular frain. RECITATIVE.

Far from the east had roll'd the glorious fun. And thro' each well known haunt the fox had run: The stream he'd past, and the vast mountain's height, Se king the dell where darkling brakes invite; There strove to earth, but strove to earth in vain, He breaks the covert, tries the lawns again ; But, as he fled, the crafty spoiler found, Fleeting behind, the never fault'ring hound : Weary at length, he views the wide mouth throng, And drags in pain his mired brush along; Now fpent, he falls, rolling his haggard eyes; And, favage like, he wounds, and fnarling dies. Eager to view, the shouting train surround; Hills, woods, and rocks, reverberate the found.

Whilft the huntiman exults to hunters around, And holds up the ffrong-fcented prize; Elated with conqueff, each fraunch mettled hound, Sends a clam'rous peal to the fkies;

The deep found of the horn, borne afar on the gale, Our Ca Is the sportsmen thrown out, to the pack ; They meet round the spoi, if their coursers don't fail Your Then away, to regale, they ride chearfully back. The

RECITATIVE.

Such are the manly pleasures of the chace. Which kings of old were eager to embrace: While o'er the champaign ran the courtly crew. The cheek was garnish'd with a roseat hue: Then no pale Ganymede difgrac'd the court, And he was honour'd who most lov'd the sport ; No brooding malice there affail'd the breaft, To cloud the brow, or poison mental reft. Oh ! glorious fi ort, which can at once impart Health to the veins, and quiet to the heart.

Our fathers of old lov'd the fport, Our nobles rejoic'd in the chace : They fled the intrigues of a court, The hearr-chearing toil to embrace.

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Their offspring was tuddy and flout, Curft lux'ry was yet in the bud; They scarce knew the pangs of the gout, Activity physic'd the blood.

A fribble they feldom could meet, But now how revers'd is the fcene! The creature's in every fireet, Erecting his butterfly mien.

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Could our ancestors rife from their graves. At fight of the gay-spangled train, They'd fly the degenerate flaves, And wish to be buried again.

May such never taffe of our joy, We hunters disclaim the whole race; Whilft time over tea they destroy, We're loft in the charms of the chace.

## CHORUS.

All you who would follow the mufical horn, Go early to bed, and falute the young morn. e gale, Our sports shall secure you the bosom's repose, And your cheek in old age wear the tint of the role, 't fail Your nerves shall be strong, and feel, e'en in decay, back. The raptures enjoy'd by the young and the gay. Then hither come all who would live long in heaith, A bleffing the wife much efterm before wealth.

> I E sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too, Who delight in the joys of the field; Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you, And no one the contest will yield. His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace, A hunting continually go; All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace, Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will rife with the first of the morn, To hunt for a mortgage or deed; he husband gets up, at the found of the horn, And rides to the Commons full ipeed;

The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game, The poet, too, often lays low. Who, mounted on Pegafus, flies after fame With hark forward, huzza, sally ho. While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown, How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap, And the fences of virtue break down. Thus, public or private, for pension, for place,

For amusement, for passion, for shew, All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chace. With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

- 54 A Sweet-scented beau, and a simp'ring young cit, An artful attorney, a rake, and a wit, Set out on a chace in pursuit of her heart, Whilft Chloe discainfully laugh'd at their art: And rous'd by the hounds to meet the fweet morn. Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the beau by his face, The lawyer with quibble fet out on the chace; The cit with exactness made up his account, The rake told his conquest, how vast the amount. She laugh'd at their follies, and blithe as the morn. Tantive, she followed the echoing horn.

The clamorous noise rous'd a jelly young swain, Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd over the plain. He distanc'd the wit, the cit, quibble, and beau. And won the fair nymph with hollo! hillio! Now together they fing a fweet leymn to the morn. Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

HARK! the hoilow groves refounding Echo to the hunter's cry; Hark! how all the vales refounding To his chearing voice reply.

Now fo fwift, o'er hills afpiring, He puriues the gay delight; Distant woods and plains retiring Seem to vanish from his fight.

Hark! the hollow groves, Sc.

SEE Pheebus begins to enliven the east,
And see the grey dawn wears away;
Come rouse, fellow huntsman, relinquish dull rest,
And join in the sports of the day;
No longer in sloth let your senses remain,
Untainted the sweets of the morn;
Drive slumber away, and make one in our train,
To follow the sound of the horn

What mulic to ours can for sweetness compare,
What sports such a pleasure can yield?
What scent so refin'd as the new morning air?
What prospect so bright as the field?
Let misers for riches each transport forego,
'Midst their treasures distress'd and forsorn—
We take ev'ry joy, and forget every woe—
So charming the sound of the horn.

Such pleasures we feel, while from vanity free,
Our hours pass contented along;
In innocent passime, in mirth, and in glee,
With a hearty repast and a song:
Ye mor also unbias'd by honours and wealth,
Those titles that forrow adorn;
Would you taste the calm joys of contentment and
Then follow the sound of the horn. [health,

THE fun now peeps o'er yonder hill,
In streaks of golden red,
For shame get up, nor slumber still,
Quit, quit your downy bed.

For hark! horn and hound are faluting the day,
The fox from his covert is burfling away;
O'er mountains he scampers, we'll double our pace,
Swift vengeance pursues him and gladdens our chaec.

Lose, lose no time, to horse, my boys,
Fling off dull drowsy spleen;
The neighing sounds, and deep tongu'd noise,
Now call us to the green,
For hark, horn, &c.

With rofy health our cheeks shall glow,
Our nerves with toil be strong;
With tides of joy our blood shall slow,
Who join the hunting throng.
For hark, horn, &c.

And when we leave the shouting field,
And night has brought us home,
Libations rich the hall shall yield,
Loud mirth shall shake the dome.
For hark, horn, &c.

OUT of fight are the hounds, boys;
We've loft them to day,
We are fairly thrown out,
Who will tell us the way?

If you'll follow up close, we will tell you the way.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

Who, who are such friends to the joys of the chace? We hear but the voice, but we see not the face,

RESPONSE.

We cannot, we must not discover the face.

Are you fairies or goblins that haunt the rude plain? Oh, fay who you are, that enliven our train.

We are nymphs of the wood, of Diana's chafte train

O'er mountains, thro' fountains, then briskly we'll Diana and Echo shall join in the cry. [fly

Love in yonder valley hes,

'Wake him not with noise or cries!

Fir'd with sport, with toil oppress,

Glad he takes an hour of rest;

See, see his quiver by his side,

Sure to conquer youthful pride!

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Now To Hark If he's rais'd, and points his darts, 'Tis too late to fave your hearts!

CATCH.

When will founds of battle ceafe,
When the world is hush'd to peace.—
Welcome discord's horrid found,
Welcome clangor's bursting round,
Let the British thunder toar,
Shouts be heard from shore to shore.
Every brave commander sing,
With first and last, God save the King.

RECITATIVE.

EE, see, Aurora 'gins to rise, and paints with ruddy streaks the skies! 'er Phæbus does his beams display, et's to our jocund sports away.

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AIR

I rouse the game with hounds and horn,
With chearful cries I 'wake the morn,
Who rising with her rosy face,
Enjoys the glory of the chace.
See the swift stag slies o'er the ground,
And hills, and dales, and woods resound;
Whilst health and joy lead on the train,
Provoke the chace and scour the plain:
"And join" the jovial sportsman cries,
"Till the stout prey, o'ertaken—dies."

- 60 -

RECITATIVE.

WHO, who is this that strikes my wond'ring
y we'l lis rosy health, an hunter in disguise, [eyea
le comes to win me from soft pleasure's train,
and thus he speaks in his enliv'ning strain.

AIR.

Now the dawn's peeping over the hill,

To fleep breaking echos arise!

Hark! the hounds and the hunters loud fill

The woods with their shouts and their cries.

Pursue o'er the mountains your prey, Be first of the heart chearing race, All rous'd by the toils of the day You'll own the delights of the chace.

A hunter, no more you'll complain;
No spleen-brooding cares shall ye know,
A stranger to sickness and pain,
With life and new vigour you'll glow.
Then sly from the pleasures that pail,
That languor most certainly yield,
But wake to the horn's early call,
And haste to the sports of the field.

- 61 -

HARK, hark, jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale, Which to pay your attention, I'm sure cannot fail, 'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire, O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar. A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men, 'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again; Had Nimrod the mightiest of hunters been there, 'Fore gad, he had shook like an aspin for fear.

In seventeen hundred, and forty and sour,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from Killruddery in search of a fox.
The Laughlin's-town landsord, the bold Owen Bray,
And 'Squire Adair, sure, was with us that day;
Jo Debill, Hall Presson, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more, When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar; Hark to Wanton, cried Jo, and the rest were not stack For Wanton's no trisle, esteem'd in the pack. Old Bonny and Collier came readily in, And every hound join'd in the musical din; Had Diana been there she'd been pleas'd to the life, And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way;
As strong from Killegar, as tho' he could fear none,
Away he brush'd round by the house of Killternan,
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherry wood then,
Steep Shank-bill he climb'd, and to Ballymanglen,
Bray Commons he cros'd, leap'd Lord Anglesey's wall,
And seem'd to say, "Little I value you all."

He ran Bush's grove, up to Carbury Byrn's,
Jo Debill, Hall Presson, kept leading by turns,
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out,
To Malpa's high hills was the way then he slew,
At Dalkeystone Common we had him in view,
He drove on by Bullock, through shrub Glanagery,
And so on to Mountown where Laury grew weary.

Thro' Rocbestown wood, like an arrow he pass'd, And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last, There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea, And said in his heart, "Sure none dare follow me." But soon to his cost, he perceiv'd that that no bounds Could stop the pursuit of the saunch mettl'd hounds. His policy here, did not serve him a rush, Five couple of tarriers were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore, then again was his drift, But e'er he could reach to the top of the clift, He found both of speed and of cunning a lack, Being way-laid, and kill'd by the rest of the pack. At his death there were present the lads that I've sung Save Laury, who riding a garran, was slung. Thus ended at length a most delicate chase, That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Killruddery's plentiful board.
Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord;
We talk'd o'er the chace, and we toasted the health
Of the man that ne'er varied for places of wealth.
OrvenBray baulk'd a leap, says Hall Preston, 'twas odd'
Twas shameful, cried Jack, by the great living—
Said Preston I halloo'd, "Get on, tho' you fall,
"Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all."

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport, ?
For party affairs, we confign'd to the court.
Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the night, In gay slowing bumpers and social delight.
Then till the next meeting, bid farewel each brother So some they went one way and some went another, As Phæbus befriended our earlier roam, So Luna took care in conducting us home.

THE duskynight rides down the sky,
And ashers in the morn,
The hounds all make a jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn,
Then a hunting let us go.
Then, &c.

The wife around her husband throws,
Her arms to make him stay,
My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
You cannot hunt to-day.
But a hunting, &c.

Th' uncavern'd fox like lightning flies,
His cunning's all awake,
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life the stake.
When a hunting, &c.

Arous'd e'en Echo huntress turns,
And madly shouts her joy,
The sportsman's breast in raptures burns,
The chace can never cloy.
Then a hunting, &c.

Despairing mark he seeks the tide,
His art must now prevail,
Hark! shouts the miscreant's death betide,
His speed, his cuaning fail.
When a hunting, &c.

For lo! his strength to faintness worn,
The hounds arrest his slight,
Then hungry homewards we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a drinking, Sc.

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GIVE round the word diffmount, difmount, while echoed by the sprightly horn, The toils and pleasures we recount, Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.

CHORUS.

Twas glorious fport, none e'er did lag,
Nor drew amis, nor made a stand;
But all as sirmly kept their pace,
As had Atteon been the stag,
And we had hunted by command,
Of the goddess of the chace.
And we had hunted, &c.

The hounds were out and fnuft the air,
And scarce had reach d the appointed spot;
But pleas'd they heard a layer, a layer,
And presently drew on the flot.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,

The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl;

And echo note for note repeats,

While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the flag has loft his pace,

And while ware-haunch the huntiman cries;

His bosom swells, tears wet his face,

He pants, he struggles, and he dies.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

DECEMBER is the month,

When British brains are addled,

The morning's wet and dirty,

So get the cattle faddled,

For a hunting we will go:

What pleasure is so excellent,
As whip and cut and spur,
What music can compare,
To the yelping of a cur.
When a hunting, &c.

Action was a hunter bold,

Wore horns upon his pate,

But we will take our wives with us,

And so avoid his fate.

When a hunting, &c.

If in ditch, or bog, or brake,
Our carcase chance to flick in,
We're champions all and fight the cause,
Of gander, goose, and chicken.
When a hunting, &c.

But if perchance a fox chace,
Should cost a man his breath,
We're all militia captains now,
And who's afraid of death.
When a hunting, &c.

Then should we break sy Reynard's neck,
In pastime e'ent it merit,
And if perchance we break our own,
Why damme e'nt it spirit,
When a hunting, &c.

But if a Quist won't quit his bed,
For sports so blithe and bonny,
We'll swear he hates satigue and dirt,
And call him Macaroni,
When a hunting, &c.

Abuse him for his want of taste,
Since nothing so bewitches,
Like spending all the winter long.
In boots and leather breeches.
When a hunting, &c.

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
And dew drops bespanglethe sweet-scented thorn;
Then sound, brother sportsman, sound, sound the
'Till Phæbus awakens the day: [gay horn,
And see now he rises in splendor how bright;
Io Pæan for Phæbus, the God of Delight,
All glorious in beauty now banishes night,
Then mount, boys, to horse and away.

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ther

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace,
Health, bloom and contentment, appear in each face,
And in our fleet courfers what beauty and grace,
While we the fwift flag do purfue;
At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,
Struck by terror he runs from the forests wide bounds
And tho' like the lightning he darts o'er the grounds,
Yet fill, boys, we keep him in view.

When chac'd 'till quite spent, he his life does resigns
Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
That hunter, so mighty of fame;
Our glasses then charge to our country and king;
Love and beauty we'll fill to and jovially sing;
Wishing health and success, till we made the house
To all sportsmen and sons of the game. [ring,

## A COLLECTION of SONGS for the LADIES.

SONG 1.

In this shady blest retreat,
I've been wishing for my dear;
Hark, I hear his welcome feet,
Tell the lovely chaimer near.

Tis the fweet bewitching fwain, True to love's appointed hour, Joy and peace now fmile again, Love I own thy mighty power.

To fly, like bird. from grove to grove,

To wander like the bee;

To fip of sweets, and taste of love,

Is not enough for me:

No fluttering passions wake my breast,

I wish the place to find,

Where fate may give me peace and rest,

One shepherd to my mind.

To every youth I'll not be gay; Nor try on all my pow'r; Nor future pleafures throw away, In toyings for an hour; I would not reign the general toaft, Be prais'd by all the town; A thousand tongues on me are loft, I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flattering train,
Who fwarm at beauty's shrine,
When youth's gay charms are in the wane.
Will court their sure decline.
Then sops and wits and beaux forbear,
Your arts will never do;
For some sond you h shall be my care,
Life's checquer'd season through.

My little heart shall love a home,
A warm and shelter'd nest;
No giddy slights shall make me roam
From whence I am not blest:
With love and only that dear swain,
What tranquil joys I see,
Farewell, ye salse inconstant train!
For one is all to me.

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GAY Damon long studied my heart to obtain,
The pretty'st young shepherd that pipes on the plain;
I'd hear his fost tale, then declare 'twas amis,
And I'd often say no, when I long'd to say yes.
And I'd often, &c.

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GA

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And sent me two lambkins to witness his slame;
Oh! take these he cried, thou more fair than their
I could hardly say no tho' asham'd to say yes. [Seece,
I could hardly, &c.

Soon after one morning we sat in the grove, He pres'd my hand hard, and in fighs breath'd his Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kiss, [love, I defign'd to've said no, but mistook and said yes. I design'd, &c.

While at this, with delight, his heart dane'd in his Yegods he cried, Chloe will now make me bleft breaft Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal bliss, To prevent being teiz'd, I was forc'd to say yes.

To prevent, &c.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life,
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife;
Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,
You must all die old maids if you will not say yes.
You must all die, &c.

My eyes may speak pleasure,
Tongue flow without measure,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies kill,
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's asleep in his mill.

Though lovers furround me,
With speeches consound me,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still,
Thus the river is stowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's assep in his mill,

The little god eyes me,
And thinks to surprise me,
But my heart is awake in my breast,
Thus boys slily creeping,
Would catch a bird sleeping,
But the linnet's awake in his nest.

I HIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd; In vain against merit and Cymon I strove, What's life without passion, sweet passion of love, Sweet passion, sweet passion of love. The frost nips the buds and the rose cannot blow, From youth that is frost-nipt no rapture can flow, Elysium to him but a desert will prove, What's life without passion, sweet passion of love. The spring should be warm, the young season be gay, Her birds and her slow'rets make blithsome sweet Love blesses the cottage & sings thro' the grove May; What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

O Sandy, why leav'ft thou thy Nelly to mourn,

Thy prefence could ease me,

When naithing can please me,

Now dowie I figh on the banks of the bourn,

Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return,

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,

While l'av'rocks are finging,
And primroses springing,
Yet name of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.
Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away,

But quick as an arrow,
Hafte here to thy marrow,
Who's living in languor till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we dance, fing & play.

D

FORGIVE, ye fair, nor take it wrong,
If aught too much I do;
Permit me while I fing my fong,
To give a leffon too:
Let modefty, that heaven born maid,
Your words and actions grace;
'Tis this, and only this can add,
New luftre to your face.

'Tis this which paints the virgins cheeks
Beyond the power of art;
And ev'ry real blush bespeaks,
The goodness of the heart;
This index of the virt'ous mind
Your lovers will adore;
This, this will leave a charm behind,
When bloom can charm no more.

Inspired by this, to idle men
With nice reserve behave;
And learn by distance to maintain,
The power your beauty gave:
For this when beauty must decay,
Your empire will protect;
The wanton pleases for a day,
But ne'er creates respect.

With this, their filly jest reprove,
When coxcombs dare intrude;
Nor think the man is worth your love,
Who ventures to be rude;
Your charms, when cheap, will ever pall,
They fully with a touch;
And tho' you mean to grant not all,

You often grant too much.

But, patient let each virtuous fair,
Expect the gen'rous youth;

Whom heaven has doom'd her heart to share,
And blest with love and truth:
For him alone referve her hand,
And wait the happy day;

When he with justice may command,
And she with joy obey.

WHAT harm in so simple a token of love, I cull'd him the prime of the garden and grove; He wore it fresh blooming and glitt'ring with dew, Yet Lucy's neglected, and William's untrue.

Can smiles and soft accents derision convey,
No mischief so subtle, so satal as they;
He brags of the prize in each meadow and glade,
And declares how he pities the helpless poor maid,

In my quick mounting blushes the virgins descry, What my truth-tutor'd mind is too frank to deny; And the cold-hearted prudes, ah how wary they shun The maiden whom frankness alone has undone.

Your thoughts then, dear fifters, with caution conceated. The foft growing paffion be flow to reveal; Distrust the vain shepherd whose temper is such, That granting a whisper is granting too much.

O Happy hour all hours excelling, When retired from crouds and noise: Happy is that filent dwelling, Fill'd with felf-possessing joys.

Who with fewest things is pleas'd;
And consults the voice of nature,
When of raving fancy eas'd.

Ev'ry action wifely moving,
Just as reason turns the scale;
Ev'ry scene of life improving,
That no anxious thoughts prevail.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins del To all batchelors, greeting, these lines are premis's I'm a maid that would marry; ah! could I but fin (I care not for fortune) a man to my mind.

I care not for fortune, Gc.

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Not the fair-weather'd fop, fond of fashion & dress;
Nor the 'squire, who can relish no joys but the chace;
Nor the free thinking rake, who no mortal can bind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Neither this, &c.

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Not the ruby fac'd fot, who topes world without end; Nor the drone who can't relish his bottle and friend; Nor the fool that's too fond, nor yet he that's unkind; Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind. Neither this, &c.

Not the rich with full bags, & no breeding or merit;
Nor the flash that's all fury, without any spirit;
Nor the fine master fribble, the scorn of mankind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Neither this, &c.

But the youth whom good sense & good nature inspire Whom the brave must esteem & the fair should admire In whose heart love & truth are with honor conjoin'd This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

This, this, &c.

O What joy does conquest yield, When returning from the field, Shining in his glitt'ring arms, How the godlike warrior charms.

Laurel wreaths his head furrounding, Banners waving in the wind, Fame her golden trumpet founding, Every voice in concert join'd.

A H! why must words my slame reveal,
What need my Damon bid me tell,
What all my actions prove;
A blush whene'er I meet his eye,
Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh
Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,
My eyes still fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve;
The rest unheeded dance and play,
From all he steals my praise away,
And can he doubt my love.

Whene'er we meet my looks confess
The joys which all my foul possess,
And ev'ry care remove;
Still, still, too short appears his stay,
The moments sly too fast away,
Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise, So pleas'd I am with all he says, I ev'ry word approve; But is he blam'd, altho' in jest, I feel resentment fire my breast, Alas! because I love.

But oh! what tortures tear my heart, When I suspect his looks impart. The least defire to rove; I hate the maid that gives me pain, Yet him to hate I strive in vain, For ah! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read my eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my fighs,
My passion these will prove;
Words oft deceive and spring from art,
The true expression of my heart
To Damon must be love.

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
And birds were finging on each spray,
When Colin met me in the grove,
And told me tender tales of love:
Was ever swain so blythe as he,
So kinds so taithful, and so free,
In spite of all my friends could say,
Young Colin stole my heart away.

Whene'er he trips the meads along, He sweetly joins the wood-lark's song; And when he dances on the green, There's none so blythe as Colin seen: If he's but by I nothing fear, For I alone am all his care; Then spite of all my friends can say, He's stole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam, And seems surpris'd I quit my home; But she'd not wonder that I rove, Did she but feel how much I love: Full well I know the gen'rous swain Will never give my bosom pain; Then spite of all my friends can say, He's stole my tender heart away.

To please me the more, & to change the dull scene, My swain took me oft to the sports on the green; And to ev'ry fine sight would he tempt me to roam, For he sear'd less my heart should grow tired of home. To yield to my shepherd, so fond and so kind, I lest my dear cot and true pleasures behind; And oft as I went saw 'twas folly to roam. For salse all the joy was that grew not at home. To flirt, to be prais'd, was to me no delight, I sigh'd for no swain with my own in my sight; Then how could I wish all abroad thus to roam, When love and contentment were always at home?

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there too I'm bleft as I can be, and fing my glad fong; [long, I ask not again in the woodlands to roam, Nor chuse to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs, and ye shepherds, so frolic and gay, Who in roving now flutter your moments away; Believe it, my aim shall be never to roam, But to live my life thro', and be happy at home.

Since they faw me alone with a fwain in the grove, Each tongue in the village proclaims I'm in love;

And Colin and Nell are their jeft and their fong.

Suspicion long whisper'd it over the green,
But Scandal now tells what she never has seen;
Wherever we wander, yet safter she slies,
What we do, or we say the reslects with her lies.

How we trip all by moonlight to love-haunted bow'rs;
How we toy and we kiss at the sweet gilded hours:
All this, and yet more, if she will she may name,
For we meet without crime, & we part without shame

With a laugh they point at us as passing along,

I own that I love him, he's fo to my mind,
And waits with impatience till fortune's more kind;
I fill will love on till our fate's to be blek,
And the talk may be louder it sha'nt break our rest.
Let malice her tongue and her eyes all employ,
And envy do all to embitter our joy;
The time that is coming shall soften the past,
And crown the gay nymph and her Colin at last.

How blithe was I each morn to fee,
My fwain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;
I met him with good will:
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
When his flocks near me lay?
He gather'd in my fheep at night,
And chear'd me all the day.
Oh! the broom the booms become

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where left was my repose;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,

The birds stood list'ning by;

The sleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,

Charm'd with his melody:

While thus we spent our time, by turns,

Betwixt our flocks and play,

I envy'd not the fairest dame,

Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

Oh, the broom, &c.

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He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He stole my heare; cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
Hard fate! that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born,
Oh, the broom, &c,

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To thee, O gentle fleep, alone
Is owing all our peace;
By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,
By thee our forrows cease.

The nymph whose hand by fraud or force Some tyrant has posses'd, By thee obtaining a divorce, In her own choice is bles'd.

Oh, stay! Arpasia bids thee stay,
The fadly weeping fair
Conjures thee not to lose, in day,
The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought, That motion chas'd her sleep: Thus by ourselves are oftnest wrought, The griefs for which we weep.

WHEN lover for favours petition,
Oh! then they approach with respect;
But when in our hearts they've admission,
They treat us with scorn and neglect.
'Tis dangerous ever to try them,
So artful are men to deceive;
'Tis safer, much safer to fly them,
So easy are maids to believe.

O Cupid! why art thou purfuing
Such endless designs on my heart,
To make me so fond of my ruin,
And doat on the cause of my smart?

In vain do I strive to remove him;
Affliction to reason is blind;
In spite of his failings I love him;
He's charming, tho' false and unkind.

GENTLE youth, oh! tell me why, Still you force me thus to fly; Cease, oh! cease to persevere, Speak not what I must not hear; To my heart its ease restore, Go, and never see me more.

WHEN unrelenting fates ordain
That lovers ne'er shou'd meet again,
What object round can joy impart,
Or wean from woe the bleeding heart!
In shades and silent scenes we find
The only joy that soothes the mind;
There, uncontroul'd, fond thoughts may rove,
And back recall the hours of love.

But, ah! when balmy hope is fled, To pleasure's voice the heart is dead; Then mem'ry only wakes to shew How deep the wretch is sunk in woe. The sail or thus, who, far from shore, Hears all night long the tempest roar, Soon as the morning lights the skies, Beholds his vessel bulge—and dies.

THE foring newly dawning invites ev'ry flow'r
To blossom again on the mead or the bow'r;
Tho' sports on the plain the young shepherds prepare,
To me they're unpleasing if Jocky's not there.
Tho' sports, &c.

Let winter its horrors fpread wide o'er the scene,
And nought but its gloom on each object be seen;
To me e'en a desart seems lovely and fair,
If fortune decrees that my focky is there.
Tho' sports, &c.

DEFEND my heart, ye virgin pow'rs, From am'rous looks and fmiles; And shield me, in my gaver hours, From love's destructive wiles: In vain let fighs and melting tears Employ their moving art, Nor may delutive oaths and pray'rs E'er triumph in my heart. My calm content and virtuous joys May envy ne'er moleft, Nor let ambitious thoughts arise Within my peaceful breaft; Yet may there such a decent state, Such unaffected pride, As love and awe at once create, My words and actions guide. Let others, fond of empty praise, Each wanton art display, While fops and fools in raptures gaze,

Let others, fond of empty praise,
Each wanton art display,
While sops and fools in raptures gaze
And sigh their souls away:
Far other dictates I pursue,
(My bliss in virtue plac'd)
And seek to please the wiser sew,
Who real worth can taste.

- 23 TOO late for redrefs, and too foon for my eafe, I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I could please; Reflection stood still, while I fancy'd your eyes Read the language of mine, and reply'd to my fighs: Thus cheated by hope I unheeded went on, And judg'd of your heart by the throbs of my own : Delufive fond hope feem'd, alas! to perfuade, That friendship, that kindness, with love was repaid. But, alas! all is chang'd, and with anguish I find Words and looks prove but civil, which once I thought Idea no longer its fuccour will lend, [kind; To form the fond lover, or hix the firm friend : Then hush my poor heart, and no longer complain, Thy honour, thy virtue, pronounce it is vain;

Thy thoughts swell to crimes; drive this love from thy Perform well thy duty, let fate do the rest. [breaft,

GENTEEL is my Damon, engaging his air; And his face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair: No vanity (ways him, no folly is feen; But open's his temper, and noble's his mien.

With prudence illumin'd his actions appear;
His passions are calm, and his judgment is clear:
Soft love sits enthron'd in the beams of his eyes;
He is manly, yet tender; he's fond, yet he's wise.

He's young and good-humour'd; he's gen'rous & gay; And his voice can, like music, drive forrow away; An amiable softness still dwells on his speech; He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live, And his heart is too honest to let him deceive: Then blame me, ye virgins, if justly ye can; Since merit and fondness distinguish the man.

CEASE, gay seducers, pride to take In triumphs o'er the fair, Since clowns as well can act the rake As those in higher sphere.

Where then, to shun a shameful fate, Shall hapless beauty go? In ev'ry station, ev'ry state, Poor woman finds a foe.

How bleft the maid whose bosom
No headsfrong passion knows!
Her days in joy she passes,
Her nights in soft repose:
Where'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her;
But pleasure
Without measure
From ev'ry object flows.

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YE verdant woods, ye chrystal streams, On whose enamell'd side I shar'd the sun's refreshing beams, While Jocky was my guide.

No more your fhades or murmurs please Poor Sylvia's love-fick mind; No rural scenes can give me ease, Since Focky proves unkind.

Come, gloomy eve, and veil the sky With clouds of darkest hue; Wither, ye plants; ye slow'rets die, Unchear'd with balmy dew.

Ye wildly warbling birds, no more
Your fongs can foothe my mind;
My hours of joy, alas! are o'er,
Since Jocky proves unkind.

I'll hie me to some dreary grove,
For fighing forrow made,
Where nought but plaintive strains of love
Resound thro' every shade,

Where the fad turtle's melting grief, With Philomela's join'd, Alone shall yield my heart relief, Since Jocky proves unkind.

Be warn'd by Sylvia's fate, ye maids, And thun the foft deceit; Tho' love's own eloquence persuades, 'Tis all a dangerous cheat.

Fly, quickly fly, the faithless swain, His baffled arts despise; So shall you live exempt from pain, While hapless Sylvia dies.

IF 'tis joy to wound a lover,

How much more to give him eafe,
When his passion we discover,
Oh! how pleasing 'tis to please!

The blifs returns, and we receive Transports greater than we give.

Da Capo.

My heart's my own, my will is free, And so shall be my voice; No mortal man shall wed with me, 'Till first he's made my choice,

Let parents rule, cry nature's laws, And children still obey; And is there then no faving clause, Against tyrannic sway?

A Dawn of hope my foul revives,
And banishes despair;
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel those gloomy shades of night, My tender grief remove; Oh; send some chearing ray of light, And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a fecret friendly shade,
The pensive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face
Each rifing fear difarms;
He eager springs to her embrace,
She finks into his arms.

GENTLE Damon cease to woo me,
'Tis in vain you thus pursue me,
Sighs and tears cannot subdue me,
Nor can change my constant heart;
Young Pbilander's generous passion,
Taught me first soft inclination,
Never shall your sly persuasion,
Make me act a treacherous part.
Gentle Damon, &c.

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Ceafe, O ceafe, then this complaining, Such perfidious arts disdaining, Let bright honour once more reigning, To your soul its rays impart, Gentle Damon, &c.

LET the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the swain Who in transports of passion affects to complain; For his rage, not his love, in his frenzy is shown, And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown. But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart Will submissive adore, and rejoice in thy smart; Or in plaintive soft murmurs his bosom felt woe, Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers will slow. Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes. And his heart own your sway with a tribute of sighs But when he accosts me in meadow or grove, His tale is so tender, he coos like a dove.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee; [me?] I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;
'T was this Sir, and that Sir, but scarce ever nay:
And Sundays, drest out in my filk and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man!
Well rest him; we all are as good as we can;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous, tho' truly I gave him some cause.
He soubb'd me and huss'd me, but let me alone,

Egad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own,
Ye wives take the hint and when spouse is untow'rd
Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.
But now I'm quite alter'd, and more to my woe;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago:
This Time's a fere foe; there's no shunning his dart
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be fitting mum-chance, I fill love a tune, though unable to dance; And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf, I teach that to others I once did myself.

How happy were my days till now!

I ne'er did forrow feel;

With joy I rose to milk my cow,

Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,

Like any bird I sung,

Till he pretended love, and I

O the fool! the filly, filly fool,
That trufts what man may be!
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

BENEATH a fragrant myrtle shade,
One morn serene bright Delia laid,
On mossy couch reclin'd;
By turns she view'd the sun and sky,
The purling stream that murmur'd by,
And through the meadows wind.

The tuneful choir their voices raife,
And chant their fweet melodious lays,
Soft warbling strains of love,
The fleecy flocks in blithfome round,
Skip wanton o'er th'enamel'd ground,
And sport along the grove.

Thrice happy state, the fair one cried, Secure from envy, scorn, and pride! Here love shall ever reign; Come Damon take my willing hand, Thy Delia yields to Hymen's band, And sighs to bless her swain.

Oh! leave you gaudy train behind, Give state and grandeur to the wind, Exclude gay pomp and noise; BLI
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When And While In bowers as fweet as Eden's were, The fwain as true, as kind the fair, Shall tafte fubftantial joys.

Young Damon chanc'd that way to rove,
And when the nymph confest her love,
In raptures to her slew:
Her hand he prest, and stole a kiss,
And in the height of rural bliss,
They bade the town adieu.

BLITH Colin, a pretty young swain,
To court me, walks many a mile,
I bid him return back again,
Tho' I wish'd him to stay a great while.
With all by which love is exprest,
He studies my heart to beguile;
I wish him success I protest,
Tho' I tell him he'll wait a great while!

He brought me this nofegay so sweet,
And thought it more pleasure than toil,
I took it, reserv'd and discreet,
But I'll not let him wait a great while:
He begg'd me to grant him a kiss,
So earnest, he made me quite smile;
Have done, I cried, sie! 'tis amis,
Tho' I wish'd it to last a great while!

He tells me, I ought to be kind,

That time all my beauties will spoil;
I cross him—tho' quite of his mind,

For I love he should talk a great while.
I fancy by what he has said,

My husband he'll be by his stile,

And when he once asks me to wed,

Oh? I'll not let him wait a great while!

To the woods I love to go,
When the leaves are green, and meadows fmile,
When the hawthorns bud and blow,
And the Spring doth the wintry care beguile;
While birds are melodioufly finging,
And gold-spotted cowflips are springing,

How fresh the flowers, the fields how fair, For ah! I meet my Colin there.

To the wake I love to go,

When autumnal flow'rets my ringlets deck.

When the ribbons loosely flow,

And wavingly wanton adown my neck;

As I trip it o'er the furrow,

My heart is a ftranger to forrow;

For be it a wake, or feaft, or fair,

At e'en I love to go,

I'm fure to meet my Colin there.

When the jocund lasses and lads are seen, With a skip and a bound like the roe,

Pursuing their sports on the laughing green; While they run the quick changeable measure, I feel my heart panting with pleasure, The dance I join, the pastime share, For still I meet my Colin there.

To the church I long to go,
With the merry men and maidens gay,
All in dreffes white as fnow,

And blith as the spring in the month of May I My friends and companions with posses, With garlands and favours and roses, Shall strew the ground, and braid my hair, For I'm to meet my Colin there.

ERE love did first my thoughts employ,
Returning day still saw me blest,
Each happy hour came wing'd with joy,
Each night was crown'd with balmy rest;
But now, alas! no longer gay,
I rise to hail the chearful light,
I sit and sigh the live-long day,
And pass in tears the sleepless night.

Come, lovely Strephon, hither hafte,
Sure thou haft long perceiv'd my mind;
I fear my words I vainly wafte,
That thou art cruel and unkind:

Or if some maid of happier fate

More favour'd lives, more lov'd than I,

Oh! free me from this anxious state,

Pronounce my fate, and let me die.

FROM foft deluding tales of love,
Bright nymphs, your hearts fecure;
Nor let your curious fancy rove
From thoughts discreet and pure.
From soft, &c.

Man, favage man, by nature prone To objects daily new, Vows every present fair alone Shall find his passion true.

Could each fond fair but view the mind Of him who charms the ear, Their treacheries of ev'ry kind, Unnumber'd would appear.

YOUNG Jocky fought my heart to win,
And woo'd as lovers woo;
I, vers'd in all our fexes art,
Did just as maidens do:
Whate'er he'd figh, whate'er he'd vow,
I'd study to be shy at,
And when he press'd his fate to know,
'Twas pr'ythee, fool, be quiet.

Month after month, of am'rous pain,
He made a mighty fus;
Why, if, you know, one loves a swain,
'Tis wrong to say one does t
He told me passion could not live,
Without more pleasing diet,
And pray, what answer could I give
But pr'ythee, fool, be quiet?

At length he made a bold effay, And, like a man, he cried, Thy hand, my dear, this very day, Shall Celia be my bride? Convinc'd he would have teiz'd me still,
I could not well deny it;
And now, believe me, when I will,
I make the fool be quiet.

DAMON, would you know the paffion
You have kindled In my breaft,
Triffing is the inclination
That by words can be exprest.

Damon, would you, &c.

In my filence view the lover,
True love is by filence flown;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own.
In my filence, &c.

WHERE new mown hay on banks of Tay
The sweets of spring discloses,
As I one morning singing lay,
Upon a bank of roses.
Young Jamie whisking o'er the mead
By geud luck chanc'd to spy me,
He took his bonnet off his head,
And softly sat down by me.
My bonny bonny Jamie O,
My bonny bonny Jamie O,
I care not tho' the world should know,

How dearly I love Famie O.

The swain, tho' I right mickle prize,
Yet now I wad na ken him,
But with a frown my heart disguis'd,
And strave away to send him.
But fondly he still nearer press'd,
And at my feet down lying;
His beating heart it thump'd sae fast,
I thought the lad was dying.
My bonny bonny Jamie O, &c.
But still resclving to deny,
And angry passion feigning,
I after roughly shot him by,

With words fow of disdaining.

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For Vho t Leav He seiz'd my band and nearer drew,
And gently chid my pride;
So sweetly did the shepherd woo,
I vow'd to be his bride.
My bonny bonny Jamie O, &c.

WHEN first you woo'd me to comply,
And taught my heart to flutter,
You said you ne'er wou'd from me sty,
As plain as tongue could utter.
That you'd be every thing that's dear,
Of joy you'd not bereave me;
I'd all to hope, and nought to fear;
Then sure you will not leave me.

Were I fo wickedly inclin'd,
I might abuse the leifure;
I know who would be fond and kind,
And think attendance pleasure,
But I to honour will be true,
And never once deceive ye;
What's just to plighted love I'll do,
Then sure you will not leave me,

Say, fay the word, you will not go,

Nor cruel let me find ye;

With you all risk and toil I'll know,

But cannot stay behind ye.

Tho' left on Tweed's or Thames' smooth side,

Your absence sure would grieve me;

Oh what a pain it is to chide;

Sure, sure you will not leave me.

RUEL Cupid, why diffress me,
Why with fighs my bosom fill?
Cease, fond urchin, to impress me,
Make my flutt'ring heart lie fill.
Force me not to pine and languish
For a falle and fickle swain;
Who triumphing o'er my anguish,
Leaves me thus in grief and pain.

Virgins be not too believing, Shun the vile inconftant fex, Man was born to be deceiving, And weak woman to perplex.

WHEN larks for fake the flow'ry plains.

And love's fweet numbers fwell;

My voice shall join their morning grain,

In praise of Florizel.

When woodbines twift their fragrant shade,
And noon-tide beams repel,
I'll rest me on the tusted mead,
And sing of Florizel.

When moon beams dance among the boughs,
That lodge fweet Philomel,
I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
And fing of Florizel:

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot
In gilded courts to dwell;
I'd leave them for a lonely cot
With love and Florizel.

YE chrystal fountains softly flow; Ye gentle gales, ah! cease to blow, For Damon rests in yonder grove, And dreams, perhaps, of me and love!

Propitious powers! grant him that rest which seldom visits this fond breast; Still, still ye gales, around him rise, With breath as soft as Emma's sighs!

Around my love, ye vi'lets fpring! In plaintive notes, ye warblers fing! Ye roses blossom o'er his head And sweetly scent his mossy bed!

And if, O Love, thy potent dart
Should reach the fleeping fleepherd's heart,
O! be to him a gentler gueft,
And pierce with lighter shafts his breaft!

WERE I as poor as wretch can be, As great as any monarch he, Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne, I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, (I ask not wealth)
Grant me but innocence and health;
Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.

In the bloom of her youth shall it ever be said,
That a lass so engaging e'er died an old maid?
Oh no!—I'm determin'd to get me a mate,
For wedlock, I'm told's an agreeable state;
For wedlock, &c.

Of suitors, I'm sure, I've at least, half a score, Who swear that they love me, and sigh and adore; Dull cits, country squires, prating barristers, beaux, But, I needs must confess, that I like none of those.

I'm a bale of rich goods, so the citizens swore, And look ten per cent. better each day than before: The 'squire, with a kiss, bawls to cover, cries zounds, That he tancies me more than a kennel of hounds.

The lawyer, his suit too, with modesty press'd,
That for him I'd decree, and eject all the rest;
While the beau talks of nothing but fashion&cloaths
Can ye blame me, ye fair, if I like none of those?

Some friends would perfuade me to marry a fool, For women, they fay, are defirous to rule; But as that is a pow'r which I ne'er wish to use, I'll tell you what fort of a man I would chuse:

A youth with some sense and good nature combin'd Just too learn'd for a dunce, not too wise to be kind: When I'm wrong with good humor to check & oppose Why I needs must confess I should like one of those,

ALL on the pleasant banks of Tweed Young Jocky won my heart;
None tun'd so sweet his oaten reed,
None sang with so much art,

His skilful tale
Did soon prevail,
To make me fondly love him;
But now he flies,
Nor hears my cries,
I would I ne'er had seen him.

When first we met, the bonny swain Of nought but love could say: Oh! give, he cried, my heart again, You've fole my heart away:

Or else incline,
To give me thine,
And I'll together join 'em,
My faithful heart
Will never part,

Ah! why did I believe him.

Not now my flighted face he knows,
His foon forgotten dear;
To wealthier lass o'erjoy'd he goes,
To breathe his falshood there:
Mistaken Kate,

The swain's a cheat,

Not for a moment trust him:

For shining gold,

For shining gold,
He's bought and sold:
I would I had not seen him.

Then all ye maidens fly the fwain,
His wily flories flun;
Else you like me must soon complain,
Like me will be undone;

But peace my breaft,
Nor break my reft;
I try clean to forget him;
I foon shall see

As good as he ; I wish I ne'er had seen him,

T'OTHER day, as I fat in the fycamore shade, Young Damon came whistling along, I trembled, I blush'd—a poor innocent maid, And my heart caper'd up to my tongue: W

Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! what a flutter is here!
Young Damon defigns you no ill;
The shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear,
Then prithee, fond urthin, he fill.

Then prithee, fond urthin, he fill.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
One kifs he demanded, no more;
But urg'd the foft preffure with ardour fo fweet,
I could not begrudge him a fcore:
My lambkins I've kifs'd, and no change ever found,
Many times as we play'd on the hill;
But Damon's dear lips made my heart to rebound,
Nor would the fond urthin lie fill.

For shelter I'm sure to repair;
And virgins, in faith, I'm no longer asraid,
Altho' the dear shepherd be there:
At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
My heart may rebound if it will;
There's something so sweet in the bussle it makes,
I'll die e'er I bid it lie still.

When the fun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade

LORD! Sir, you feem mighty uneafy, But I the refusal can bear; I warrant I shall not run crazy, Nor die in a fit of despair. If so you suppose, you're mistaken;

For, Sir, for to let you to know, I'm not such a maiden forsaken, But I have two firings to my bow.

SAY, little foolish, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here, and fing
Your mistress to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go.
Where, you wanton, could you be
Half so happy as with me.

REMEMBER, Damon, you did tell,
In chaftity you lov'd me well,
But now, alas! I am undone,
And here am left to make my moans
To doleful shades I will remove,
Since I'm despis'd by him I love;
Where poor forfaken nymphs are seen
In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
Such foft persuasive language hung,
That when his words had filence broke,
You would have thought an angel spoke,
Too happy nymph, whoe'er she be,
That now enjoys my charming he;
For oh! I fear it to my cost,
She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flow'r on earth, A snake may hide, or take it's birth; So his false breast conceal it did His heart the snake that there lay hid. 'Tis false to say we happy are, Since men delight thus to enfnare; In man no woman can be biest, Their vows are wind, their love a jest.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
Send me my Damon, or relief;
Return the wild delicious boy,
Whom once I thought my fpring of joy:
But whilft I'm begging of the blifs,
Methinks I hear you answer this;
When Damon has enjoy'd he flies,
Who sees him love, who loves him dies.

WHEN late a fimple ruftic lass,
I rov'd without constraint,
A stream was all my looking glass,
And health my only paint.

The charms I boaff, alas! how few,
I gave to nature's care;
As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
They could not want repair.

IN all mankind's promifeuous race,
The fons of error urge their chace,
The wond'rous to purfue;
And both in country and in town,
The curious courtier, cit, and clown,
Solicit fomething new.

The poers still from nature take,
And what is ready made they make,
Historians must be true;
How therefore shall we find a road,
Thro' differtation, song, or ode,
To give you something new.

They fay virginity is scarce,
As any thing in profe or verse,
And so is honour too;
The papers of the day imply,
No more than that we live and die,
And pay for something new.

We see alike the woeful dearth,
In melancholy, or in mirth,
Then what shall ladies do;
Seek virtue as th' immortal prize,
In fine, be honest and be wise,
For that is something new.

SIMPLE Strephon, cease complaining, Talk no more of foolish love; Think not e'er my heart to reign in, Think not all you say can move.

Did I take delight to fetter
Thrice ten thousand flaves a day;
Thrice ten thousand times your better
Gladly would my rule obey.
Simple Strepton, &c.

Seek not her who still forbids you, To fome other tell your moan; Chuse where'er your fancy leads you, Let Gblorinda but alone. Simple Strepbon, &c.

WHILE on my Colin's knee I fit,
Lur'd by thy voice, charm'd with thy wit,
My panting heart true measure beats,
And gladly ev'ry figh repeats;
I figh with joy, that thou may'ft see
I sympathize in all—in all with thee.

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No matter how the ice was broke, Or whether you or I first spoke; Who only barter love for love, The niceness of the passion prove: For oft in gratitude we give, And sometimes generously receive.

Level'd by love, let neither try
To fix superiority;
Since all the kind, the fond contest,
Of whether you or I love best,
Like heedless touching a wrong key,
But jars the found of harmony.

By my fighs you may discover
What soft wishes touch my heart;
Eyes may speak and tell each other
What the tongue cannot impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing
Thoughts your breast may disapprove;
But 'tis hard and past concealing,
When we truly, fondly love. [Da Capo.

TELL me, lasses, have you seen, Lately wand'ring o'er the green, Beauty's son, a little boy, Full of frolic, mirth and joy? If you know his shelter say, He's from Venurgone astray? Tell me, lasses, have you seen, Such a one trip o'er the green?

By his marks the god you'll know,
O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,
And a quiver fraught with darts,
Poison sure to human hearts;
Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
He can triomph o'er the mind.
Tell me, lasses, &c.

Subtle as the lightning's wound, Is his diercing arrow found, While the bosom'd heart it pains, No external mark remains; Reason's shield itself is broke By the unsuspected stroke.

Tell me, laffes, &c.

Oft the urchin's feen to lie
Basking in the sunny eye,
Or his destin'd prey he seeks
On the maiden's rosy cheeks;
Snowy breasts, or curling hair,
Oft conceal his pleasing snare.
Tell me, lasses, &c.

She that the recess reveals
Where the god himself conceals,
Shall a kis receive this night
From him who is her heart's delight;
To Venus let her bring the boy,
She shall taste love's sweetest joy.
Tell me, lasses, &c.

WHEN courted by Strepbon, what pains then he Each day on my charms to refine; [took, So much of an angel he faw in my look, That he fwore I was fomething divine.

Like Venus in beauty, like Juno in gait, Like Pallas most wonderful wise; And thus of three deities fairly in prate, He purloin'd, to please me, the skies.

But when I was marry'd, more trouble he found To make me a woman again; My notions celestial so much did abound, That a goddess I still would remain. But finding that his adoration would cease, My senses at last were restor'd; From sublimity gently descending to peace, I begg'd to be lov'd, not ador'd.

Be cautious, ye youths, with the nymph that you Nor too much her beauty commend; [prize, When once you have rais'd the fair maid to the fkies, To the earth she'll not easy descend.

A THOUSAND charms the lover fees
In her he loves while bolts and keys
Keep two fond hearts afunder;
But foon, each envious bar remov'd.
His paffion cools, and why he lov'd,
Is now his cause of wonder.

My heart is your's, you know my mind, In vain to answer nay; But will you be for ever kind, For ever and a day?

Your constancy, my dearest hope,
And fortune left, should I elope,
From parents unrelenting;
Ah, say! if, then, your darling care?
Or would you court some wealthy fair,
Your love to me repenting?
My heart is your's, Sc.

Your faith, if proof to female wiles,
And beauty's sweet alluring smiles,
You'll never play the rover;
Nor I of cold neglect accuse,
Or in the lordly husband lose,
The fond and tender lover.
My heart is your's, &c.

My Jockey is the blithest lad
That ever maiden woo'd;
When he appears, my heart is glad,
For he is kind and good.
He talks of love whene'er we meet,
His words with rapture flow;

Then

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Then tunes his pipe, and fings fo sweet, I have no pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
And slies to me alone;
At ev'ry fair, and all the wakes,
I hear them making moan:
He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,
And ribbands for my hair;
No swain was ever half so true,
Or half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go I nothing fear
If Jockey is but by,
For I alone am all his care
When any danger's nigh.
He vows to wed next Whitfunday,
And make me bleft for life;
Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,
To be young Jockey's wife?

YE Zephyrs come flutter and play,
To lite wake my fond drooping breaft;
Who can bear all this fever of day,
And tafte neither pleafure or reft?
Then panting and dying, I'll fly from the hours,
And hie to the streams, and to sweet shady bowers,

The toils of the field are all o'er;
The shepherd and sheep all retreat;
They think of their passure no more,
But crowd to their shelter from heat.
All panting, Sc.

Then welcome thou dear leafy grove,
Where Sol cannot peep with a ray;
'Mong woodbines and myrtles I'd rove,
Alone ware the moments away.
Then panting, &c.

Then Strephon, O come thou not nigh!
Thy fight I'm not able to bear,
In vain from Sol's fury I fly,
If love and thou follow me here.
Then panting alone let me fly, &c.

THE lowland lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain, and idly gaudy;
How much unlike the graceful mein,
And manly looks of my highland laddie.
O my bonny highland laddie,
My handsome charming highland laddie;
May heaven flill guard, and love reward,
The lowland lass and her highland laddie.
If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest lowland lady,
I'd take young Donald in his trews,
With bonnet blue and belted pladie;
No greater joy I'll e'er pretend
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end

O my bonny, &c.

My father and mother for ever they chide,
Because I young Colin approve:
Tho' witty and manty they him can't abide,
But I'm alone guided by love.
My father, I warrant, when at Colin's age,
No doubt but pursu'd the same plan;
My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage
At once to make sure of her man.
And why should not I the same maxim pursus

While heaven preferves my highland laddie.

And why should not I the same maxim pursue?

I wonder she angry can be,
When I in my turn the same thing but do,
As she has long done before me.
But first when the shepherd my savour address'd,
Like others I threw o'er a veil,
He'd sigh, and he'd kiss, when so closely he press'd,
I cou'd not but hear his fond tale.
I candidly own, whene'er the youth's by,
I've all I can wish in my view;
Nor will I, like other coy maids, pish and sie,

Cool fireams to the heart, nor flow'rs to the bee,

The deuce shall take me if I do.

Such pleasure they each cannot gain,

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As Colin's lov'd presence is always to me, For sure he's the pride of the plain.

And the he should show all the arts of his sex,
Or faithless as others might prove,
It would not my mind by half so perplex,
But knowing none else worth my love.
That thought I will banish, lay sifty to ten
The sicence he soon will procure;
Perhaps you will say, well, and prithee what then?
I'll wed him, my dear, to be sure.

THO' fill so young, and scarce fifteen,
Yet sweethearts I have plenty;
And if more forward I had been,
Ere this they had been twenty.
Like buzzing flies, or wasps with stings,
In swarms they hover round me;
I brush away those humming things,
They have no power to wound me.

I furely am not much to blame
To fport with one and t'other,
My lovers raise no reddish shame,
"Tis playing with one's brother.
I like to hear what each can say,
To see what they'd be doing;
And when they think me most their prey,
I'm farthest off from ruin.

What, tho' in crowds I pass the day,
And all my joy is teazing,
To one alone I'd not be gay,
Left one should be too pleasing.
They fondly flutter here and there,
And take their idle station;
They only catch my eye and ear,
But raise no palpitation.

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Then welcome Harry, Tom, and Phil,
Your numbers won't alarm me,
For, truft me, I'm in fafety ftill,
'Tis only one can harm me.
Then to this folly, nymphs, be kind,
Coquetting's but a feafon;

When older grown, to one refign'd,
I'll yield to love and reason.

No woman her envy can imother,

Tho' never so vain of her charms;

If a beauty she spies in another,

The pride of her heart it alarms.

New conquests she still must be making,

Or fancies her power grows less;

Her poor little heart is still aching

At sight of another's success.

But nature defiga'd, in love to mankind,
That different beauties shou'd slove,
Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever should reign
Sole monarch in empire of love.
Then learn to be wife, new triumphs despise,
And leave to your neighbours their due;
If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,
You'll not be contented with two;
No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

AH, folitude, take my diffress,
For my griefs I'll unbosom to thee;
Each figh thou canft gently repress,
And thy filence is music to me.

Yet peace from my sonnet may foring.

Yet peace from my fonnet may fpring,
For fweet peace, let me fly the gay throng;
To foften my forrows I fing,
Yet forrow's the theme of my fong.

LIKE my dear swain, no youth you'd see, So blythe, so gay, so full of glee, In all our village,—who but he,

To foot it up so featly?
His lute to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame,
And all his boon,
For every tune,
To kiss them round so sweetly,

While round him in the jocund ring, We nimbly dane'd, he'd play or fing; Of May the youth was chosen King,

He caught our ears so neatly.

Such music rare,
In his guitar,
But touch his lute,
The crowd was mute;
His only boon
For ev'ry tune,
To kis' 'em round so sweetly,

CRUEL Strephon, will you leave me, Will you prove yourself forsworn? Can, ah! can you thus deceive me, Can you treat my love with scorn? O! behold your Chlor pleading, Turn and see your once lov'd maid; Let soft pity interceding, Ease a heart your vows betray'd. Must I hopeless pine and languish, Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain? See, he triumphs in my anguish, See, he glories in my pain.

ADIEU, thou lovely youth,
Let hopes thy fear remove;
Preferve thy faith and truth,
But never doubt my love.

FLY, fort ideas, fly, that neither tears nor fighs
My virtue may betray:
Nature's great call, that govern's all,
A daughter must obey.
Alas! my soul denies to hear revenge's cries;
Dare not fond heart, to take his part,
But drive his form away.

You tell me I'm handfome (I know not how true)
And eafy and chatty, and good-lumour'd teo;

That my lips are as red as the role-bud in June, And my voice, like the nightingale's, fweetly in All this has been told me by twenty before, [tune : But he that would win me must flatter me more; But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receives no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
My ease and good humour soft raptures will bring,
My voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a spring:
For charms such as these then your praises give o'er,
To love me for life, you must still love me more;
To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air;
For Chloe the wanton can rival me there:
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good-humour as sunshine the day!
For if that you love me, your same may be true,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too;
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love
A conqueit I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O! let me be deceiv'd.
Forbear to fan the gentle flame,

Which love did first create: What was my pride is now my shame, And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part,

Would you wish to gain a lover,
You should all your hopes conceal;
Men, inconstant, will discover
What too oft our sex reveal,
Virtue teaches wife discretion,
Fickle men are full of are;

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By a thoughtless fond confession, They seduce and steal our hearts. Would you wish, &c.

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Shun, O shun, then, fost persuasion,
Let not tears your passion move;
But embrace the first occasion,
When convinced they truly love.
Would you wish, &c.

AH! Strephon, what can mean the joy,
The eager joy I prove,
While you each tender art employ
To win my foul to love?

So well your paffion you reveal, So top the lover's part, That I with blushes own, I feel A rebel in my heart.

Then take the heart that pines to go, But fee it kindly us'd; For who fuch prefents will bestow, If this shoul'd be abus'd?

THE fields now are looking fo gay,
The birds are all warbling fo fweet;
'Tis, the welcome return of the May,
And the cowflip now fprings at my feet;
But, all on a fudden, I find,
These scenes, tho' so lovely, will cloy;
For a moment they gladden my mind,
And put all my heart into joy.

How foon the enchantment can break!

With Colin these scenes would endear;
They only can please for his sake,
And Colin no longer is here.
At mid-day thus lonely I rove,
And think all is dusties around;
By moon-light, with Colin and love,
Light-hearted I've pac'd o'er the ground.
On! Colin, make haste to appear,
Or to morrow I sy from the plain;

The feason would give me but pain:

The season would give me but pain:

Since all the warm funshine of May

Is nothing if thou art not nigh,

Oh! come, and make nature look gay,

Or fields, birds and woodlands, good by.

I Do as I will with my swain, He never once thinks I am wrong; He likes none fo well on the plain, I please him so well with my song. A fong is the shepherd's delight, He hears me with joy all the day; He's forry when comes the dull night, That haftens the end of my lay. With spleen and with care once opprest, He ask'd me to footh him the while; My voice fet his mind foon to rest, And the shepherd would instantly smile. Since when, or in mead or in grove, By his flocks, or the clear river's fide, I fing my best fong to my love, And to charm him is grown all my pride. No beauty had I to endear, No treasures of nature or art; But my voice that had gain'd on his ear Soon found out the way to his heart. To try if that voice would not please, He took me to join the gay throng I bore the rich prize off with eafe, And my fame's gone abroad with my fong. But let me not jealoufy raife, I wish to enchant but my fwain; Enough then for me is his praise, I fing but for him the lov'd strain. When youth, wealth and beauty may fail, And your shepherds elude all your skill, Your fweetness of voice may prevail, And gain all your fwains to your will.

TELL me, cruel Cupid, tell me, How this mischief first besel me, In a moment so to quell me?

He but woo'd and I was won;
Ev'ry kind expression charm'd me,
Ev'ry tender look alarm'd me,
Ev'ry gentle sigh difarm'd me,
'Till I lov'd but him alone.

Let methen, on love relying, Make a merit of complying, For him happiness denying,

I, alass! refuse my own:
Tell me, cruel Cupid, tell me,
How this mischief first besel me,
In a moment so to quell me?
He but woo'd and I was won.

YOUNG Colin to our cottage came,
And vow'd how much he lov'd;
I own I felt a fecret flame,
Yet not his fuit approv'd:
A thousand tender tales he told
I feem'd to think untrue,
And made believe my heart was cold;
What could a virgin do?
And made believe, &c.

The artless mind is so impress'd
With thoughts before unknown,
When Cupid wounds the semale breast,
He's sure to keep his throne.
In vain our fortitude we try,
When love's resolv'd to sue;
'Tis hard, thro' pity, to deny;
What can a virgin do?

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove,
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
Judge of mine by thy soft breast;
Nor with rancor never ending,
Heap fresh forrows on th' opprest.
Let not rage, &c.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cros'd,
Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
I, alas! at once have lost
Father, brother, lover, friend.
Let not rage, &c.

AH! feek to know what place detains
The object of my care,
If still his breast unchang'd semains,
If I his converse share.
Tell me if e'er he gently sighs
At mention of my name;
If e'er, when tender passions rise,
His lips his truth proclaim.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me, Send oh! fend the youth I love; Deign, O Cupid, to direct me, Lead me through the myrtle grove: Bear my fighs, fost floating air, Say I love him to despair, Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve, For him alone I wish to live.

Mid secluded dells I wander,
Silent as the shades of night;
Near some bubbling rill's meander,
Where he first has bles'd my sight:
There to weep the night away,
There to waste in sighs the day.
Think, fond youth, what yows you swore,
And must I never see thee more.

Then recluse shall be my dwelling, Deep in some sequester'd vale, Scor W So r

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There with mountful cadence swelling, Oft repeat my lovesick rale:
And the lark and Philomel
Oft shall hear a virgin tell,
What's the pain to bid adieu
To joy, to happiness, and you.

Vows of love should ever bind Men who are to honour true; They must have a savage mind Who resuse the fair their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be, Who from conflancy do fwerves So may ev'ry nymph agree All fuch faithless fwains to ferve.

WHEN tutor'd under mama's care,
Such charms did I inherit;
She gave first charge, that noneshould dare
To curb my growing spirit.
My neck and breasts were never hid,
Romances ever reading;
To hold my head up I was bid,
That I might shew my breeding.

By turns I play'd the flirt and prude,
Affected joy and forrow;
And what to-day was monftrous rude,
I thought polite to-morrow.

By earls and dukes I was addres'd,
Each fop fure of fucceeding;
Of ev'ry one I made a jeft,
That I might shew my breeding.

Young Damon too confess'd a flame,
And rivals I had many;
What though I us'd him just the same,
I lik'd him best of any.
With fighs and tears he often swore,
For me his heart was bleeding:
only plagu'd him still the more,
That I might shew my breeding.

Enrag'd he vow'd to break his chain,
And fly to smiling Kitty;
I could not bear to meet distain
From one not half so pretty.
With gentler words I bid him stay,
For pardon fell to pleading:
To church we went, and from that day
I shew'd him better breeding.

SHEPHERDS, cease your fost complaining, I've a heart that scorns distaining; I no bashful meanings want, All that virtue asks I'll grant; Down-cast looks, and frequent sighing, Distant awe, and vows of dying, All are senseles. Who'd believe He would die who still may live?

AH! where can one find a true fwain,
In whom a young nymph could confide;
Men are now so conceited and vain,
They no longer have hearts to divide,
Or in court, or in city, or town,
All acknowledge how fruitless the search;
So polite too each village is grown,
E'en there girls are lest in the lurch.

Then adieu to the thraldom of love,
Adieu to its hope and its fear!
Henceforth I in freedom will rove,
Who like it the willow may wear:
Yet should fortune, my truth to reward,
Send some youth with each talent to bless,
How far I my purpose could guard,
Is a secret I could not confess.

WHERE's my swain so blythe and clever?
Why d'ye leave me all in forrow?
Three whole days are gone for ever,
Since you said you'd come to-morrow.
If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here with looks so bonny;

Love has flying wings, I well know - Not for ling ring, lazy Johnny.

What can he now be a doing?

Is he with the lasses maying?

He had better here been wooing,

Than with others fondly playing.

Tell me truly where he's roving,

That I may no longer forrow;

If he's weary grown of loving,

Let him tell me fo to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,
Let her be the happy creature;
I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
Nor dispute with her a feature:
But I can't, nor will I tarry,
Nor will hurt myself with sorrow;
I may lose the time to marry,
If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me;
If I'm yours, away no longer;
If you won't, another'll have me;
I may cool, but not grow fonder.
If your lovers, girls, torfake ye,
Whine not in despair and forrow;
Blefs'd another lad may make ye;
Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,
Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been;
I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
But my mother oft tells me, she'll have me a nun.
But my mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry; With ways so devout I'm not like to be won, And my heart loves a frolic too well for a nun. And my heart, &c.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear, Is a thousand times better to me I declare; I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone,

Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun. Nay, besides, &c.

Not to love, nor be lov'd oh! I never can bear,
Nor yield to be fent to—one cannot tell where;
To live or to die in this case were all one,
Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.
Nay, I sooner, &c.

Perhaps but to teaze me she threatens me so,
I'm sure were she me she would stoutly say no;
But if she's in earnest i from her will run,
And be marry'd in spite, that I may'nt be a nun.
And be marry'd, &c.

I SAW what feem'd a narmless child,
With wings and bow,
And aspect mild.
Who sobb'd and figh's, and pin'd,
And begg's I would some boon bestow
Or a poor little boy stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, too foon I comply'd,
For exulting he cry'd,
And drew from his quiver a dart;
My pow'r you foon fhall know,
Then levell'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

WHILE on earth's foft lap descending,
Lightly falls the feather'd fnow,
Nature awfully attending.
Each rude wind forbids to blow.

Whi'e and pure awhile appearing, Earth her virgh mantle wears, Soon the fickle feafon veering, Her deluded bosom bears.

Thus my fooish heart believing, Listen'd to his artful tongue; All his vows of love receiving, On each flatt'ring accent hung.

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Fondly, for a time, mistaken,
Love and joy conceal'd my fate,
Now, alas! at length fortaken,
Sa experience comes too late.

Y OUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight, He's ever unhappy when I'm from his fight; He wants to be with me wherever I g, The dence fure is in him for plaguing me so.

His pleasure all day is to fit by my fide, He pipes and he fings, tho' I frown and I chide; I bid him depart, but he smiling says no, The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

He often requests me his stame to relieve, .

I ask him what favour he hopes to receive;

His answer's a figh, while in blushes I low,

What mortal beside him would plague a maid so.

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the And softly intreated 1'd wear for his take; [wake, Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow, I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so.

He hands me each eve from the o to the plain, And meets me each morn to conduct me again; But what's his intention I wish I could kn w, For I'd rather be married than plaguid with him so.

Since loft to peace o mind terene,
I drag my chain in fruitless hope,
I'll court each melancholy scene,
And give my forrows their full scope;
My lovely, sprightly gallant tar,
Who sports with serce destructive war,
Think what I feel, where'er thou art,
Think of thy Mary's breaking heart.
Second thy descine castle sides

Secure thy dancing caffle rides
Upon the bofom of the deep,
The flormy winds and waves abides,
And navigation bids thee fleep;
But balmy fleep and downy reft
Shall fly she tempess in thy breast,

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When jealous fears, like mine shall prove The truth of my dear sailor's tove.

Hope, doubt and fear, and winds and waves,
More dreadful to the love tofs'd mind
Than thofe the skilful seaman braves,
Who leaves pale care and grief behind:
Th' adventurous maid, emba k'd like me,
That fails on such a troubled sea,
The ocean's rage would sladly meet,
And in its depths would seek retreat.

Vet O be still my frantic brain.

Yet, O be still, my frantic brain,
Let reason whitper to my fears,
My failor may return again,
Crown'd with success to dry my tears;
When fame, and all her gaudy charms,
Shall yield him to my longing arms,
And one bless'd hour together blend
The lover, hero, husband, friend.

CHORUS.

Britannia, hail thou mighty queen!

The firength, the power, the feas are thine,
Long may thy power on justice lean,
To be preferv'd they must combine;
To courage fingly ne'er refort,
For virtue is thy true support,
Tis that alone can firength maintain,
Be virtuous and for ever reign.

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd I'd watch the live-long day,
day ewes at feed, my lambs at play.
Or would some bird, that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,
My parents then might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold:
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all away I'd fly.

My shepherd is gone far away o'er the plain, While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain; Tho' blue bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn;
No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can please now my fockey's away;
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
Haste, haste, to my arms, my dear fockey, again.
Haste, haste, &c.

When lads and their laffes, are on the green met, They dance and they fing, they laugh and they chat, Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee. I can't without envy their merriment fee: Those pleasures offend me. my shepherd's not there, No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share; It makes me to figh, I from tears scarce refrain, I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again. But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair, He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here; On fond expectation my wishes I'll feaft, For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will hafte: Then farewell each care, adieu each vain figh ! Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I? I'll fing on the meadows, and alter my strain, When Joekey returns to my arms back again.

WHEN chilling winter hies away,
I, Flora reassume my reign;
Borne on the wings of balmy May,
I come to paint the woods and plain:
Ambrofial f weets I have in store,
The cowslip, violet, rose appear;
The nymphs and swains my power adore,
And wish my presence all the year;
Enrich'd by me, the grateful throng,
Ail diest with flow'rs and garlands gay,
With sestive pipe, and dance and song,
Now keep their much-lov'd Flora's day.

Tis atwelvementh ago, nay, perhaps, it is twain, Since Thyrsis neglected the nymphs of the plain, And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows To hear a fest tale, or to fing him a fong; [along, To hear a soft tale. &c.

What at first was but friendship soon grew to a slame; In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas the same: From each other our passion we sought not to hide; But who should love most was our contest and pride; But who should love most, &c.

But prudence foon whifper'd us, love not too well, For envy has eyes and a tongue that will tell; And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts on its fide. The grave ones will fcorn, and a mother must chide; The grave ones, &c.

Afraid of rebukes, he his visits forbore, And we promis'd to think of each other no more, Or to tarry, with patience, a season more kind: So I put the dear shepherd quite out of my mind; So I put the dear, &c.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made, Grows deaf to all cenfure, and will be repaid: If we figh for each other, ah! quit not your care; Condemn the god Cupid, but bless the fond pair; Condemn the god, &c.

LET others Damon's praise rehearse,
Or Calin's at their will;
I mean to fing in rustic verse,
Young Strephon of the hill.
As once I sat beneath a shade,
Beside a purling rill;
Who should my solitude invade,
But Strephon of the hill?

He tapt my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss,
I could not take it iil;
For nothing, sure, is done amiss
By Strephon of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder sprays See how they sit and bill; So sweet your time shall pass away With Strephon of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
O love propitious field!
May ev'ry nymph be bleft, like, me,
With Strepton of the hill.

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F Rom the man that I love, the my heart I disguise, I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
And if he has sense but to balance a firaw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
And if he has sense, &c.

A wit without fense, without fury a beau;
Like a parret he chatters, and firsts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.
A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious, in falshood a fox; Inconstant as waves, and unseeling as rocks; As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog; In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog. As a tyger, &c.

In a word, to fum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet if he has fense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take a bint from the picture I draw.
Yet if he has sense, &c.

A YOUTH adorn'd with ev'sy art,
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine possest:
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straitest grows,
His sace and shape express.

In moving founds he told his tale,
Soft as the fighings of the gafe,
That wakes the flow'ry year:
What wonder he could charm with eafe,
Whom happy nature form'd to pleafe,
Whom love had made fincere?

At morn he left me-fought and fell;
The fatal evining heard his knell,
And faw the tears I find:
Tears that must ever, ever fall;
For th! no fight the past recall,
No cries awake the dead,

THAT May-day of life is for pleasure, For finging, for dancing, and show; Then why will you waste such a treasure In fighing and crying—heigho!

Let's copy the bird in the meadows;

By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low's
Fly round, and coquette it as the does,
And never fit crying—heigho!

Though, when in the arms of a lover, It fometimes may happen, I know, That, ere all your toying is over, We cannot help crying—heigho!

In age ev'ry one a new part takes:

I find to my forrow 'iis fo:

When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
But no one will mind you—heigho!

To the confcious groves I hie me, Where I late was blithe and gay, Try to fancy Colin nigh me, So to pass my time away.

But can fcenes like these delight me, When my swain's no longer there? Hill, nor dale, nor stream invite me, Now no more they're worth my care.

Come thyfelf, without delaying,
In those shades I find no ease;
But with thee, whilst fondly straying,
Ev'ry place is sure to please,

O What a change in my fortune is this! See, see the sequel of being a Miss; I who was lately in splendor and pride, Now to a block in Bridewell am ty'd: Foolthat I was, if my virtue I'd kept, Poor and contented, in peace I had slept.

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Ladies of pleasure, beware from my fall, Lest you, like poor Kitty, should come to mill-doll.

GENTLE shepherd, sooth my forrow, Kindly, kindly come to morrow;
Let no loitering carea delay thee,
Let no other pleasures stay thee.

Soon return with joy to charm me.

Soon return with joy to charm me, Come, left painful thought alarm me: Smiling love, reftore my rover, Hafte, thou kind, yet cruel lover. Gentle shepherd, &c.

FROM place to place, forlorn, I go, With downcast eyes, a filent shade; Forbidden to declare my woe; To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

My inward pangs, my fecret grief, My fost confenting looks betray, He loves, but gives me no relief; Why speaks not he who may?

TELL, oh! tell my lover true,
That—Oh heavens! what shall I say?
But my heart is known to you,
Its fentiments do you convey.

Can I what I feel explain,
When all expression 'tis above,'
But you know my cause of pain,
And knows besides, what 'tis to love.

MAIDENS, let your lovers languish,
If you'd have them constant prove;
Doubts and fears, and fighs and anguish,
Are the chains that fasten love.

Yockey woo'd, and I confented, Soon as e'er I heard his tale, He with conquest quite contented, Boasting, rov'd around the vale. Maidens, let your lovers, &c. Now he doats on scornful Molly,
Who rejects him with distain;
Love's a strange bewitching folly,
Never pleas'd without some pain:
Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

FLATT'RING hopes our mind deceiving,
Eafy faith too often cheat;
Woman fond, and all-believing,
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Empty show of pomp and riches, Cupid's trick to catch the fair, Lovely maids too oft bewitches : Flatt'ry is the beauty's snare. Flatt'ring hopes, &c.

GENTLE breezes, waft him over
To the diffant fultry ifle;
Love will shield from harm the rover,
Fame be kind, and Fortune smile.

For an age you must not leave me,
Nor to farthest climates run;
Don't too foon of joy bereave me,
Hope must bring the wand'rer home.

Think of her you left behind ye,
And to tender vows be true;
Conftant, fond, you fill shall find me,
Peace, poor heart—fond youth, adieu!

TELL me, lovely friepherd, where
Thou feed'st at noon thy sleecy care:
Direct me to the sweet retreat
That guards thee from the mid-day heat;
Lest by thy slocks I'lonely stray,
Without a guide, and lose my way:
Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

IF e'er I should learn the sweet lesson of love, Let these be the works of the man I approve: Yet In p And But And

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For Whe No pedant, yet learn'd, nor rakehelly gay,
Nor laughing, because he has nothing to say;
To all my sex, still obliging and free,
Yet never shew sondness to any but me;
In public preserve the decorum that's just,
And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust.

But when the long hours of observance are past,
And we sweetly retreat to a welcome repast;
May ev'ry fond pleasure that moment endear,
Be banish'd asar both discretion and fear:
Forgetting and scorning the airs of a crowd,
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud;
Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

And that my delight may be stedfastly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be properly mix'd;
In whose tender bosom my soul can conside,
Whose kindness can smooth me, whose counsel can
From such a dear lover as here I describe, [guide.
No danger should fright me, no millions should
But till I can find so uncommon a swain, [bribe;
As I long have liv'd single, I'll single remain.

SWEET mercy is the loveliest flower, That heav'n e'er planted in the mind; The queen of virtue, whose fost power Can e'en to godhead raise mankind. Let patriots, kings, and heroes boast A name that will in hist'ry live; Yet he resembles heav'n the most, Whose godhike bosom can forgive.

YOUNG Strephon, the artful, the dangerous swain, My love and esteem has attempted to gain; With the same wicked arts he so of had betray'd, He thought to seduce one more innocent maid: But appris'd of his pow'r, of my weakness aware, I bassled his scheme, and avoided the saare; For virtue I love, and was taught in my dawn, When I gather'd a rose, to bewere of the thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd;
For his heart by those tears, by those oaths, he disWhatpresents he brought me schose so decline [guis'd
(The prodigal bounty of arts and design:)
He coax'd, and he flatter'd my person in vain,
And practis'd each art on my weakness to gain:
Protected by prudence I laugh'd him to scorn;
Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boafted what nymphs he had won, What credulous beauties his arts had undone; He fwore that his faith should inviolate be, That his heart and those fair oneswere victims to me, I told him, those victims and faith Pd despise, And from such examples would learn to be wise; That I never would profittute virtue to scorn, Or smell at a rose, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer asham'd of his guilt; Was his passion on virtue, not wantonness, built, Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane, I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the swain: But experience has taught me'tis dang'rous to trust, And folly to think he can ever be just; So I'll stille my slame, and reject him with scorn, Lest I grasp at the rose, and be hurt by the thorn.

TENDER virgins thun deceivers, Who with base seducing arts, When they find you fond believers, Triumph o'er unguarded hearts.

If a fickle swain pursue ye,

O, beware his subtle wiles!

All his aim is to undo ye,

Ruin lurks beneath his smiles.

Tender, &c.

DID not tyrant custom guide me,
To my Daman I, would tell,
Never swain was half so lovely,
Never nymph loved half so well.

I would tell him that his beauty
First assum'd the conq'ring part;
But his manly sense and courage
Triumph'd o'er my yielding heart.
Why should tyrant custom guide me, &c.

Cenfure's felf could ne'er upbraid him,
Malice ne'er could spot his name;
All his sex who envy praise him
For his virtue, truth and same.
Tyrant custom shall not, &c.

AH ! think 'not to deceive me With flattring oaths and lies, 'Tis all in vain, believe me, For love has piercing eyes,

A triffing prefent given, Oft binds affection fast, And grateful woman's driven, To give herself at last.

YE nymphs, 'tis true, to Colin's ftrain
I've often liften'd in the grove;
And can you blame me, that a fwain
Like Colin should engage my love.

Alas! could I my heart fecure, Unless to worth and merit blind; Ah! say, could you yourselves endure To slight a swain so true and kind.

When truth conveys the tender tale,
And honour breathes the shepherd's sigh,
Love o'er discretion will prevail:
To shun its power in vain we try.

I SEEK my fhepherd, gone aftray;
He left our cot the other day:
Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and fwains,
Pass'd the dear rebel thro' your plains?
Oh! whither, whither, must I roam,
To find and charm the wand'rer home?

Sports he upon the flaven green,
Or joys he in the mountain scene?
Leads he his flocks along the mead,
Or does he feek the cooler flade?
On! teach a wretched nymph the way
To find her lover gone aftray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant fwain;
A manly forcness crowns his mien;
Adonis was not half so fair;
And when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear!
But oh! the soothing poison shun,
To listen is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his same;
To me the perjur'd swore the same,
Too fondly loving to be wise,
Who gave my heart an easy prize;
And when he tun'd his syren voice,
Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

But fated now, he shuns the kisa. He counted once his greatest bliss; Whilst I with siercer passions burn, And pant and die for his return. Oh! whither, whither shall I rove, Again to find my straying love!

O GIVE me that focial delight,
Which none but true lovers receive,
When Luna bedecks the fill night,
And glances her fmiles on the eve;
When to the fair meadows we go,
Where peace and contentment retire;
Or down the fmooth current we row
In time with the flutes and the lyre.

By nature these pictures are drawn,
How sweet is each landscape dispos'd!
The prospect extends to the lawn,
Or by the tall beeches is clos'd.
Come, Strephon, attend to the scene,
The clouds are all vanish'd above;
The objects around are serene,
As modell'd to music and love.

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As gay as the fpring is my dear,
And fweet as all flowers combin'd;
His fmiles like the fummer can chear,
Ah! why then, like winter, unkind?
Unkind he is not, I can prove,
But tender to others can be;
To Celia and Chioe makes love,
And only is cruel to me.

I MET in our village a swain t'other day:
He stopp'd me, and begg'd me a moment of stay:
Then blush'd, and, in language I ne'er heard before,
He talk'd much of love, and some pains that he bore:
But what was his meaning I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jessamin, vi'let and rose,
He brings me, and ey'ry sweet slower that grows;
The sweetest and gayest he picks from the rest,
And begs me to wear these sine things in my breast:
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart seels, I cannot tell how.

At my feet the young shepherd for ever I see, Protesting he never lov'd any but me; He gazes with transport, and kisses me too, And swears that he'll ever be constant and true: But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow; Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft fee the tears streaming fast from his eyes, And hear him, poor youth! breath a thousand of sighs He tells me, no nymph in the world is like me, Nor shepherd alive so unhappy as he: But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow; Yet, alas! my poor heart feels I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear thepherd to me thus complain,
And fay that my eyes are the cause of his pain?
Indeed, ever fince, his sad fate I deplore,
And I wish I knew how he might suffer no more;
I'd do all I can to relieve him, I vow,
That my heart may have ease the I cannot tell how.

LOVELY, yet ungrateful fwain, Strive not to regain my heart; Ev'ry tender look is vain, Since you play'd a traitor's part.

All your oaths, and all your fighs, Once I foolishly believ'd; But Pastora's joytul eyes, And your blushes, undeceiv'd.

Strive not to regain a heart

True in love and firm in pain,
Which (though death should teach the art)
Can, when slighted, slight again.

OF all the swains around the Tweed,
So blithe and debonair,
Not one, it is by all agreed,
With Jockey can compare:
So gay a form, so just a mind
Before was never seen;
Nor e'er was swain to me so kind
As Jockey of the green.

If e'er at eve I chance to ftray,
The fields or groves along,
Young Jockey meets me on my way,
And cheers me with a fone;
And when I tet on bank of Tweed,
Where rural fports are feen,
None tune fo facet the oaten reed,
As Jockey of the green.

Of late his talk has been of love,
Of love for me alone;
And, if I but his flame approve,
He'll take me for his own:
If fo, I'll quickly blefs for life
The blitheft fwain e'er feen;
And be the wedded, faithful wife
Of Jackey of the green.

WHAT med'cine can fosten the bosom's keen
What Lethe can banish the pain? [smart?
What cure can be met with, to sooth the fond heart
That's broke by a faithless young swain?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try
The sports of the wake and the green!
When Colin is dancing, I say, with a figh,
"Tas here first my Damon was seen.

When to the pale moon the foft nightingales moan. In accents to piercing and clear;
You fing not fo fweetly, I cry with a groan,

As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade, And pluck it, we nymphs, from you grove; For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd, And Damon pretended to love.

SIMPLE Strephon cease complaining,
Left thy doubts my anger move;
Why must jealous fears be reigning,
To disturb the bhis of love?
If I e'er had shun'd your passion,
Then you gently might reprove,
And your gen'rous inclination
Might suspect my want of love.

As thro' the fields I chanc'd to ftray
To hear the linnet's fong,
I met a shepherd in my way,
The blithest of the throng.
He stopt, and gave my cheek a pat,
And told a tender tale:
Then stole a kiss, but what of that?
'Twas Willy of the dale.

He preft my hand, and talk'd of love With extacy divine; Nay, fwore he'd ever faithful prove, And, if I pleas'd, he mine, To meet him thus, (no creature near)
n's keen
Soon made my cheeks look pale;
[fmart? But he declar'd I need not fear
Young Willy of the dale.

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None fure possess such charms as hear To win a maiden's mind;
He's youthful, witty, gay and free,
And what's still more, he's kind;
For now he meets me ev'ry night,
At which the lasses rail,
And vows I am the sole delight
Of Willy of the dale.

STREPHON woo me now or never,
If you wish my heart to gain;
Slight the occasion, you for ever
May pursue and figh in vain:
Now's your time to play the lover,
Then with ardor act your part;
By each glance you may discover
That you're welcome to my heart.
Tho' your art proven unavailing,
When we can refist its power,
Yet 'twill always be prevailing,
In some weak unguarded hour,

By Tweed's clear fiream as late I firay'd,
And fat reclin'd beneath the shade,
Young Sandy chanc'd to pass that way,
As blooming as the sweets of May.
Pleas'd be seem'd to find me there,
For I alone am all his care:
Then since he's gen'rous, kind and free,
Young Sandy is the lad for me.

That eve he took me to the fair, And bought me ribbands for my hair, With trinkets I had never feen, And dane'd with me upon the green s Love afferts his pow'rful reign,
Like a tyrant owns his fway;
Love, tho' fweet, oft gives us pain,
Sometimes fad, and fometimes gay:
Sincethe age of fweet fixteen,
When the men do most adore;
I to love a stave have been,
Kis'd and courted o'er and o'er.

Jockey is a bonny fwain,
And has flol'n my heart away;
Still I feel an anxious pain,
If he's abfent but a day:
But whene'er the blooming boy
Comes at night upon the green,
Then my heart is fill'd with joy,
Then I'm happy as a queen.

When the charmer talks of love,
Doubts and fears diffurb my breaft;
Shoul'd he e'er inconftant prove,
This poor heart will ne'er have reft;
He of late is fonder grown,
And has fworn to love for life;
If he'll take me for his own,
I must be young Jockey's wife.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
To refift the tender dart;
For examples move us never;
We must feel to know the smart,
When the shepherd swears he's dying,
And our beauties fers to view,
Vanity, her aid supplying,
Bids us think 'tis all our due;
Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
Is the mild, descitful firain;
Frowning truth our fex displeases;
Flatt'ry never shee in vain:

But too foon the happy lover

Does our tenderest hopes deceive:

Man was form'd to be a rover,

Foolish woman to believe;

Foolish woman to believe.

COME, Colin, pride of rural fwains,
O come and blefs thy native plains;
The daifies fpring, the beeches bud,
The fongsters warble in the wood.
Come, Colin, haste, O haste away,
Your smiles will make the village gay;
When you return, the vernal breeze
Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.
Oh! come and see the violets spring,
The meadows laugh, the linners fing;
Your eyes our joyless hearts can chear,
O haste! and make us happy here.

Was I have a life to lead,
Wretched as the vilest slave,
Ev'ry hardship would I brave,
Rudest toil, severest need,
E'er yield my hand so coolly,
To the man who never truly,
Could my heart in keeping have.
Weasth with others success will insure you,
Where your wit and your person may please;
Take to them your love I conjure you,

WHERE shall Delia sty for shelter?
In what secret grove or cave?
Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
From the young, the gay, the brave;
Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
Still she longs, and still she burns:
Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,
Wheresoe'er the damsel turns.

And then in mercy fet me at eafe.

Virtue, youth, good fense, and beauty,
(If discretion guide us not)
Sometimes are the ruffian's booty.
Sometimes are the booby's lot:
Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
Now commanded by the peer;
Now some subtle mean invader
Wins the heart or gains the ear.

O discretion! thou'rt a jewel,
Or our grand-mamas mistake,
Stinting slame by 'bating fewel,
Always careful and awake.
Would you keep your pearls from tramplers,
Weigh the licence, weigh the banns;
Mark my song upon your samplers,
Wear it on your knots and fans.

YE blithest lads and lasses gay,
Come listen to my tale:
As I one evining sleeping lay
Within the flow'ry vale,
Young Strepbon passing thro' the mead,
By chance did me espy,
He took his bonnet off his head,
And gently sat down by.

The swain, the' I most dearly priz'd,
Yet now I would not know;
But with a frown my face disguis'd,
And strove away to go:
But fondly he still nearer press,

And at my feet did lye;
His beating heart it thump'd so fast,
I thought the lad would die.

But ftill refolving to deny,
(The furer him to gain)
I bid the love-fick fhepherd fly,
In words of high difdairs.
He left me, never to return,
And to young Jenny flew;
White I my folly daily mourn,
For flighting one fo true.

WITH the man that I love was I deftin'd to dwell
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.
Let the vain and the yenal, in wedlock aspire
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are plac'd,
Insensible creatures I 'tis all they can taste.

CEASE a while ye winds to blow, Ceafe ye roaring streams to flow; Hush'd be ev'ry other noise, I want to hear my lover's voice.

Where's the brook, the rock, the tree? Hark, a found—I think 'tis he! 'Tis not he: yet night comes on, Where's my lovely wand'rer gone?

Loud I'll speak, to make him hear, 'Tis I who call, my love, my dear! The time is come. Why this delay? Alas! my wand rer's lost his way.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
To chear me your harmony bring;
Unless, fince my shepherd is gone,
You cease, like poor Phillis, to sing a
Each flower declines its sweet head,
Nor odours around me, will throw,
While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amusement I try
In vain to restore my past ease;
What charm'd when my Strepbon was by,
Has now lost the power to please:
Ye seasons that brighten the grove,
Not long for your absence we mourn;
But Strepbon neglects me and love,
He roves, and will never return.

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Such kindness I shall ever own, And will be true to him alone; For fince he's gen'rous, kind and free, Young Sandy is the lad for me.

E'er summer's gone he means, for life, To take me for his wedded wife; And vows he'll ever faithful prove, And make me happy in his love: How bleft am I with fuch a swain Who ne'er will give my bosom pain; Then since he proves so kind and free, Young Sandy is the lad for me.

SINCE all fo nicely take offence,
And pinking is the fashion,
I foon shall find a good pretence
For being in a passion.

If any on my dress or air
To jest dare take occasion;
By female honour, I declare,
I'll have an explanation.

If you're too free, and full of play,
By Jove my lads, I'll cure ye;
And if too cold, you turn away,
You'll rouze a very fury.

A law is ev'ry thing I fay, No fwain shall call me cruel; Who'er my will shall disobey, 'Tis fignal for a duel.

A very Amazon am I,
And various weapons carry;
I've glancing lightning in my eye,
And tongue, a fword to parry.

E'en let him arm with what he will, With Gupid's bow and arrow; You foon shall see my man I'll kill, As easy as a sparrow. WITH the pride of the garden and field,
We have deck'd our fond bosoms to day;
And all that the summer can yield
Seems there to be blooming and gay;
'Tis better to gather in time,
The flow'r that else wastingly blows;
Little more than a day is the prime
Of the lilly, the pink, and the rose.

Soft beauty's the May springing flow's
That has but a season to boast;
Let us make what we can of it's pow's,
Which else in a year may be lost:
Let us scorn a short triumph of joy
O'er shepherds, because of a face;
Nor venture too long to be cov,
Lest winter discolour each grace.

Should we flightingly laugh at their pain,
Grow proud of our charms ev'ry day;
When they fade we shall court them in vain,
When they're wither'd they'll sling us, away:
Those treasures so gaudy and rare,
Must wake ev'ry breast to desire;
We may have whom we will while so fair,
And should yield to the love we inspire,

Go, feek fome nymph of humbler lot,
To fhare thy board, and deck thy cot;
With joy I fly the fimple youth,
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

The breast, for love too wanton grown, Shall mourn its peace and pleasure flown; Nor shall my faith reward a swain, Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

COME dear idol of my fancy,
View the bow'r which love has drefs'd;
With thy prefence blefs thy Nancy,
Soft careffing and carefs'd.

Flora foreads her blooming treasure.

Birds chant here on ev'ry Ipray;
Yet how faint each rural pleasure,
While my charmer is away.

When with fruitless love we're burning, All partake the mind's disease; But the youth our love returning, Ev'ry scene is sure to please.

Y OU impudent man, you!

Nay, prithee, how can you?

Indeed, I'll affure you,

Will nothing then cure you?

Nay, now I declare I shall never endure you.

You teaze one to death,
I'm quite out of breath,
I hate and abhor this horfe-play;
Besides, 'tis not right,
To see one in this fright;
Lord, what do you think folks will say?

I own too much room,
You have had to prefume,
Or you ne'er with these freedoms would teaze me;
For though they might please me,
And with patience I bore 'em;
Yet at least in one's carriage,
On this side of marriage,
One ought to keep up a decorum.

How can I again believe you?

Could I doubt, fo oft you fwere?

That your tongue may not deceive me,

Let me fee your face no more.

Falshood be your boast and fashion,
Truth is mine, and heart sincere:
You have cur'd me of my passion,
I have nothing now to fear.

In his heart a fwain's oft roving, While he wins the eafy maid; Hard her fate who must be loving, Where her love is not repaid, Reflect, with a little compassion,
On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my breast.
Oh! where, where would you sky me?
Can you deny me, thus torn and distrest?
Think, when my lover was by me,
Would I, how could I, resuse his request?
Kneeling before you,
Let me implore you:
Look on me, sighing, crying, dying,
Ah! is there no language can move?
If I have been too complying,
Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

Sooner than I'll my love forego,
And lose the man I prize,
I'll bravely e mbat ev'ry woe,
Or fall a sacrifice.

Nor bolts nor bars, shall me controul, I death and danger dare; Restraint but fires the active soul, And urges fierce despair,

The window now shall be my gate,
I'll either fall or fly;
Before I'll live with them I hate,
For him I love I'll die!

How hard is my fate,
How desp'rate my state,
When honour and virtue excite,
To suffer distress,
Contented to bless
The object in whom I delight!

Yet, 'midft all the woes
My foul undergoes
Thro' virtue's too rigid decree,
I'll forn to complain,
If the force of his pain
Awaken his pity for me,

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IN vain I try my ev'ry art,

Nor can I fix a fingle heart,

Yet I'm not old nor ugly:

Let me confult my faithful glass—

A face much worse than this might pass,

Methinks I look full smugly.

Yet blefs'd with all these powerful charins,
The young Palæmon fled my arms,
That wild unthinking rover:
Hope, filly maids, as soon to bind
The rolling stream, the stying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage noofe,
In vain they struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty riot;
Like madmen how they rave and stare!
Awhile they shake their chains and swear,
And then lie down in quiet.

LOVE's but the frailty of the mind
When 'tis not with ambition join'd;
A fickly flame, which if not fed expires,
And feeding, wafter in felf-confuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
Or amorbus youth that gives the joy;
But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd the swain.
For whom inferior beauties sigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
When I insult a rival's eyes;
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

THE youth whom I to fave would die,
Surpaffes all defire;
Love's fatal dart enflames my heart,
And fets it all on fire.

The plaintive dove, without her love, Thus mourns, like me opprest; Byt when her mate arrives, tho' late, Joy triumphs in her breast.

The boy thus of a bird possest,
At first, how great his joys!
He strokes it oft, and in his breast
The little favourite lies.

But foon as grown to riper age
The passion quits his mind;
He hangs it up in some gold cage,
Neglected and confin'd.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
As thus—a decent blind,
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain, Resentment's in the snap; A flirt expresses strong distain, Consent, a gentle tap.

All paffions will the fan disclose, All modes of female art, And to advantage sweetly thews The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis foily's sceptre, first design'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

O WHY should we forrow, who never knew fin! Let similes of content shew our rapture within: This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air! He's sure sent from heav'n to highten my care!

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Each thepherdels views me with fcorn and disdain; Each thepherd pursues me, but all is in vain; No more will I forrow, no longer despair, He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!

Too plain, dear youth, these tell tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But, for heaven's sake, let it suffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forhear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor further urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

But could your arts successful prove, Would you a maid undo, Whose greatest failing is her love, -And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill, Because perhaps you may; But rather try your utmost skill To save me, than betray.

Be you yourfelf my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not purfue,
Since 'tis a task for me too hard
To ffrive with love and you.

WITH artful voice, young Thyrsis, you,
In vain persuade me you are true;
Since that can never be:
For he's no proselyte of mine,
That offers at another's shrine
Those vows he made to me.
The faithless, sickle, wav'ring loon,
That changes oftner than the moon,
Courts each new face he meets;

Smelis ev'ry fragrant flow'r that blows.
Yet slily culls the blushing rose,
His quintessence of sweets.

So Thyrsis, when in wanton play,
From fair to fair you fondly stray,
And steal from each a kiss;
It shows, if what you say be true,
A sickly appetite in you,
And no substantial bliss.

For you inconftant, roving swain,
Tho' feemingly you hug your chain,
Would fain, I know, get free;
To fip fresh balmy sweets of love,
From bower to bower wildly rove,
And imitate the bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring thing, your heart,
Let it admire no other dart;
But rest with me alone:
For while, dear Bee, you roge and sing,
Should you return without your sting,
I'd not protect a drone.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly, O'er fields or gardens ranging, Sips fweets from each, and flutters by, And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects fway, By various charms delighted; While the who pleafes most to-day, To morrow shall be slighted.

AUSPICIOUS spirits guard my love,
In time of danger near him 'bide;
With out spread wings around him thove,
And turn each random ball aside.

And you, his foes, though hearts of fleel,
Oh! may you then with me accord;
A sympathetic passion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the sword.

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Ye winds, your bluft'ring fury leave; Like airs that o'er the garden sweep, Breath soft in tighs, and gently heave The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.

Till, halcyon peace return'd once more,
From blafts fecure, and hoftile harms,
My failor views his native shore,
And harbours safe in these fond arms.

Young Colin feeks my heart to move,
And fighs, and talks fo much of love,
(He'li hang or drown, I fear it)
Of pangs, and wounds, and pointed darts,
Of Cupid's how, and bleeding hearts,
I yow I caunot hear it.

He fays I'm pretty—mighty well;
And witty too—that's better still;
And sensible, I swear it:
But words, you know, are nought but wind;
Unless he'll freely tell his mind,
I you I cannot beat it.

The shepherd dances blythe and gay,
And sweetly on his pipe can play;
I own I like to hear it:
But downcast looks, and hums and haws,
So badly plend a lover's cause,

I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly nymph or swain
Would bid the bashful boy speak plain,
(I wonder he should tear it)
I'd then take courage, like my sex,
The honest youth no more to vex,

But wed him, I declare it.

BRIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,
His all-cheering beams do nature redore;
The cowflip and daify, the vi'let and rofe,
Each garden, each orchard, does fragrance disclose;
The birds chearful notes are heard in each grove,
All nature confesses the season of love.

The nymphs and the fliepherdscome tripping amain, All hasten to join in the sports of the plain; Our rural diversions are free from all guile, The face that is honest securely can smile; The heart that's sincere in affection may prove All nature's force sheweth the season of love,

O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,
Our friends that expect us accuse our delay;
Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin;
I'll strive, for my shepherd, the garland to win a
But see his approach, whom my heart does approve,
Who makes ev'ry hour the season of love.

DEAR Colin prevent my warm blushes, Since how can I speak without pain? My eyes have oft told you my wishes, O! can't you their meaning explain?

My paffion would lose by expression, And you too might cruelly blome; Then don't you expect a confession, Of what is too tender to name.

Since your's is the province of speaking, Why should you expect it from me? Our wishes should be in our keeping, Till you tell as what they should be.

Then quickly why don't you discover?

Did your heart seel such tortures as mine,
Eyes need not tell over and over.

What I in my bosom confine,

THAT I might not be plagu'd with the nonfense of I promis'd my mother again and again [men, To say as she bid me wherever I so, And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em No. I really believe I have frighten d a score:

They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more;
And I own I'm not forry for serving them so;
Where the same thing to do, I again should say No.

For a shepherd I like, with more courage and art, Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart;
Such questions he puts since I answer him so, [no That he makes me mean yes, tho'my words are still He ask'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain? (Let me die if he is not a clever young swain) If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go? [no Then he press'd my young lips, while I blush'd & said He ask'd if my heart to another was gone? If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on? If I meant my life long to answer him so? I saulter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made; Will Phillis live longer a virgin? he said: If I press you to church, will you scruple to go? In a hearty good humour I answer'd, No, No.

ALEXIS, a shepherd, young, constant and kind, Has often declard'd I'm the nymph to his mind: I think he's fincere, and he will not deceive; But they tell me a maid should with caution believe. He brought me this rose that you see in my breast; He brgg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest: I could not do less than the favour receive; And he thinks it n w sweeter, I really believe.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a leffon to you:
How bright, and how levely it feems to the view!
"Twould fade if not pluck'd, as your fense must conI was fore'd to deny what I really believe. [ceiveMy flocks he attends: if they stray from the plain,
Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain;
Then begs a dear kiss for his labour I'll give;
And I ne'er shall resuse him I really believe.

He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes, To read the foft wishes we're taught to disguise; And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve; Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe. An old maid I once was determin'd to die; But that was before I'd this swain in my eye:

And as foon as he afks me his pain to relieve, With joy I shall wed him I really believe,

COME fing round my favourite tree,
Ye fongsters that visit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the tur', by my fide,

He tenderly pleaded his cause;

I only with blushes reply'd,

And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

You've fure forgot, dear mother mine, When you was once as blithe as me; When vows were offer'd at your shrine, And lovers dropt on bended knee: When you could fing, and dance, and play; Alas! December treads on May.

Behold dame Nature's favirite blow,
The rich jor quil, the blushing rose,
How short a date their beauties know,
Surrounded by a thousand foes;
'Till time decrees their full decay,
And harsh December treads on May.

The whole creation own this truth:
Then why should wrinkled brows exact
The mode severe, on blooming youth,
By which themselves could never act?
The blood that's warm will have its way;
Too soon December treads on May.

Then, swains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
Let's, whilst we're here, grim care deride;
Come sport and frolic free with me,
In spite of age, and prudish pride:
The laws of love—all shall obey,
Before December treads on May.

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WHAT sadness reigns over the plains! How droop the fweet flow rets around ! How penfive each nymph and each fwain! How filent each mufical found! No more the foft lute, in the bow'rs, Beguiles the cool ev'nings away; Sad fighs measure out the long hours, Since Damon has wander'd away. Oh! he was our village's pride: This change from his absence is seen; Twas he that our music supply'd. When gayly we dane'd on the green t At fhearing, at wake, and at fair, How jovial and frolic were we! But now ev'ry feaft in the year Is joyless as joyless can be. Ah! why did he venture from home, To mix among hoftile alarmi? No justice oblig'd him to roam, Or take up those terrible arms: Let those who are cruel and rough. Be heedless of life and of limb; The country had foldiers enough, Nor needed one gentle like him. Where'er the adventurer goes, On land or the dangerous main, Kind heaven protect him from woes, And give him to Celia again. Oh! give him to Celia again;

WHEN the fhepherds feek to woo,
Mind them, left they faithless prove;
But if once you find them true,
Fear not to reward their love.
When the shepherds, &c.

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From my arms he should wander no more,

My true-love in fafety restore; I'll cease on his breast to complain, Let not beauty make you vain,
Men of worth deserve your care;
Never give a lover pain,
If you find his heart sincere.
When the shepherds, &c.

Love, the fource of ev'ry joy,
Afks whatever we can give;
Love should ev'ry hour employ,
'Tis for love alone we live.
When the shepherds, &c.

STREPHON, when you fee me fly,
Let not this your fear create,
Maids may be as often fly
Out of love as out of hate;
When from you I fly away,
It is because I dare not flay.

Did I out of hatred run
Less you'd be my pain and care;
But the youth I love, to shun,
Who can such a trial bear?
Who that such a swain did see,
Who could love and sly like me?

Cruel duty bids me go,
Gentle love commande me ft : ;
Duty's ftill to love a foe,
Shall I this or that obey?
Duty frowns, and Cupid fmiles;
That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these crystal streams
I could sit and hear thee sigh,
Ravish'd with these pleasing dreams,
O'tis worse than death to slys
But the danger is so great,
Fear gives wings, instead of hate.

Strephon, if you love me, leave me, If you stay I am undone; Oh! with ease you may deceive me, Pritnee charming swain be gone. Heav'n decrees that we should part, That has my vows, but you my heart.

O N a bank, befide a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Aminta figh'd alone:
From the chearless dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night re urning,
Singing, thus the made her moan;
Hope is banish'd,

Juys are vanish'd, Damon, my belov'd, is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth, and such a lover,
Oh! so true, so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kiss,
Murmuring blisses,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore;
Never shall we both he dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
All the joys he drain'd before;
Death, come end me,
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more!

TELL my Strepton that I die;
Let echoes to each other tell,
Till the mournful accents fly
To Strepton's ear, and all is well.

But gently breathe the fatal truth,
And fosten every harsher sound,
For Strepbon's such a tender youth.
The softest words too deep will wound.

Now fountains, echoes, all be domb;
For should I cost my fwain a tear,
I should repent it in my temb.
And grieve I bought my rest so dear.

Boast not, mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes;
The charms that have subdu'd my heart
Another may despite.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright;
Perhaps, by fome fond whim betray'd,
In oddness I delight.

Vain youth, to your confusion, know,
'Tis to my love's excess
You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

For your own fake, if not for mine,
You should preserve my fire,
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

By me indeed you are allow'd

The wonder of your kind;

But be not of my judgment proud.

Whom love has render'd blind.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd How to make a lover yield; How to keep, and how to gain, When to love, and when to seign.

Take me, take me, some of you, While I yet am young and true; Ere I can my soul disguise, Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way How to lie and to betray; He that has me first is blest, For I may deceive the rest. Coul Full Brifk I sho

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Could I find a blooming youth Full of love, and full of truth, Brifk, and of a janty mien, I should long to be fifteen.

As now my bloom comes on a-pace,
The fwains begin to teaze me;
But two who claim the foremost place,
Try different ways to please me:
To judge aright, and chuse the best,
Is not so soon decided;
When both their merits are express'd
I may be less divided.

Palæmon's flocks unnumber'd ftray,
He's rich beyond all measure;
Would I but smile, be kind and gay,
He'd give me all his treasure;
But then our years do disagree
So much, as I remember;
It is but May I'm sure with me,
With him it is December.

Can I, who scarcely am in bloom,
Let frost and snow be suing;
'Twould spoil each rip'ning joy to come,
Bring ev'ry charm to ruin;
For dress and shew, to touch my pride,
My little heart is panting;
But then there's something else beside
I soon should find was wanting.

Then Colin, thou my choice shall gain,
For thou will ne'er deceive me;
And grey hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,
For thou hast more to give me:
My fancy paints thee full of charms,
Thy looks so young and tender:
Love beats his new and fond alarms—
To thee I now surrender,

TELL me no more of pointed darts,
Of flaming eyes and bleeding hearts,
The hyperboles of love;
Be honeft to yourfelf and me,
Speak truly what you hear and fee,
And then your fuit may move,
And then your fuit may move.

Why call me angel? why divine?
Why must my eyes the stars outshine?
Can such deceits prevail?
For shame, forbear this common rule;
'Tis low, 'tis insult; calls me fool;
With me 'twill always fail.

Would you obtain an honest heart,
Address my nobler, better part;
Pay homage to my mind:
The passing hour brings on decay,
And beauty quickly fades away,
Nor leaves a rose behind.

Let then your open manly sense
The moral ornaments dispense,
And to my worth be true:
So may your suit itself endear,
Not for the charms you say I wear,
But those I find in you.

AMIDST my admirers when Damon appears,
How great is the contrast to their soppish airs,
How great is the contrast to their soppish airs:
Good-sense and good-nature beam forth in his face,
And dignity o'er all his form adds a grace.
Good-sense and good-nature, &c.

He's handsome, polite; his wit easy and free; Their talk's only nonsense, and pert repartee; Their flatt'ry unmeaning, no charms can impart; He praises my form, but makes love to my heart. The flame of those lovers, so trifling and gay, Would be mighty intipid, or soon would decay; But he loves with passion—then blame me who can, If I glory in owning that Damon's the man.

GOOD Damon, if you will, you may Set fpies and guards to watch my .. av ; Or mark my looks with jealous eye, When any well-dress'd fwain is nigh; Yet woman's wit a wav will find, In spite of caution, to be kind; For, if myfelf I do not keep, Instead of watching, you may sleep. Would you secure the fair at home, Go, bid her wander, bid her roam ; Tir'd out with fops and fools all day, No more the'll afk abroad to firay; 'Tis freedom's felf must make her true, And fix her choice on none but you; For, it ou felves we do not keep, Instead of watching, you may sleep.

O HOW weak will power and reason. To this bosom tyrant prove;
Ev'ry act is fancy'd treason. By the jealous sovereign love.
Passion urg'd the youth to danger,
Passion calls him back again;
Passion is to peace a stranger,
Seek I must my bliss or bane.

So the fever'd minds that languish, And in scorching terments rave; Thus to end or ease their anguish, Headlong plunge into the wave.

OF all my experience how vast the amount, Since sifteen long winters I fairly can count! Was ever poor damsel so fadly betray'd, For to live to these years, and yet still be a maid! Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by fea,
Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me,
You can florm a firong fort, or can form a blockade,
Yet ye fland by, like daffards, and fee me a maid!
Ye lawyers fo just, who with slippery tongue
Cando what you please, or with right or with wrong,
Can it be or by law or by equity said,
That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid?
Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
Can save or demolish, can cure or can kill,
To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
Who is sick—very sick—of remaining a maid.
You, sops, I in oke not to list to my song,
Who answer no end, and to no fex belong,

ALEXIS, how artless a lover,
How bashful and filly you grow!
In my eyes can you never discover
I mean yes, when I often say no,
I mean yes, when I often say no.

Ye echoes of echoes, and fladows of flade-

For if I had you I might full be a maid.

When you pine and you whine out your passion,
And only intreat for a kiss.
To be coy and deny is the fashion,
Alexis should ravish the bliss.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reason

To make some defence for the town;

To surrender without it were treason,

Before that the out works were won.

If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,
'Tis for honour and modesty's sake;
He is but a pitiful lover,
Who is foil'd by a single attack.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,

The best and the bravest must yield;
I'm not to be won by a coward,

Who hard!y dares enter the field.

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I'LL fing of my lover all night and all day,
He's ever good-natur'd, and trolic, and gay,
His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
And well on his happipe my shapherd can play,
And a bonny young lad is my fockey,
And a bonny, &c.

He fays that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
And praises my eyes, and my lips, and my hair;
Rose, vi'let, nor lilly with me can compate:
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty I swear;
And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my feet, and with many a figh He cry'd, O my dear, will you never comply? If you mean to defroy me, why do it, I'll die. I trembled all over, and answer'd, Not I:

And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall may-pole he dances so neat,
And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat;
He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
His looks are so kind, and his kisses so sweet:
And a bonny, Sc.

At eve, when the fun feeks repose in the west,
And May's tuneful chorists all skim to their nest,
When I meet on the green the dear boy I love best,
My heart is just ready to burst from my breast:
And a bonny, &c.

But see how the meadows are moisten'd with dew, Come, come, my dear shepherd, I wait but for you; We live for each other, but constant and true, And taste the soft raptures no monarch e'er knew:

And a bonny, &c.

Did you see e'er a shepherd, ye nymphs, passthisway Crown'd with myrtle and all the gay verdure of May? 'Tis my Strephon, oh! bring him once more to my eyes; From his Lucy in search of new pleasures he slies. All the day have I travel'd and tou'd o'er the plains, In pursuit of a rebel that's scarce worth my pains, In pursuit of a rebel, &.

Take care, maids, take care, when he flatters & swears, How ou trust your own eyes, or believe your own ears Like the rose-bud in June ev'ry hand he'll invite, But wound the kind heart like the thorn out of fight; And trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains, she'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her She'll find him a conquest, &c. [pains,

Three months at my feet did he languish and figh, Ere he gain'd a kind word, or a tender reply; Love, honour, & truth, were the themes that he sung. And he vow'd that his heart was akin to his tongue: Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his strains, And gave him too frankly my heart for his pains. And gave him too frankly, &c.

The trifle once gain'd, like a boy at his play,
The wanton grew weary and flung it away;
New cloy'd with my love, from my arms he does fly,
In fearch of another as filly as I:
But trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her
She'll find him a conquest, &c. [pains,

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you footh the fond flame And believe in good time all the fex are the fame Like Strephon from beauty to beauty they range, Like him they will flatter, diffemble, and change: And do all we can, fill the maxim remains, That a man, when we've got him, is fcarce worth That a man, when we've got him, &c. [our pains,

My pride is to hold all mankind in my chain; The conquest I prize, tho' the slaves I discain;

I'll teaze them and vex them,
I'll plague and perplex them:
Since men try all arts our weak fex to betray,
I'll fhew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Young Damon ador'd me, and Lycon the vain; By turns I encourag'd each amorous swain;

They knelt and they trembled,
They finil'd and differabled:
Since men try all arts our weak fex to betray,
I'll shew them a woman's as cunning as they.

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Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counsel believe,
Refist all their wiles, the deceivers deceive:
Their canting and whining,
Their fighing and pining,
Are all means as baits our weak sex to betray;
Then prove there are women as cunning as they.

DAMON, if you will be ieve me,
"Tis not fighing on the plain,
Song nor fonnet can relieve ye;
Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion, And be master of the field; To a powerful kind invasion "Twere a madness not to yield.

Love gives out a large commission, Still indulgent to the brave; But one fin of base omission Never woman yet forgave.

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ve, Cries you're rude and much to blame, And with tears implores your pity; Be not merciful, for shame,

When the fierce affault is over, Chloris time enough will find This her cruel furious lover Much more gentle, not so kind.

WHAT! put off with one denial,
And not make a fecond trial?
You might fee my eyes confenting,
All above me was relenting;
Women, oblig'd to dwell in forms,
Forgive the youth that boldly froms.

Lovers when you figh and languish,
When you tell us of your anguish,
To the nymph you'll be more pleasing
When those forrows you are easing:
We love to try how far men dare,
And never with the soe to spare.

STREPHON has fashion, wit and youth,
With all things else that please;
He nothing wants but love and truth
To ruin me with ease:
But he is flint, and bears the art
To kindle strong defire;
His pow'r inflames another's heart,

O! how it does my foul perplex,
When I his charms recall,
To think he should despise the sex,
Or worse, should love 'em all.
My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
Thus seeks in vain for rest;
Finding no hope to fix its love,

Yet he ne'er feels the fire.

Returns into my breaft.

THE wanton god, who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts;
But the nymph distains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rofy wine;
Rofy wine, rofy wine.
Who bathes the wound with rofy wine!
Farewel-lovers when they, re cloy'd,
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd;
Sure the squeamish sops are free
To rid me of dull company;
Sure they're free, sure they're free,
To rid me of cull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please; I love them much, but more my ease: No jealous fears my love molest, Nor faithless vows shall break my rest; Break my rest, break my rest, Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain, Who to give me joy distain?
All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can;
While he can, while he can,
Is to love me while he can.

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PURSUING beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long to prove
(Still richer in variety)
The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians stand, Inviting from our golden coast The wand ring rovers to our land; But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vowsthey first begin, Stealing unseen into the heart; But by possession feetled in, They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we refign
In ignorance our fhining flore;
Difcover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wife, be wife, and do not try

How he can court, or you be won;

For love is but difcovery;

When that is made, the pleafure's done.

- 184 -As my cow I was milking just now in the vale, Young Alexis advanced and told a fond tale; Such a tale, gentle maidens, believe what I fay, I with pleasure could wait for to hear it all day; I with pleasure could wait, I with pleafure could wait, I with pleasure could wait for to hear it all day. Hail Florella, he cry'd, now I'm happy I vow, for to fee you, believe me, I came from the plough. Wilt thou have me Florella, my dearest now say? , with frowns foon reply'd, I'll not hear you to day Pray, Alexis, I faid, -for to try him I strove, Never come near me more, for I'm fure you don't love; Not deter'd by rough speeches, nor all I could say : full he answer'd, with smiles, make me happy today. Now, with blufhes, I tell, I no longer faid no; But Alexis and I unto church foon did go;

Ye lasses, then hear me, oh hear me I pray, Never wait for to-morrow, eatch hold on to day.

W Hen fable night each drooping plant reftoring
Wept o'er the flow'rs her breath did chear,
As fome fad widow, o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear.

When all did fleep, whose weary hearts could borrow
One hour from love and care to rest;
Lo! as I pres'd my couch in filent forrow,
My lover caught me to his breast!

He vow'd he came to fave me From those who would enflave me; Then kneeling,

Kiffes stealing, Endless faith he swore! But soon I chid him thence,

For had his fond pretence Found favour then, And he had press'd again

I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant him more

THOU canst not boast of fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealth, call:
But I was glad to find thee poor
For with my heart I'd give thee all.
And then the grateful youth should own
I lov'd him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall show
That I the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow:
Yet still his grateful heare shall own
I lov'd him for himself alone.

My Jockey is fled from the plain,
And left me in forrow to mourn,
Was ever fo cruel a swain,
Ah! when will the rover return;

Whose music cou'a please us so well.

And dull are the banks of the Tweed,
Since Jockey has bid them farewell.

His crook he has broken in twain,
His sheep and his lambkins now stray,
They bleat for their shepherd in vain,
And carelessy wander away.
No longer he pipes, &c.

The swain was made up of deceit,
And as salse as the wavering wind,
His manners were gentle and sweet,
But his heart was still salse and unkind.
No longer he pipes, &c.

ATTEND, ye nymphs, while I impart
The secret wishes of my heart,
And tell what swain, if one there be,
Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside, Let honour all his actions guide; Stedfast in virtue let him be, 'The swain design'd for love and me.

Let folid fense inform his mind, With pure good-nature sweetly join'd; Sure friend to modest merit be The swain design'd for love and me.

Where forrow prompts the pensive figh, Where grief bedews the drooping eye, Melting in sympathy I see The swain design'd for love and me.

Let fordid av'rice claim no part
Within his tender, gen'rous heart;
Ch! be that heart from falshood free,
Devoted all to love and me.

AT fetting day and rifing morn,
With foul that fill shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee:

I'll vifit oft the birken bush,
Where first you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didft repair,
By green-wood, shaw, or fountain;
Or where the summer's day I'd share
With you upon you mountain;
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
With thoughts unseign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
My heart, which cannot wander.

As archers and fidlers, who cunningly know
The way to procure themselves merit,
Will always provide them two strings to a bow,
And follow their business with spirit.

So likewise the provident damsel should do, Who'd make the best use of her beauty; If the mark she would hir, or her lessons pass thro', 'Two lovers must still be on duty.

Thus arm'd against chance, and secure of supply, So far our revenge we may carry; One spark for our sport we may jilt and set by, And t'other, poor soul! we may marry,

AGAIN in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid;
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.
The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wild their merry notes;
Whilst we converse beneath the shade,
A happy swain and happy maid.

Thy hands shall pluck, to grace my bow'r, The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r; Whilst joys shall bless, for ever new, Thy Phehe kind, my Colin true.

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ALEXIS, a pretty young swain,
To court me comes many a mile;
I bid him make haste back again,
Tho' I wish him to stay a great while:
With all by which love is express,
He studies my heart to beguile:
I wish him success, I protest,
But I tell him he'll wait a great while.

He brought me a nofegay to day,
And vow'd 'twas more pleasure than toil;
I took it I fafely can fay,
And I let him not ask a great while:
He begg'd me to grant him a kifs
So earnest, he made me to smile;
Have done! I cry'd; fie, 'tis amiss!
But I wish'd it to last a great while.

He tells me I ought to be kind,.

That time all my beauties will spoil;
I cross him, tho' quite of his mind,
For I love him to talk a great while:
I think such sweet things he has said,
My coyness at last he will spoil;
And when he once asks me to wed,
Oh! I'll not live a maid a great while.

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LEXIS

AT the foot of a hill, in a neat lonely cot,
To die an old maid I'm afraid is my lot;
Not a man but my father e'er feen in the place:
Think how hard my condition, and pity my cafe.
Young Willy, the pride of the plains, I adore;
He's handsome, good humour'd, has riches in store:
But I'm a poor damie!, of parentage base;
Think how hard my condition, and pity my case.
My mother once caught us alone in the dark,
She chid me, and forc'd me away from my spark;
Then talk'd much of sorrow, of shame and disgrace:
Think how hard my condition, and pity my case.
Such a strange alteration has seiz'd me of late,
Like a turtle I mourn all the day for my mate;

At night in my dreams his bleft image I traces
Think how hard my condition, and pity my cafe.

Whene'er I think on him, I figh and look pale; My mother she asks me, what is it I ail: My rural companions all look in my face, And in friendly compassion they pity my case.

Oh, Hymen! be kind, and give ear to my fighs, Restore my young shepherd once more to my eyes; The dear nup ial moment with joy I'll embrace, And maidens shall envy, not pity my case.

As t'other day o'er the green meadow I past,
A swain overtook me, and held my hand fast;
Then cry'd, my dear Lucy, thou cause of my care,
How long must thy faithful young Thyrsis despair?
To crown my soft wishes, no longer be shy!
But frowning, I answer'd, oh! sie, shepherd, sie,

He told me his passion, like time should endure,
That beauty, which kindled his slame, would secure;
That all my sweet charms were for pleasure design d.
And youth was the season to love and be kind.
Lord what cou'd I say! I could hardly deny,
And faintly I utter'd, oh! sie, shepherd! sie.

He fwore with a kifs that he could not refrain, I told him 'twas rude, but he kifs'd me again; My conduct, ye fair ones, in question ne'er call, Nor think I did wrong, I did nothing at all: Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to comply, Now guess, if I still said, oh, sie, shepherd, sie.

BLYTHE Jockey, young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.

If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he sarries here,
'Tis summer all the year.

When I and Jockey met
First on the flow'ry dale,
Right sweetly he me tret,
And love was all his tale.

You are the lass, said he, That staw my heart frae me; O case me of my pain, And never shew distain.

I'm glad when Jockey comes, Sad when he gangs away; 'Tis night when Jockey glooms, But when he smiles 'tis day.

> His fuit I ill deny'?, He kifs'd and I comply'd; Sae Jockey promis'd me, That he would faithful be.

Weil can my Jockey kyth

His love and courtefie;

He made my heart full blythe,

When he first spake to me.

When our eyes meet I pant, I colour, figh, and faint; What lass that would be kind, Can better spoak her mind?

By mosty brook and flow'ry plain,
I fondly seek my shepherd swain;
Tell me, sweet maidens, have ye seen
The gentle Damon on the green:
Avoid the danger while you may,
He'll steal your tender hearts away.

Persuasion smiles whene'er he speaks, And rosy dimples deck his cheeks, Blooming as health, as Hebe fair, The graces twine his auburn bair; Loves in his sunny eye beams play, 'I hat stole my tender heart away. Sweet wreaths of flow'rs he wove for meg Last night, beneath the hawthorn-tree; Bewitching are his tales of love, Propitious may they ever prove: For Damon. gentle, kind, and gay, Has stole my tender heart away.

By the fide of the sweet river Tay,
Or else on the banks of the Tweed,
Young Colin he whistles all day,
Or merrily pipes on his reed.
His mind is a stranger to care,
For he is blithe, bonny, and free;
At harvest, at wake, and at sair,
No swain is so chearful as he.

At eve, when we dance on the green,
How sprightly he joins in the throng;
So pleasing his air and his mien,
So gaily he trips it along!
The lasses his manners adore,
And strive his affections to gain;
When absent, for him they deplore,
All sigh for the smiles of the swain.

But I am the girl to his mind,
He chose me above all the rest,
And vowsthat to me he'll be kind,
With me he will ever be blest.
The maidens all envy my bliss,
And tell me I'm simple and vain;
Yet I'm not displeased at this,
Nor heed their contempt and disdain,

BENEATH this grove, this filent shade, Come, Damon, to the gentle maid; What other nymph wou'd love like me? For, oh, thou'rt all inconstancy! You us'd to talk of love and blife, And often figh'd my lips to kife; But roving now is sweeter glee, For thou art all inconstancy.

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Here fragrant flow'rets sweetly spring.
The feather'd choir in concert sing;
Yet vain is what I hear and see,
Since Damon's all inconstancy.

The am'rous doves now bill and coo, And fo, false Danion, so can you; But can't like them contented be, Thy sole delight's inconstancy.

Ye fimple fair! believe not man, They all proceed on Damon's plan; Then from the fex your hearts keep free, And love, like them, inconstancy.

SINCE love is the plan,
I'll love if I can,
Attend and I'll tell you what fort of a man,
In address how compleat,
And in dress spruce and neat,
No matter how tall, so he's over five feet;
Not dull, nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty,
If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet

In a fong bear a bob,
In a glass a hob-nob
Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob;
Tho' gentle he be,
His man he shall see,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me,
This, this is my fancy,
If such I can see,
I'm his, if he's mine, until then I'll be free,

DEAREST youth, why thus away,
And leave me here a mourning!
Ceaseless tears, while thou'rt away,
Must flow for thy returning.
Winding brooks, if by your side
My careless Paris straying,
Gently murmur, softly chide,
And say for him I'm straying.

Meads and groves I've rambled o'er
In vain, car youth, to find thee:
Come, ah come, and part no more,
To leave his love behind thee.
On you' le him fit till night,
My careful watch fill keeping;
But if he does not blefs my fight,
I'll lay me down a weeping.

FROM the court to the cottage convey meaway,
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay;
Where pride without measure,
And pomp without pleasure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote, and retir'd, from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brecade for a plain ruffet gown;
My friends shall be few,
But well chosen, and true,
And sweet recreation our evenings shall crown.

With a rural repait, a rich banquet to me,
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree;
The river's clear brink
Shall afford me my drink,
And temp'rance my friendsy physician shall be.

Ever calm and ferene, with contentment still bless,
Not too giddy with joy, or with torrow depress,
I'll neither invoke,
Nor repine at death's stroke,
But retire from the world as I wou'd to my rest.

FAR swifter than light my love flies,
In quest of a happier clime,
See yonder he steers through the skies,
And smiles on the wreck of old time.

Since I here on earth fill remain,
A itranger to comfort and reft,
At once I will end all my pain
This dagger I'll fheath in my breaft.

FLY, fly to yon vale, other pastimes pursue,
My eyes and no tongue have determin'd thy fate;
This face and the pe are not desti, 'd for you,
And former distant is now turn', hate.

As down the cowflip dale I stray'd
One morning in the dawn,
Young Damon, for the fair array'd,
Came tripping o'er the lawn;
His auburn locks, with manly grace,
In flowing ringlets hung;
The bloom of health glow'd on his face,
And blithe the shepherd sung.

Thus onward drew, and as he pass'd,
He smiling bade good day;
Entranc'd I gaz'd, till, oh! at last
I gaz'd my heart away.
That moment all to love resign'd,
Each sense seem'd to declare
Tho' hapless I was left behind,
My heart went to the fair.

In vain, my anguish to remove,

To once-lov'd scenes I fly;

The rose deck'd bow'r, the pine-top'd grove,
Seems fading to my eye:

Thou gentle youth, by nature kind,
A maiden's blushes spare;

Perceive, though she was left behind,
Her heart went to the fair.

AND are you fure the news is true?

And are you fure he's weel?

This is no time to think of work,
I must set by my wheel.

Give me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And welcome him on shore;

But why do I thus lose my time?

Perhaps he's at the door.

Lie still, lie still, my beating breast.

Ah! welcome him on shore;

Perhaps from me no more he'll roam, Or truft the rude fea more.

So true his words, fo smooth his speech,
His reath like caller air;
His was: foot has musick in't,
Whe trips up the stair:
And I I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
There's lilly whiteness in his skin,
And roses in his cheek:
Lie fill, lie still, my beating heart,
My Donald's at the door;
Perhaps from me no more he'll part,
Or trust the rude sea more.

The cold blaft of the winter wind,
That thrill'd late through my heart,
Are all blown by, and Donald's fafe,
'Till death we ne'er must part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far away;
The present moment sure's our own,
The next we ne'er may see:
Lie st.ll, lie st.ll, my beating heart,
Hark! hark! he's at the door;
Perhaps from me no more he'll part,
Or trust the rude sea more.

IF I was a wife,

And my dearest dear life
Took it into his noddle to die;

Ere I took the whim
To be bury'd with him,
I think I'd know very well why.

If poignant my grief,
1'd fearch for relief,
Nor tink with the weight of my care;
A falve might be found,
No doubt, above ground,
And I think I know very well where

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Another kind mate
Should give me what fate
Would not from the former allow;
With him I'd amuse
The hours you abuse,
And I think I know very well how.

'Tistrue, I'm a maid,
And fo't may be faid,
No junge of the conjugal lot;
Yet marriage, I ween,
Has a cure for the spleen,
And I think I know very well what.

My laddie is gang'd far away o'er the plain,
While in forrow behind I am forc'd to remain;
Tho' blue-bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn, [thorn
Tho' the trees are in bloffom, and fweet blows the
No pleafure they give me; in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can pleafe me now Jockey's away:
Forlorn I fit finging, and this is my firain,
Hafte, hafte, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When lads and their laffes are on the green met,
They dance and they fing, they laugh and they chat;
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment fee:
Their pastimes offend me, my laddie's not there,
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,
It makes me to figh, I can scarce tears refrain,
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair: He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here; On fond expectation my wishes I'd seast, For love my dear Jockey to Jenay will haste: Then sarewell each care, adieu each vain sigh, Who'll then be so bless'd, or so happy as I? I'll sing thro' the meadows, and alter my strain, When Jockey returns to these arms back again.

My bonny failor's won my mind,
My heart is now with him at fea;
I hope the fummer's western breeze
Will bring him safely back to me:
I wish to hear what glorious toils,
What dangers he has undergone;
What forts he's storm'd, how great the spoils
From France and Spain my sailor's won.

A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,
When fancy brought the foe to view;
And day and night I've had no rest,
Lest ev'ry gale a tempest blew:
Bring, gentle gales, my failor home,
His ship at anchor may I see;
Three years are sure enough to roam,
Too long for one who loves like me.

His face by fultry climes is wan,

His eyes by watching, shine less bright;

But still I'll own my charming man,

And run to meet him when in fight:

His honest heart is what I prize,

No weather can make that look old;

Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,

I'll love my jolly failor bold.

NO more along the daify'd mead
I meet my fickle fwain,
Whose charms and falsehood far exceed
The shepherds of our plain;
He sighing, follow'd where I rov'd,
Till pity touch'd my heart;
Then, laughing, boasted how I lov'd,
And play'd a traitor's part.

Ladies, ladies, while you fly,
The men will fill purfue;
But if you pity when they figh,
Alas! they'll fly from you:

They practife, and they must approve An innocent deceit; Affect indiff'rence where you love, Or you'll indiff'rence meet.

OH! where will you hurry my dearest?
Say, say to what clime or what shore,
You tear him from me the sincerest,
That ever lov'd mortal before,

Ah! cruel, hard hearted to press him, And force the dear youth from my arms, Restore him that I may cares him, And shield him from suture alarms.

In vain you infult and deride me, And make but a fcoff at my woes; You ne'er from my dear shall divide me, I'll follow wherever he goes. Think not of the mercile's ocean,

My foul any terror can have,
For foon as the ship makes its motions
So soon shall the sea be my grave.

O Welcome, my shepherd, how welcome to me Is ev'ry occasion of meeting with thee!
But when thou art absent, so joyless am I,
Methinks I contented could fit down and die,

The oft'ner I view thee, the more I approve
The choice I have made and am fix'd in my love;
For merit like your's more brighter is shown,
And more must be valu'd the more it is known.
To live in a cottage with thee could I choose,

And crowns for thy fake I would cladly refule:
Not all the vaft treasure of wealthy Peru,
To me would feem precious, if ranish'd from you.
For all my ambition in thee is confin'd,
And nothing could please me should you prove unThen faithfully love me, and happier I'll be, [kind:

Than if plac'd on a throne for to reign without thee.

OH! let me unreferv'd declare
The feelings of my heart,
My Strephon reigns unrivall'd there,
No other Iwain has part;
Such worth and truth my heart does move,
To give my shepherd love for love.

When ablent from my longing fight,
He is my constant theme;
His shadow form appears by night,
And shapes the morning dream;
For ah! his worth my heart does move.
To give the shepherd love for love.

Ye spotles virgins of the plain,
Deem not my words too free;
For e'er my passion you arraign,
You must have lov'd like me;
And to his worth my heart does move
To give the shepherd love for love.

SWEET, oh! fweet the flowers in May, Sweet the dew drop on the spray; Yet more than all, if all should meet, My Damon's sweetest of the sweet.

In gentle Damon's face the role Blended with the lilly grows; His sparkling eves that glow with fire, Mildest, gentlest love inspire.

His lips are of the role's hue, Still dropping with the morning dew; While breathing, and inviting love, They foftly, gently, sweetly move.

Somehow my spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grass,
Damon advancing bow'd his head,
And said, what seek you, pretty lass?
Damon advancing, &c.

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A little love but urg'd with care, Oft leads a heart and leads it far, A little love, &c.

Twas passing by yon spreading oak
That I my spindle lost just now;
His knife then Damon kindly took,
And from the tree he cut a bough,
His knife, Sc.
A little love, Sc.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
Whilft me he tenderly beheld,
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
For ah! my heart did fondly yield;
He talk'd of love, &c.
A little love, &c.

THO' by Colin I now am forfaken,
No willow my temples shall bind;
Tho' in one I by chance am mistaken,
Another, I hope, will prove kind.
Young Colin would leave me in forrow,
But this I would have him to know,
From him this good maxim I borrow,
'Tis best t'have two strings to one's bow.

I own his bright eyes were my pleasure,
When love from their beams smil'd on me;
I own he was once all my treasure,
But I'll be as fickle as he:
Young Damon can cure all my forrow,
And this I wou'd have you to know,
From the men this good maxim I borrow,
They've always two strings to their bow.

Learn, ladies, to fcorn the falfe rovers,
Who shun you because you are true;
Prove constant and kind to your lovers,
Only while they prove constant to you a
for a false one 'tis folly to languish,
Then attend to my counsel, and know,
To avoid all such pining and anguish
I make sure of two strings to my bow.

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To hear the jar of noify war,
To me is pleafing matter;
Give me, ye pow'rs in dang'rous hours,
A spear and shield to clarter;
If this supply ye shall deny,
Yet grant me hat and seather,
A smart cockade, and polish'd blade—
But keep them from the weather.
I'll then proceed, for sure there's need,

I'll then proceed, for sure there's need,
To get my corps together;
Who feel no dread, but for their head,
Their hat, cockade, and feather.
Let now each maid, in taffe array'd,
Advance, in fairest weather—
But halt! I fear the French are near—
Alas! my hat and feather.

If these I lose, I'll not refuse
To leave the strife to others:
To those who dread no loss of head,
Britannia's sons and brothers;
For they'll advance 'against Spain and France,
And knock them down together;
Then where they lie,—there let them die—
Despoil'd of hat and feather.

WHEN the hated morning's light,
Peeping in, offends my fight,
Toffing to and fro in bed,
Aching heart, and aching head;
Counting o'er my various ills,
Fickle lovers, mercers bills;
All the fums I've loft at dice,
When these in my mind arise,
I cry

But if 'tis Pantheon night, Or that Ranelagh invite, Chicheratas here, macheratas there, Or to Vauxhall I repair; If I meet my Lord Perfume, Or dear Col'nel Thunder-Bomb; When fuch pleasures are my lot,
Fickle lovers all forgot,
Dice and mercers bills forgot

I laugh

Then, if in the Morning Post
I read reputations lost,
Sly intrigues, and cuckold spouses,
Great debates in both the Houses;
When I'm told that dissipation,
Folly, lax'ry, rule the nation;
That the rich, the young and wise,
To true pleasure shut their eyes,
I cry

But, if ere my tears are gone,
Simp'ring, enters honest John,
"Ma'am Sir Jehu's at the door,
"In his phaeton and four;"
Instant all my forrows cease,
Out I run, and take my place:
With such joys the moments glide
By my dear Sir Jehu's side,
I laugh

WHEN fragrant bloom of yellow broom
Delights our lads and laties,
O'er yellow broom, in beauty's bloom,
My Will all lads furpaffes;

Wi' Willy then I'll o'er the braes,
I'll o'er the braes with Willy;
From morn to eve I'll fing the praise
Of buxom, bonny Willy.

Reclin'd by Tay, at noon-tide day,
We'll pou the daify pretty;
The live long day we'll kife and play,
Or fing fome loving ditty.
Wi' Willy then, Sc.

Now blithe and gay, at fetting day, My mither dinna hinder; I'll fing and play wi' Willy gay, For we twa ne'er fhail finder.

Wi' Willy then, &c.

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WOULD'ST thou all the joy receive,
That enraptur'd lovers give,
Take a heart from falsehood free,
Take a heart that doats on thee:
Nice suspicion's jealous train,
Still creates a virgin pain;
Then each simid care remove,
You can smile, and I can love,
Bless'd with thee, profusely gay,
Time shall wing his smiling way;
Ever blooming joys increase,

Ever blooming joys increase,
Tranquil liberty and peace:
Oh! let kindness rule thy breast,
Smile my panting heart to rest;
Sweetly smile, and thou shalt know,
We can make a heav'n below.

WHEN morn with purple streaks the skies,
And rested flocks to pasture rise,
I long my absent love to see,
And sigh for him who doats on me.

His lovely form and gracious fmile

First caught my partial eye,

And fost persuation, free from guile,

Soon won me to comply.

Our vows of mutual truth are pass'da I only live to love; And ever shall that passion last, Which earth and heav'n approve.

WHEN Jemmy first began to love,
He was the gayest swain,
That ever yet a stock had drove,
Or danc'd upon the plain:
Twas then that I, wae's my poor heart,
My freedom threw away,

And finding fweets in ev'ry fmart, I could not fay him nay; And ever when he talk'd of love. He would his eyes decline. And every figh a heart would move. Geud faith, and why not mine? He'd press my band, and kiss it oft, In filence spoke his flame; And while he treated me thus foft, I thought him not to blame. Sometimes to feed my flocks with him, My Jemmy would invite me, Where he the foftest fongs would fing, On purpose to delight me !" And femmy ev'ry grace ditplay'd. Which were enough, I trow, To conquer any princely maid, So he did me, I vow. But now for Jemmy I must mourn. Who to the wars must go; His sheep-hook to a sword must turn, Alack! what shall I do? His bagpipe into warlike founds Must now exchanged be. Inflead of bracelets, fearful founds. Then what becomes of me?

WHEN I was young, tho' now am old, The men were kind and true; But now they're grown so false and bold, What can a woman do? Say what can a woman do? For men are truly, So unruly, I tremble at feventy-two! When I was fair-tho' now fo fo. No hearts were giv'n to rove, Our pulses beat not faft, nor flow. But all was faith and love; Now what can a woman do? For men are truly, So unruly, I tremble at seventy-two!

He's as tight a lad to fee to,
As e'er flept in leather shoe,
And, what's perter, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my fifter casts a hawk's eye,
I very what she can do;
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him;
He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue:
If the youth prove true, I'll sit him;
If he's false—I'll fit him too.

WHEN evining gales cheer rural groves,
And village laffer gay,
Are roving with the lads they love,
Along the banks of Tay,
I'll chuse young Colin for my guide,
From harms he'll sure defend;
For Colin is my joy and pride,
My lover, and my friend.

Young Colin's now in beauty's bloom.

His looks are fair and gay;

He pipes along the yellow broom,

Or flow'ry banks of Tay:

When harvest smiles, the shepherd's pain,

And all his doubts shall end;

For then I'll wed the gentle swain,

My lover, and my friend.

YET awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms,
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to firay,
Quitting young the parent's neft,
Find each bird a bird of prey;
Sorrow knows not where to reft.

As o'er the lawn young Sandy tripp'd,
While kids and lambkins round him skipp'd,
All bonny, blithe and gay;
So sweet he tun'd his pipe and reed,
He charms around each verdant mead,
And ushers in, and ushers in the May.
And ushers in the May.

But Sandy he is a' unkind,
My fighs nor plaints he does n' mind,
Yet fill I love the Iwain:
For much I fear another the,
Attracts his mind Inftead of me,
And causes a' my pain.

Oh! may the maid where'er they meet,
His warmest wishes still complete,
United with her own:
Guard the dear boy, each facred power,
Your choicest blessing on him show'r,
Her life with pleasure crown.

BLEST with thee, my fouls dear treasure,
Sweetly will each hour be pass'd;
Ev'ry day will bring new pleasure,
And be happier than the last.

With fo lov'd a partner talking,
Time will quickly glide away;
With fo dear a husband walking,
Nature does each bloom display.

Such a darling swain possessing,
All my forrows will be o'er;
Thou art fortune's utmost blessing,
Fortune cannot give me more.

FROM morning till night, and wherever I go, Young Colin purfues me, though fill I fay No, Young Colin purfues me, though fill I fay No. Ye matrons experienc'd, inform me, I pray, In a point that's fo critical, what shall I fay?

Ye matrons experienc'd, inform me, I pray, In a point that's fo critical, what shall I fay.

Soft fonnets he makes on my beauty and wit, Such praises a bosom that's tender must hit; He vows that he'll love me for ever and aye; In a point that's so critical, what can I say.

He brought me a garland, the sweetest e'er seen, And saluting me, call'd me his heart's little queen: In my breast, like a bird, I found something play, Instruct a young virgin then what she must say,

But vain my petition, you heed not my call, But leave me unguarded, to fland or to fall, No more I'll folicit, no longer I'll pray. Let prudence inform me in what I shall fay.

When next he approaches, with care in his eye, If he asks me to wed I vow I'll comply, At church he may take me for ever and aye, And I warrant you then I shall know what to say.

My mother oft chides me, and tells me, my dear,
I beg to men's tales you will never give ear;
They're as fubtle as foxes, their ends to obtain;
Be careful, my child, how you liften to men.
Lord love her dear heart, to be fure it was kind,
I did my endeavours her precepts to mind;
And to hear her advice oft gravely have fat,
Tho' it fignifies nothing, no matter for that.

Yet still she kept teazing and plaguing me so,
And begging 'mong's men 1'd not venture to go;
I gave my consent her opinion to win,
But what are love promises? not worth a pin.
It chanced that one day, both my mamma and me,
Were ask'd to a friend's, both to dine and drink tea,
There with a young fellow I fell into chat,
Indeed he was handsome, no matter for that.

No fooner got home, how my mother did rave, And read me fuch instances, moral and grave,

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Of men's many perjuries, adding, the thought let my eyes wander much more than I ought And argued, I thought, on the point fomewhat hot, But dry morals preaching, it fignifies not. love the fweet fellow, I'll have him, that's flat, Mamma, the may preach, but no matter for that.

O HEAR me, kind and gentle fwain, Let love's fweet voice delight you, The ear of youth should drink each strain, When beauty's lips invite you:

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As love and valour warm your heart,
And faith and honour guard you;
From wounded breafts extract the dart,
And beauty will reward you:

Our tear stain'd eyes, their wish disclose, Can cruel you refuse em? O wipe the dew from off the rose, And place it in your bosom.

LONG young Jockey toy'd and sported,
Long he try'd each wining art,
Long with silent glances courted,
Ere he won my witless heart;

Oft he press'd my hand, too yielding,
Oft he kiss'd, and oft he smil'd;
No reserve my bosom shielding,
Chloe's heart he soon beguil'd;
But when he my inclination

Had fubdu'd, the faithless swain; Can ye hear it maids with patience; Soon too soon forfakes the plain.

Leaving the maid a prey to young Cupid,

Whose only fault was her seeming too kind;

Surely the youth was grown very stupid,

To think that the sting would remain long behind;

Tell me ye swains, tell me ye swains,

Could you do so, would you do so,

Could you, would you, could you,

Would you have served a maiden so.

Soon as I had loft my lover,
Fool! I fate me down and cry'd;
Rail'd at fate, and curs'd the rover,
Sigh'd and fobb'd, and fobb'd and figh'd;

I no breakfast ate nor dinner, Supperless I went to bed; I a loser, he no winner, 'Till a thought came in my head;

Why should I, my bloom destroying,
Vex and teize my foul away:
No,—the gift of life enjoying,
I will taste the sweets of May.

Just as the rose, the bee flying from her,
Blushes and bustles at every wind:
So Cbloe's resolv'd to laugh the 'the summer,
To ev'ry new swain to be gentle and kind.
Tell me, ye maids, tell me, ye maids,
Could you do so, would you do so?
Could you, would you, would you, could you,
Would not you have serv'd the rover so?

SHEPHERD, would you hope to please us,
You must ev'ry humour try:
Sometimes flatter, sometimes teaze us,
Often laugh, and sometimes cry.

Soft denials are but trials

Of the heart we ish to gain!

Tho' we're shy and seem to sty,

If you pursue we sly in vain.

Shepherd, &c.

Tho' his passion in silence the youth would conceal, what his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal, what his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal; And by soft stolen glances unwillingly prove, That they are but tell-tales of Celadon's love, That they are but tell-tales of Celadon's love.

To the grove, to the green, to the dance, to the fair, Wherever I go my blithe shepherd is there; I know the fond youth by his blush, by his smile, And surely such looks were not meant to beguise. Tho' indifferent the subject, whatever it prove.

He insensibly turns the discourse upon love: If he talks to another, with pleasure I see Though his words are to her, yet his looks are to me.

Sometimes I command him his speech to refrain; But, alas! my resolves, I command it in vain, For when the dear theme he'll no longer pursue, I forget my commands, and resume it anew.

When he talks, if alone, I am ever in fear He should speak what I dread, & yet wish most to hear; Should he mention his love, though my pride would My heart whispers, Celia, fond Celia comply. I deny,

WHY, Colin, must your Laura mourn, Or longer wait your wish'd return? O quickly come, and bring with thee Glad joy to all, but love to me.

No more the tenants of the grove In concert tune their tales of love; And nature ceases to be gay When e'er my shepherd keeps away.

No longer fly the peaceful shade, But haste to meet your constant maid: O quickly come, and bring with thee Glad joy to all, but love to me.

WHAT though the blooming genial year,
In all its beaut'ous pomp appear,
What though each blushing border rise,
And primrose with the vi'lets vies;
Though gay green mantle shade the trees,
Without Amystor, what are these?
Without Amystor, &c.

What though the cuckow from the grove, Proclaim the fpring the time for love, What though the thrilling lark ascend,
And make each rural swain his sriend,
Though thrush and blackbird strive to please—
Without Amyntor, what are these?
Though shepherds, each in tender tale,
Protest me sairest of the vale.
What though, in guileful homage dress,
Deceit may lurk t'invade my breast;
No second love my soul can please,

WOMAN should be wifely kind

Nor give her passion scope:

Just reveal her inclination,

Never wed without probation,

Nor in the lover's mind,

Blight the sweet blossom, hope.

Without Amyntor, what are thefe?

Youth and beauty kindle love,
Sighs and vows will fan the fire;
Sighs and vows may traitors prove,
Sorrow then fucceeds defire;
Honour, faith, and well earn'd fame,
Feed the facred lafting flame!

BELIEVE me, dear aunt,
If you rove thus, and rant,
You'll never a lover pursuade;
The men will all fly,
And leave you to die,
Oh, terrible chance! an old maid—

How happy the lass,
Most she come to this pass,
Who antient virginity 'scapes;
'Twere better on earth
Have five brats at a birth,
Than in helt be a leader of apes.

FAITHLESS Damon's turn'd a rover, From my longing arms he flies, Go

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Soon return thou perjur'd lover, Or your haples Celia dies.

Must I longer pine and languish?
Will you false and cruel prove?
Hither haste to ease my anguish,
And reward your Celia's love.

Think, O think, how thus deceiving, Tender virgins hearts are won; Foolish maids, too foon believing, Are by faithless men undone.

Go, go thou false deceiver,
For ever we must part;
Far hence be gone for ever,
I tear thee from my heart.

GO naughty man, I cant abide you;
Are then your vows so soon forgot?
Ah! now I see if I had try'd you.
What would have been my hopeful lot.

But here I charge you—make them happy;
Blefs the fond pair, and crown their blifs:
Come be a dear good-natur'd pappy;
And I'll reward you with a kifs.

How gentle was my Damon's air, like funny beams his golden hair, his voice was like the nightingale's, More fweet his breath than flow'ry vales; how hard fuch beauties to refign, and yet that cruel task is mine.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, flocks, and fountains, please no more,
Each flow'r, in pity, droops its head,
All nature does my loss deplore:
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon fill I seek in vain.

- 242 -LIKE the man, whose foaring foul Is gen'rous and refin'd. Whose passions act beneath controul, With love and honour join'd. The oak, by woodbines on the plain, Encompass'd and cares'd. Is not more ftedfaft in its reign, Nor is more sweetly dreis'd. The frothy fons of vice and flow. Like shadows and like noise. Have nothing in themselves, we know. That forer fense enjoys: But pure and constant love endears. And featts both ear and fight. While ev'ry thing, that virtue fears, Can give no true delight.

ONE April morn, young Damon fought,
O'er Sylvia to prevail,
And with diffimulation fraught,
He thus addrefs'd his tale.
Now winter's chilling blafts are o'er,
And fprings prolific reign
Impels the bloffom and the flow'r,
To deck the fmiling plain.

Let us my dearest girl repair,
To yonder bloomy grove,
For oh! I long to tell thee there,
How arden ly I love.
When prudence, watchful for the good
Of all who seek her care;
Confest before the damsel stood,
And said of man beware.

What the his words as honey sweet,
Seem all in candour drest,
Yet art, the parent of deceit,
Lies lurking in his breast.
Admonish d by this faithful friend,
The cautious maid reply'd,
The youth I to the grove attend,
Must make me first his bride.

Abash'd! the fwain his purpose saw,
In blackest colours rife,
Her honour struck his soul with awe,
And fill'd with shame his eyes;
To church he led the lovely maid,
Fair virtue's sacred school!
While Sylvia archly smil'd, and said,
Now—who's the April sool?

SINCE Hodge proves ungrateful, no farther I'll feek, But go up to town in the waggon next week; A fervice in London is no such disgrace. And register's office will get me a place:

Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a friend; Folks say in her silks she's now standing an end, Then why should not I the same maxim pursue, And better my fortune as other girls do?

THO' the winds are whiftling round me, And the midnight rains defcend; Painful fear shall near confound me, Guardian love will be my friend.

Night! how much I can defy thee!
Laugh at all thy negro train!
Day returning, Damon's nigh me,
Storms may beat, but beat in vain,

On my shepherd, fond reclining,
Pleasing safety soothes my breast:
Welcome winds to peace inclining!
Winds that bull to downy rest!

TALK no more of love to me,
All your fuit will not prevail;
I for one confess a flame,
In the humble flow'ry vale.
For each other, long we've figh'd,
Equal both, in birth and place;
He's my only joy and pride,
Love can laugh at noble race.

YOUNG I am, and fore afraid: Would you hurt a harmless maid? Lead an innocent astray? Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray. Men too often we believe; And, should you my faith deceive, Ruin first, and then forsake, Sure my tender heart would break.

YE nymphs, whose softer souls approve
The touching strain of heart-felt love,
I'll tell you of the gentlest swain
That ever grac'd the rural plain.

Who, but Lysander, has the pow'r To brighten ev'ry darksome hour? To call a smile from dimple sleek, Or make the blood forsake the cheek?

None with my love could e'er compare, For manly beauty, graceful air; For speech whose accents mild inspire Gay delight and soft desire.

This matchless youth I now possess, O love abate thy fond cares; For I am lost to all relief, If joy can kill as well as grief.

> DEAREST Damon do not fly me, Cannot tears your pity move, Oh! believe me, don't deny me, It is you I only love;

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Forbi Reftr And No he shuns me, cruel fate!

Ah, never, never he'll return,

What can now my tears abate,

While with hopeless love I burn.

See my Damon now believes me, He returns, by pity mov'd, Every pleasure now surrounds me, Loving, and again belov'd.

GENTLE gales, in pity bear
My fighs, my tender fighs away;
To my cruel Strepbon's ear
All my foft complaints convey

Near some mostly fountain's side,
Or on some verdant bank reclin'd,
Where bubbling streams in murmurs glide,
You will the dear deluder find.

Gentle gales, in pity bear
My fighs, my tender fighs away;
To my cruel Strepbon's ear
All my foft complaints convey.

Tell the false one how I mourn,

Tell him all my pains and woes;

Tell, ah! tell him to return,

And bring my wounded heart repose.

Gentle gales, in pity bear
My fighs, my tender fighs away;
To my cruel Strephon's ear,
All my foft complaints convey.

GOOD morher, if you please, you may Place others to observe my way; Or be yourself the watchful spy, And keep me ever in your eye: Unless the will itself restrain, The care of others is in vain; And if myself I do not keep, Instead of watching, you may sleep. When you forbid what love inspires, Forbidding, you but fan it's fires; Restraint does appetite enrage, And youth may prove too strong for age:

Then leave me unconfin'd and free, With prudence for my lock and key; For if myfelf I do not keep, inftead of watching, all may fleep.

Go, perjur'd youth, thou foe to truth,
Retract the vows you fwore;
A Proteus true I've found in you,
And ne'er can like you more.

Ungen'rous boy! made to defiroy, And rob me of my peace;

Awake, asleep, pangs round me creep, That never, never cease.

Sad throbbing fighs, tear-streaming eyes,

The emblems of despair;
Each friend in your (while you distain)

Each friend in vain (while you disdain)
Attempts to soothe my care.

But all their arts to cure my imarts, Inefficacious prove;

My mind's not free from flavery, 'Tis bound in chains of love.

Maria's fair, false man, declare, Just as thou didst to me; (But maid beware his fatal snare, It's wrapt in perjury.)

His main delight is stories bright,
They steal upon our ears;
Our tempers vex, degrade the fex,
And force down floods of tears.

O! favage man, made to trepan,
And call love's pain a jest;
O grant that I might change the figh,

For joys within my breaft!

I'd then be free from such as thee,
I'd spend in mirth each hour;
My virgin heart should know no smart,
But laugh at all thy pow'r.

I'll envy not the fair-one's lot,
To whom young Edwin roves;
But wish to see them ever be
The portraits of fond doves.

For sweet content was never meant
To wretched me below;
Yet when I die, my soul shall fly
Beyond the reach of woe.

How pleasing's my Damon, how charming his face! Adorn'd with sweet smiles, and bedeck'd with each His manners are gentle, engaging and free; [grace! And what is still better, the shepherd loves me. Tho' plaintive his song, it drives forrow away; To hear his sweet voice I could listen all day; I always am happy when Damon I see; I love the young shepherd, because he loves me.

T'other day, as I sat beneath a green shade, He pres'd my hand gently, and call'd me dear maid: His words, and his looks, and his actions agree, And I love the dear shepherd, because he loves me. The morn now invites, to the shade l'Il repair, And surely my Damon will follow me there. Should he urge his fond suit, we shall quickly agree; I'll marry my shepherd because he loves me.

How imperfect is expression,
Some emotions to impart!
When we mean a fost confession,
And yet feek to hide the heart!
When our bosoms, all complying,
With delicious tumults swell,
And beat what broken, falt ring, dying
Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
Quite expressive paints my cheek.

Ask no more—behold your error;
Blushes eloquently speak.

What tho' filent is my anguish,
Or breath'd only to the air;

Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
Read what yours have written there.

O, that you could once conceive me!
Once my heart's strong feelings view!
Love has nought more fond, believe me;
Friendship nothing half so true.

From you I am wild despairing,
With you speechless as I touch;
This is all that bears declaring,
And perhaps declares too much.

I Winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the Lee, But I will ha my Sandy Lad, my Sandy o'er the Lee: For he's aye a kiffing, kiffing, aye a kiffing me.

I will not have the minister, for all his godly looks; Nor yet will I the law yer have, for all his wily crooks I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the

But I will have my Sandy Lad, without one penny For he's aye a kiffing, &c. [filler:

I will not have the foldier lad, for he gangs to the war I will not have the failor lad, because he smells of tar I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their mickle

But I will have my Sandy Lad, my Sandy o'er the For he's aye a kiffing, &c. [meir:

I'D have a man of fense and air, The pride of ev'ry witty fair; Genteel in make, in stature tall, Polite to me, and good to all.

No powder'd, filly, flatt'ring beau, Who of good fense doth nothing know: A man of science, fond of books, Who's temper's equal to his looks.

No jealous fears I'd have annoy The pleafing prospect of our joy: That life a scene of love may be To the dear youth, the world, and me.

I'd have this mild and gentle youth Inspir'd with wisdom, grace, and truth; And as for wealth, I'll not repine, If he has none, I'll give him mine.

Ye gen'rous gods! I ask no more; If such a man you've got in store, And I'm deserving, speak your mind, I'll be to him for ever join'd.

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F I have fome—little—beauty— Can I help it?—no, not I— Some good luck, too—'tis my duty Gifts fo precious to apply.

Nature—fortune—gave 'em freely, And I'll use 'em—quite genteelly. If the smarts of the sky Cringe, ogle, and sigh, Whene'er I pass by;

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And cry, Look y' there! What an air! Gods, how fair! Pray, why

(To feed your starch'd pride)
Must I go and hide,
'Till you're made a bride?
Who, I?

No, no-If I do, may I die.

LL pass no dull, inglorious life,
At home I will not tarry;
like the drum and martial fife,
I'll to the camp with Harry.
The peaceful pipe, and rustic play
No longer is my passion;
I Harry goes, I will not stay,
For war is now the sashion.

Your Jane will not be left behind,
My heart's to fear a stranger;
ligh seas and rocks I'll never mind,
I laugh at toil and danger.
hope he will not tell me, nay,
Nor fancy I'm unsteady;
siglory calls my swain away,
Love bids me to be ready.

o other lands, from pleasant Tweed, With him I must be slying; or shady grove, and painted mead, Your Jenny won't be crying.

Till tumult's o'er, adieu to all,

Not long I hope to tarry;
I hear the drum's enliv'ning call,
I must be gone with Harry.

I'LL to some shady, cool retreat,
Where spreading trees conspire to meet,
To hide my blush, while I repeat
The love I bear my Colin:
Name all that's amiable in love,
My Colin amply doth improve;
The facred truth of Heav'n above,
Is center'd in my Colin.

Were I posses'd of monarchs lands.
Of eastern shores, or golden sands;
No one shou'd share in Hymen's bands
With me, but lovely Colin.
With him, beneath a myrtle seat,
I'll sing, and bless my happier sate,
Than seated on a throne of state,
With any one but Colin.

So long as Saran's glass shall run,
Or Persian's hail the rising sun,
Or till my thread of life is spun,
So long shall I love Colin;
And when I take the parting kiss:
In death I'll chear my heart with this:
That I shall meet in suture bliss,
Again, with thee my Colin.

IF ever, oh! Hymen, I add to thy tribe,
Let such be my partner, my muse shall describe;
Not in party too high, nor in stature too low,
Not the least of a clown, nor too much of a beau.
Be his person genteel, and engaging his air,
His temper still yielding, his soul, too, sincere;
Not a dupe to his passion 'gainst reason to move,
But kind to the sweetest, the passion of love.
Let honour, commendable pride in the sex,
His actions direct, and his principles six;
Then groundless suspicion he'll never surmise,
Nor jealousy read ev'ry glance of my eyes.

I

If such a blest youth approve my small charms, And no thought of int'rest his bosom alarms; In wedlock I'll join with a mutual desire And prudence shall cherish the wavering fire.

Thus time shall glide on, unperceiv'd in decay.

Each night shall be blissful, and happy each day;

Such a partner grant, beav'n, with my pray'r O com

Or a maid let me live, and a maid let me die. [ply!

LONG time I've enjoy'd the fost transpots of love, I've bill'd like a sparrow, or coo'd like a dove. In woodbine alcove, or in jessamin bow'r, To many fond shepherd's I've listened an hour, But now for such pleasures I care not a rush, One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Young Colin's careffes inspir'd me with joy,
And Damon's fost vows I thought never could cloy,
With each I have sat in a fav'rite retreat,
And beheld with delight each fond swain at my feet,
But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,
One bird in the hand is worth two inthe bush.

Gay Strephon declares I'm the girl to his mind,
If he proves fincere, I'll be conftant and kind,
He vows that to morrow he'll make me his wife,
I'll fondly endeavour to bless him for life;
For all other swains now I care not a rush,
One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

LOVE's a bubble, courting trouble,
Whilft we love and love in vain;
When 'tis over, is the lover,
Now we've got him, worth the gain?

Is love treasure, is it pleasure,
That can pay whole years of care?
Is the bleffing worth careffing?
Speak, ye swains, and own, ye fair.

Kind, ye're pleafing; coy, we're teizing; Love's a fond fatiguing chace; Smiles deceive us, hopes relieve us, Hearts our sport from place to place, Cupid smiling, life beguiling, Tempts us with the playful toy; Oft denying, oft complying, Love's our tormenr and our joy.

LEAVE party disputes, your attention I pray,
All you who to mirth are inclin'd,
And of those I dislike when you hear what I say,
You may guess at the man to my mind.

Ye felf-loving coxcombs, whose fondness is seen
From the form your false mirrours display,
When you talk of a passion, as nothing you mean,
So all goes for nothing you say.

No pretention I boast to the aukward young heir, Tho' born to a wealthy estate, Who paying no court to the charms of the fair, Buys a wife, like a call, by her weight.

The old batter'd rake fure no woman can love, Who has long reckon'd marriage a curfe; Tho' his great condescention he's ready to prove, By his taking a wife for a nurse.

A fool for a husband some semales have chose,
And repentance oft rues what is past,
Tho' he turns for a season which way the wind blows
The weathercock's rusty at last.

But the man that hath sense, with a heart that's sin-Where passion and reason agree, [cere, Whose fortune's sufficient to combat with care, —Can't you guess at the lover for me?

LONG, long I despair'd a young shepherd to find,
Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the wind;
But at last I have got a dear lad to my mind;
Oh! I never can part with my Willy:

We hied to the altar last Midsummer-day;
I blush'd all the while, and scarce knew what to say;
But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey:
Can I do any less by my Willy?
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His breath is as fragrant as fresh morning air;
His face than the rose is more ruddy. I swear;
And his kisses as sweet—oh! beyond all compare!
There is not such a lad as my Willy.

With him none pretends to pipe or to play,
But what tender foft things does the shepherd not say?
With ease I am sure, he might steal hearts away:
But I'll never distrust thee, dear Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain, and hung down my head, How kindly he watch'd me! what tears did he shed! He ne'er left me a moment till sickness was sled: Can I ever forget thee, dear Willy.

Should death from my fight tear the shepherd so true, Let him take, ir he chuses, then, me away too; For why should I tarry, or what could I do, Should I lose such a lad as my Willy.

LOVE, thou bane of foft content;
Love, thou inauspicious guest;
Say, say, oh! why thy shaft was sent
To this once peaceful breast?
Sweet, at first, I thought the passion,
Fancy still new joys could see;
Now how sad an alteration,
Damon sies from love and me.

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Thus Sylvia, in the conscious grove,
All sweetly plaintive mourn'd,
When Damon chanc'd that way to rove,
And to the nymph return'd:
It sigh'd repentance at her feet,
She smil'd upon the swain;
and each fond heart responsive beat
To love and joy again.

If father and mother (what ail them!)
Pretend I'm too young to be wed;
hey expect, but in troth I shall fail them,
That I finish my chairs and my bed.
atto fay;
rovided our minds are but cherry,

Wooden chairs wo'not argue a glove,

Any bed will hold me and my deary, The main chance in wedlock is love.

My father, when ask'd if he'd lend us
An horse to the parson to ride:
In a wheel barrow offer'd to send us,
And John for the sootman beside.

Wou'd we never had afk'd him! for whip it,
To the church, tho' two miles and a half;
Twice as far 'twere a pleasure to trip it,
But then how the people wou'd laugh!

The neighbours are nettled most sadly:
Was e'er such a forward, bold thing!
Sure girl never acted so madly!
Thro' the parish these backbitings ring.

Yet I will be married to-morrow,

And charming young Harry's the man:
My brother's blind nag we can borrow,

And he may prevent us that can.

Not waiting for parents confenting, My brother took Nell of the green; Yet both far enough from repenting, Now live like a king and a queen.

Pray, when will your gay things of London Produce such a strapper as Nell? Their wives by their husbands are undone, As Saturday's newspapers tell.

Poll Barnley said, over and over,
I soon shou'd be left in the lurch:
For Harry she knew was a rover,
And never wou'd venture to church.

And I know the forrows that wound her!

He courted her once he confest;

With another too great when he found her,

He bid her take them she lik'd best.

But all that are like her, or wou'd be,
May learn from my Harry and me,
If maids would be maids while they should be,
How faithful their sweethearts wan'd be.

My

My mother fays, cloathing and feeding, Will foon make me fick of a brat; But, tho' I grow fick in my breeding, I care not a farthing for that.

For, if I'm not hugely mistaken, We can by the sweat of our brow, Stick a hog once a year for fat bacon, And all the year round keep a cow.

I value no dainties a button,
Coarfe food will our stomachs allay:
If we cannot get beef, veal, or mutton,
A chine and a pudding we may.

A fig for your richest brocading;
In lindsey there's nothing that's base:
Your finery soon sets a fading;
My dowlass will stand beyond lace.

I envy not wealth to the mifer,

Nor wou'd I be plagu'd with his store:

To eat all and wear all is wifer;

Enough must be better than more.

So nothing shall tempt me from Harry,
For he is as true as the sun:
Ewe with Adam was order'd to marry;
This world it should end as begun.

My Sandy is the sweetest swain
That ever pip'd on Tay;
He tends the sheep upon the plain,
And chears me all the day.

As on a mossly bank we sat,

Beneath a verdant shade,

The youth so charm'd me with his chat,

While on his bagpines play'd.

He call'd me his dear life and care, And his own Moggy, too; He vow'd by all that's good and fair, To me he will prove true.

For Sandy is a bonny swain,

And I'll be Sandy's wife;

Then bid adieu to care and pain,

And so be blest for life.

My former time, how brisk and gay,
So blith was I, as blith could be,
But now I'm sad, ah! well a-day,
For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,

Their wheedling arts are lost on me;

For I to death shall love but one,

And he, alas! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs till light return,
As mourns the dove it's absent she;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
Till my true love returns from sea.

MORE bright the fun began to dawn,
The merry birds to fing,
And flow'rets dappled o'er the lawn,
In all the pride of fpring;
When for a wreath young Damon stray'd,
And smiling to me brought it;
Take this, he cry'd, my dearest maid;

I blush'd the present to receive, And thank'd him o'er and o'er; When soft he sigh'd, bright fair, forgive, I must have something more:

And who, aye who'd have thought it.

One kind sweet kiss will pay me best, So earnestly he sought it, I let him take it, I protest,

And who, aye who'd have thought it!

A fwain that woo'd with so much art,

No nymph could long distain;
A secret stame soon touch'd my heart,
And stuss' ev'ry vein:
'Twas love inspir'd the pleasing change,

From his my holom caught it;
'Twas trange indeed, 'twas passing strange,
And who, aye who'd have thought it!

Hark ! Hymen calls, the thepherd cry'd; Let us, my dear comply; W

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Weinstant went, with love our guide,
And bound the nuptial tie:
And ever fince that happy day,
As mutual warmth has taught it,
We fondly kis, and sport and play,
And who, aye who'd have thought it?

My mother cries, Betfy be fhy,
Whenever the men would intrude:
I know not her meaning, not I,
But I'd take her advice—if I could.

Alexis stept up t'other day
To kiss me, and ask'd if he shou'd;
Pray what cou'd a shepherdess say?
But I'd fain have said no—if I could.

My mother remembers the time
When she like a vestal was mew'd
Now this, I conceive, was a crime,
And I'd not be serv'd so—if I cou'd.

If I'm with Alexis she'll chide;
She says he perhaps may be rude:
I will not pretend to decide,
But I fancy he would—if he cou'd.

Last Moy-morn I tript o'er the plain; He saw me, and quickly pursu'd; I heartily laugh'd at the swain; I'd catch you, he cry'd—if I cou'd.

Well foon he o'ertook my best haste,
And swore he'd be constant and good;
I vow I'll live decent and chaste;
But I'd marry the swain—if I cou'd.

My cautious mother, t'other day,
Cry'd, Polly, mind me, do;
Isaw young Damon come this way,
And fear he came to you:
You know he's gay, and thought a rake,
So never welcome make him.
Thus I got scolded for his sake,
I wish the deuce may take him.

It's true I met him in a grove,
He gently class'd my hand,
Then sigh'd, and talk'd more things of love
Than I could understand;
And who'd have thought, hat we were seen?
But of such tricks I'll break him;
If he won't tell me what they mean,
The deuce, sure, ought to take him.

I often feel my bosom glow
With warmth I never knew,
If this be love that haunts me so,
What can a virgin do?
Indeed, for pipe, for dance and song,
'Gainst ev'ry swain I'd take him,
But if he tantalizes long.
I hope the deuce will take him.

They fay from wedlock fprings delight,
Then let him fpeak his mind,
I've no objection to unite
With one fo fond and kind:
My mother, tho' too apt to pry,
To d foblige I'm lothe,
Howe'er I'll wed, then all her cry
Will be, deuce take you both.

NIGHT, to lovers joys a friend, Swintly thy affiftance lend; Lock up envious, feeing day, Bring the willing youth away; Hafte, and speed the tedious hour, To the secret happy bow'r: Then, my heart, for bliss prepare, They sis surely will be there.

See the hateful day is gone,
Welcome evening now comes on;
Soon to meet my dear I fly,
None but love shall then be by;
None shall dare to venture near,
To tell the plighted vows they hear;
Parting thence will be they hear;
But we'll part to meet again.

Don't you feel a pleasing smart, Gently stealing to your heart? Fondly hope, and sondly sigh? For, my shepherd oft do I; Wish in Hymen's bands to join, I'll be your's, and you be mine? Tell me, Thyrsis, tell me this, Tell me, then, and tell me yes.

Farewel, loit'ring idle day!
To my dear I hie away;
On the wings of love I go,
He the ready way will show:
Peace, my beeff, nor danger fear,
Love and Thyrsis both are near;
'Tis the youth! I'm sur 'cis he!
Night, how much I owe to thee.

ONE midfummer morning, when nature look'd gay,
The birds full of fong, and the flocks full of play:
When arth feem'd to answer the smiles from above,
And all things proclaim'd it the season of love:
My mother cry'd, Nancy, come haste to the mill,
If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you will.

The freedom to use my tongue, pleas'd me no doubt; A woman, alas! would be nothing without.

I went to ard the mill without any delay,
And conn'd o'er the words I intended to say;
But when I came near it, I found it stock still;
Bless my stars, now I cry'd, huff'em rarely I will.

The miller to market that inftant was gone,
The work was all left to the care of his fon;
Now tho' I can foold well as any one can,
Yet I thought 'twould be wrong to foold the young
I faid, I'm furpris'd you can use me foill; [man.
Sir, I must have my corn ground, I must and I will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the neglect is not mine, No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine, There's no one more eeady in pteasing the fair, The mill shall go merrily round, I declare:

But hark how the birds fing, and fee how they bill, Now I must have a kis first I must and I will.

My corn being done, I to'ardhome bent my way;
He whisper'd he'd someihing of moment to say,
Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
And there swore he lov'd me, indeed and indeed;
And that he'd be constant and true to me still,
So that fince that I've lik'd him, and like him I wills

I often fay, mother, the miller I'll huff;
She laughs, and cries, go girl, aye plague him enough;
And fearce a day paffes, but by her defire,
I fteal a fly kifs from the youth I admire.
If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fulfil;
And I'll answer, oh yes, with a hearty good will.

On Tay's green banks I'll boldly tell.
The love I have for Jockey,
Attend my fong, each blythrome belle,
And shepherd's hither flosk ye.
I gave my heart to that fond swain,
Who won it of me fairly;
I'd do't if twere to do again,
I love him still so dearly.

His manners foft, tho' ftrong his mind,
Not fickle like the weather,
Not crofs to-day, to-morrow kind,
And lighter than a feather;
His words and actions both agree,
His temper's warm, not heady:
He's always good and just to me,
To love and honour fleady.

For his own felf, I like my fwain,
I know his worth and nature:
I'll give him not a moment's pain,
Nor wrong fo fweet a creature.
No girl on Tweed, on Clyde, or Spay,
Is born to fo much pleasure,
As is the merry lass of Tay,
Or closer hugs her treasure.

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WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the kye And a' the weary warld asseep is gane; [at hame, The waes of my hears fall in show'rs fra' my e'e, While my gude man sleeps sound by me.

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Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his But saving a crown he had naithing else beside [bride To make the crown a pound my Jamie went to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me, He had na been game a year and a day, [stole a way When my faither brake his arm, and our cow was My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea, And Auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My faither cou'd na work, & my mither cou'd na spin toiled day and night but their bread I cou'd na win Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in hise'e, said, Jeanie, for their sakes, oh marry me:
My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back, But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wreck His ship was a wreck, why did na Jamie die, and why was he spared to cry wae is me?

My sather wer'd me said het my mither did no seals.

And why was he spared to cry wae is me?

My father urg'd me sair, but my mither did na speak
But she lookt in my face till my heart was like to break
to they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at sea,
And Auld Robin Gray was a gude man to me:
had na been a wise, but weeks only four,
When sitting sa mournfully out my ain door,
saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I could na think it he,
Till he said I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

air, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,

lair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say, We took but a kiss, and we tore ourselves away, wish I were dead, but I'm na like to die, Dh, why was I born to say, wae is me? I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin, dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin; to I will do my best a gude wife to be, for Auld Robin Gray is sa kind to me.

THE simmer it was smiling, nature round was gay, When Jeanie was attending on Auld Robin Gray; or he was sick at heart, and had na friend beside, but only me, poor Jeanie, who newly was his bride.

Ah Jeanie! I shall die, he cry'd, as sure as I had birth? Then see my poor au'd banes, pray, laid into the earth? And be a widow for my sake a twelvemonth & a day? And I will leave whate'er belongs to Auld Robin Gray? I laid poor Robin in the earth, as decent as I cou'd, And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very gude, I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I figh'd Ah wae is me what shall I do since poor Auld Robin died Search ev'ry part theo' out the land there's none like

I'm ready e'en to ban the day, that ever I was born, For Jamie all I lov'd on earth; ah! he is gone away My faither & my mither's dead & eke Auld Robin Gray I rose up with the morning sun & spun till setting day And one whole year of widowhood I mournd for Robin I did the duty of a wise both kind & constant too [Gray Let ev'ry one example take and Jeanie's plan pursue. I thought that Jamie he was dead or he to me was lost, And all my fond and youthful love entirely was crost. I tried to sing, I tried to laugh, and pass the time away For I had not a friend alive since died Auld Robin Gray At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'd na guess [the cause,

Yet Rodney was the man they faid who got to much ap-

I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me, And shew'd a purse of golden ore, & said it is for thee, Auld Robiu Gray I find is dead & still your heart is true. Then take me Jeanie to your arms, & I will be so too. Mess John shal join us at the kirk & we'll be blirh & gay I blush'd, consented, & replied, adieu to Robin Gray.

Twas in the dead of night, soon after Jeanie wed And wi her faithful Jamie was sleeping in her bed, A hollow voice she heard which call'd her to awake, And listen to the words would be utter'd for her sake. She started from her sleep, her bosom beat wi fear, When the ghaist of Robin Gray before her did appear, He wav'd his shadowy hand, and thus to her did say, Ah Jeanie! list awhile, to your Auld Robin Gray.

I do not come, dear Jean, your conduct to reprove, Or interrupt the joys you share in Jamie's love,

Rie

His honest beart deserves whatever he can receive. Since he has fought sa nobly & would not you deceive Still let his courage rise, his country's foes to quell, To you he safe shall come again, the fates now bid

With Howe as well as Rodney his valor he'll display
If you will but believe the ghaift of Robin Gray

And Jeanie must submit your virtue is your guard,
For fortune has in store for you a high & rich reward.
The haughty Done subdued with Holland & with France
Your Jamie with fresh laurels crown'd will to your
[wish advance

Then let him haste wiell his speed to join a noble fleet
Tho' danger does appear in view no harm shall
[ Jamie meet

But joyful shall return again upon a future day.

As you may sure believe the ghaist of Robin Gray.

YE gales that gently wave the fea,
And please the canny boatman,
Bear me fra' hence, or bring to me,
My blyth, my bonny scotman:
In holy bands we join'd our hands,
Yet may not that discover,
While parents rate a large estate,
Before a faithful lover.

But I would chuse in highland glens,
To herd the kid and goat-man,
E'er I cou'd for such little ends
Resuse my bonny Scotman:
Was worth the man who first began
The base ungen'rous fashion;
From greedy views, love's art to use,
Whilst stranger to its passion.

Fra' foreign fields my lovely youth,
Haste to thy longing lassie;
Who pants to kis thy baimy mouth,
And in her bosom press thee.
Love gives the word, then haste on board,
Fair wind and gentle boatman,
Wast o'er, wast o'er, from yonder shore,
My blyth, my bonny scotman.

I HE foortiman goes out with his dog & his gun' To kill all the game till the day-light is gone, My pleasure's to spare all the birds I can get, For I catch them alive, and they're fafe in my net. The men are my birds, for whom spread is my snare, I can judge of their merit the best when they're there And if they have nothing my heart to engage, I lofe not a twelvemonth in making a cage. If they whiftle and fing, and my faney employ, I'm glad of my prize, and grow fond of my toy, If their plumage is gaudy, and fweet is their fong, I can fee, and can hear the dear things all day long. But if they delight not my eye nor my ear. If too fqualling their notes for my patience to hear; If they are not worth keeping, I e'en let them go, A cage is too good for a magpie or crow. If the lark, thrush, or nightingale, bullfinch, or wren Who're the witty, the tuneful, the gay among men, Will fly to my net, I'll draw tight if I can. In a cage place my captive-I mean my fweet man.

THREE lads contended for my heart,
Each boafted different charms and grace,
Young Hul cou'd fing with tafte and art,
Beau Jemmy sported frogs and lace.
Blith Willy was a foldier brave,
Who fear'd not scars or deaths or wounds.
His country or his love to fave,
When Britain's filver trumper founds.

Now fear is rous'd by war's alarms,
And threat'ning foes each hour arife,
I fcorn young Harry's vocal chaims,
And mafter Jemmy I despife;
I love my Willy, bold and brave,
He heeds not fcars, or death, or wounds,
His country or his love to fave,
When Britain's filver trumpet founds.

In piping times of peace, a beau,

Dear girls, may idle thoughts employ;

But now, while threaten'd by each foe,

Be wife, and throw away the toy:

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Take my advice, love him that's brave,
Who fears not scars, or death, or wounds;
So may your smiles your country save,
While Britain's silver taumpet sounds;

Young Jocky blyth at early dawn,
Starts fresh and fair as roses blawn,
Then o'er the dewy lawn he roves,
And greets the lass he dearly loves.
Sweet smells the birk, green grows the grass;
Dear Jug will nathing move thee,
Be kind, be true, my bonny lass,
I only live to love thee.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I'd die for your dear fake,
From every other business free,
My life and love shall follow thee.
Sweet smells the birk, &c.

Time's on the wing and will not flay,
In fining fun let's make our hay;
While love does at his altar fland,
Give me your heart, Oh! give your hand.
Sweet fmells the birk, &c.

As Daphne fat beneath a shade,
To keep her sheep from straying,
It is a pleasing thing, she said,
To live without obeying.
It is a pleasing thing, Sc.

How pleasant is a fingle life,
"Tis far beyond expression!
But she, that is become a wife,
Needs pity and compassion.

She bids adieu to all her joy,
When matrimony binds her
To one, who does his thoughts employ
In ftriving to confine her.

How pleafant then is liberty,
When none can e'er molest them,
And they are fools who don't live free,
When fortune so has blest them.

A CURSE attends that woman's love,
Who always would be pleafing;
The pertners of the biling dove,
Like tickling is but teafing.

What then in love can woman do?

If we grow fond they thun us;

And when we fly them, they purfue,

But leave us when they've won us.

AH! why did Jocky gang away,
And leave his love behind him,
So far in diffant climes to ffray,
When Jane could never find him?
Where thund'ring cannons they do roar
And drums fo loudly rattle;
Where verdant fields are all in gore,
By some most furious battle,
By some most furious battle.

Ye guardian pow'rs, my Jocky fave,
When danger's fix'd around him;
For oh! in arms 'cis known how brave
His lairds have always found him.
There's ne'er a lad in au the town
Can boast his equal merit;
He'il ever fight for England's crown,
With loyalty and spirit.

Oh! had I known the cruel war
So long had kept my laddy,
I'd gang with him though e'er so far,
In au my best of pladdy;
But, hark! I hear the fifes, the drums,
Oh! joy beyond expressing;
My lovely soldier, see! he comes,
I'll fly for to cares him.

As I went o'er the meadows, no matter the day,
A shepherd I met who came tripping that way;
I was going to fair all so bonny and gay,
He ask'd me to let him go 'long with me there;
No harm shall come to you, young damsel, I swear;
I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

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You've a good way to go, it is more than a mile, We'll reft, if you please, when we get to you stiles I've a story to tell, that will charm you the while. To go with him farther I did not much care; But still I went on, not suspecting a snare, For I dream'd of a fairing to come from the fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he could:

I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good;

For I'd not for the world, he should dare to be rude.

Young Roger had promis'd and baulk'd me last year;

If he should do so, I would go no more there,

Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from the sair.

When we got to the stile, he would scarce be said no, He pres'd my soft lips, as if there he would grow; (Take care how that way with a shepherd you go). Confounded I ran, when I found out his snare; No ribbon, I cry'd, from such hands will I wear, Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the sair.

As t'other day milking I fat in the vale, Young Damon, came up, to address his soft tale, So sudden I started, and gave him a frown. [down. For he frighted my cow, and my milk was kick'd

Lord blefs me! fays I, what-a-deuce can you mean? To come thus upon me, unthought of, unseen, I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend; For, as mischief began, perhaps mischief may end.

I little thought now, he'd his passion advance; But pretty excuses made up the mischance; He begg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him, I vow; And I laid, my own self, all the fault on my cow.

How many ways love can the besom invade!
His bait, prov's too strong, alas! for a maid.
He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at,
But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

I flutter all other when'er he comes nigh;
For, if he should press, I should jurely comply,
And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells,
Tho' he slings down my milk, or does any thing else.

BLAB not what you ought to fmother,
Honour's laws should facred be;
Boasting favours from another,
Ne'er will favour gain with me.

But, inspir'd with indignation, Sooner I'd lead apes in hell, E'er I'd trust my reputation With such fools as kifs and tell.

He who finds a hidden treasure,
Never should the same reveal;
He whom beauty crowns with pleasure,
Cautious would his joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture, Shall my fame from cenfure fave; One where truth and prudence center, And as fecret as the grave.

COME then, pining, peevish lover,
Tell me what to do and say,
From your doleful dumps recover,
Smile, and it shall have its way.

With their humours thus to teize us, Men are fure the strangest eives ! Silly creatures, would you please us, You should still seem pleas'd yourselves.

HASTE, Lorenzo, hither fly;
To my longing arms repair;
With impatience I shall die;
Come and sooth thy Jess's care,
While we, then, in wanton play,

While we, then, in wanton play, Sigh and gaze our fouls away.

HIST, hift! I hear my mother call!
Pr'ythee be gone,
We'll meet anon.—
Catch this, and this,
Blow me a kifs,
In pledge-promis'd truth, that's all.

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Farewel! and yet a moment flay,
Something befide I have to fay;
Well, 'tis forget;
No matter what.
Love grant us grace,
The mill's the place.
She calls again, I most away.

WHY will you plague me with your pain? You know fuch nonfense I disdain ! Your paffion, anguifh, tears, and fighs, And all fuch folly, I despise. If I but frown, you lay, you die ; Sure frowns can never hurt a fly: But fince my fmiles fuch bleffings prove. I'll ever fmile at you and love. You fay that I am all divine, My eyes the brighteft ftare outshine; And I of charms have fuch a ftore, As never girl poffefs'd before: And when I am as mad as you, I may believe it to be true; But never, till that time shall be, Let me hear more of love or thee.

I AM a young maid,
That's forely afraid,
I shall die one, though now woman grown,
Take pity, ye fwains,
On one who complains,
She is weary of lying alone.
When scarce ten years old,

When scarce ten years old,
I oft have been told
By my playmates in strange dismal tone;
Of terrible sprites,
That haunt the dark nights,
Makes me fearful of lying alone.

Then here I now fland,
And ready my hand,
To bestow on the youth who shall own,
He's willing for life,
To make me his wife,
That I may not lie tonger alone.

But let it suffice,
I somewhat am nice,
Then the marks of my choice I'll make known,
Unless I can find,
The lad to my mind,
I had rather by half lie alone.

The haughty and vain,
Alike I difdain,
The pert fool and infensible drone;
The brave and the wife,
Are virtues I prize,
And shall tempt me from lying alone:

And when once posses'd

Of him I like best,
I'd not envy Queen Charlotte her throne;
But chearfully join,
At love's purple shrine

Make amends for my lying alone.

I AM a young virgin, who oft has been told I should try to get married, before I'm too old, I took their advice, and got one in my eye, Who if I can't have, I'm afraid I shall die.

Young Thyrsis is witty, well-featur'd and tall, His fellow swains own that he outdoes them all. When first I beheld him, I cannot tell why, I thought I was going that moment to die.

If through the recesses of you filent grove, Or over the meadows I happen to rove, And see my dear shepherd at distance pass by, I tremble all o'er, and am ready to die.

When he plays on his pipe to the lambkins around, I fly to the place where I hear the bleft found:
Oh! Thyrsis! sweet youth! to myself then I cry, I'd listen to thee, was I going to die.

Last Saturday eve, I remember the day, I caught him saluting Clarinda the gay, That I envy'd each kis, I will not deny, And servently pray'd that my rival might die.

Come Hymen, and lend a poor damsel your aid, Who without your assistance must die an old maid, To all my fond wishes make Thyrsis comply. And if I don't have him. I wish I may die.

- 204 -Y E virgin pow'rs defend my heart From amorous looks and fmiles a From fauey love, or nicer art. Which most our fex beguiles.

From fighs and vows, and awful fears, That do to pity move; From speaking silence, and from tears, Those springs that water love.

But if thro' paffion I grow blind, Let honour be my guide; And when frail nature feems inclin'd. There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure, Needs ev'ry virtue's aid: And the who thinks herfelf fecure, The foonest is betray'd.

- 295 INDEED, forfooth, a preity youth, To play the am'rous fool; At fuch an age, methinks your rage, Might be a little cool. Fie, let me go, Sir, Kifs me !- No, no, Sir. You pull me and shake me. For what do you take me, This figure to make me? I'd have you to know I'm not for your game, Sir,

Nor will I be tame, Sir, Lord, have you no hame, Sir; To tumble one fo. 296 .

IT is I believe, next Hollantide eve, A twelvemonth fince first I began To hold up my head, in love to be read, And to confirme the looks of a man.

Young Damon I faw; he kifs'd me, oh la! I vow thro' my bosom it ran; My lips he fo press'd, 'tis true I protest. That I thought him a deuce of a man.

Philander the gay, I met at the play. My heart beat a furious rattan; Because you must know, I some time ago Had hopes of his being the man.

Brifk Strephon came next, but then I was vex'd. He play'd with Miss Phillis's fan : I own to be fure, I could not endure. To fee myfelf robb'd of a man.

My mother and aunts, ftill watching my haunts, Obstruct me as much as they can, But what do I care, I vow and declare, I'll fit myfelf foon with a man.

- 297 O LOVE! thou bitter foe to reft, Who haft, within this harmless breaft, So home the fick'ning arrow fent; Relieve a poor unwary maid, Who, fondly gazing, was betray'd, Nor knew what felf delufion meant.

Since cuftom, cruel to the fair, Forbids my passion to declare, Affift, blind god of foft defire; To thy omnipotence I kneel; Let him my fecret anguish feel, And burn for me with equal fire;

Then if the lovely youth appear, By turns inclin'd to hope and fear, And tenderly his paffion move, My heart shall flutter to his fight, With gentle looks I'll meet his eyes, And never, never, cease to love.

- 208 I IME has not thinn'd my flowing hair, Nor bent me with his iron hand, Ah! why fo foon the bloffem bear, E're autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the chearful day, 'Till many a year has o'er me roll'd, Pleas'd let me trifle life away, And fing of love e'er I grow old.

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WHY with fighs my heart is fwelling,
Why with tears my eyes o'erflow,
Afk me not 'tis paft the telling,
Mute involuntary woe.

Who to winds and waves a firanger,
Vent'rous tempts the inconftant feas;
In each billow fancies danger,
Shrinks at every rifing breeze.

WITH fweet words and looks fo tender,
Well you have your flame express'd,
And conjure me to furrender,
All you wish to make me bless'd.

Say, for yet I'm not complying,
If bright honour fways your mind,
Then there can be no denying;
When you ask I must be kind.

WOULD you taste of freedom's charms,

Zara courts thee to her arms;

Distress, like thine, should pity move,

And pity's ray should kindle love,

For my heart adopts thy woes,

Melting, thrilling, as it glows;

Leave thy cell, and follow me,

Love and Zara let thee free.

YOU ask me in vain, of what ills I complain, Where harbours the terment I find; In my head, in my heart, it invades ev'ry part, And subdues both my body and mind.

Each effort I try, ev'ry med'cine apply,
The pangs of my foul to appeare;
But doom'd to endure, what I mean for a cure,
Turns poison and feeds the disease.

YOUNG Colin fought my heart to gain The shepherd, lost in love, Each morning woo'd me on the plain, Each noon within the grove; Yet my denial still was this,

Pshaw! Man, I can't endure you;

And if he offer'd but a kiss,

Such rudeness! I'll assure me, I'll assure you,

Such rudeness, I'll assure you.

For twenty youths (not he alone)

The am'rous flame confess'd;

And had I once been kind to one,

I'm fure I'd lost the rest:

Beside, he us'd no pretty arts,

But sagely wou'd allure me;

While others talk'd of slames and darts;

'Twas pretty—I'll assure ye,

'Twas pretty, &c.

My face, my form, were praifed aloud,
My wit new conquests fir'd;
And 'twas enough to make one proud
To be so much admir'd;
At length, restection shew'd the fate
Such flatt'sy might procure me,
And virtue warn'd to shun the bait,
Nor vainly—I'll assure ye,
Nor vainly, &c.

I bid the fighing train depart;
This maxim pleas'd to prove,
That flatt'ry fills the fenfual heart,
But truth the heart of love:
Young Colin, wont in vain to plead,
Of vanity to cure me,
Now woo'd again; and now indeed
I lov'd him, I'll affire ye,
I lov'd him, &c.

I blam'd myself such scorn, to bear
To merit now so clear:
By my exam, le, learn, ye fair,
To prize the youth sincere:
We instant join'd the nuptial tie;
He raptur'd to ensure me;
And, trust me, damsels, when you try,
'Twill charm you, I'll affure you,
'Twill charm you, &c.

Young Damon strives my love to gain, He sighs, he sickens but in vain; His looks express a heart felt pain, And mine returns a cold distain.

Unhappy Damon! thus to love, What never was design'd above.

Sincere, I told him o'er and o'er, I'd pledg'd my word and truth before, And beg'd he would perplex no more; His sighs were vain, more vain his pow'r. Unhappy Damon! thus to love,

When you persuade the constant dove To leave her mate, inconstant prove, And through the desert woodlands rove, Then i'll deceive the swain I love! But ne'er till then will I agree To quit my love, who loves like me.

What never was defign'd above.

How cruelly fated is woman to woe,
Too weak to contend fill befet by the foe; [fuccefs.
Tho' each wish we conceiv'd should be crown'd with
What would flow from these wishes but care & diffress

For love intervenes, and fancy's gay scenes,
Alas, are clouded all o'er,

The fun quits the fkies, hope fickens and dies, Heigh ho! the heart fays no more.

Tho' beauty and riches together conspire
To flatter our pride, and fulfil each defire;
Nor beauty nor riches give peace to the breast
Which passion has tortur'd, and grief has oppress'd.
For love, Sc.

YE happy nymphs, whose harmless hearts, No fatal forrows prove, Who never knew men's faithless arts, Or felt the pangs of love.

If dear contentment is a prize,
Believe not what they fay;
Their specious tales are all disguise,
Invented to betray.

From cates how can we fly, When our fond fex is all belief, And man is all a lye.

WHERE shall a love-sick virgin find,
The sweet, composed, contented mind,
When passions raging like the wind,
Distract her tender soul.
A parent's arbitrary voice,

Missed by riches glitt'ring toys,
Denies the freedom of her choice,

And ev'ry wish controul.

O smiling liberty, appear!

Thou only canst relieve my care,

Dispel each doubt, each gloomy fear,

And every pain remove;

Come, like a soft refreshing breeze,

In gentle whispers give me ease,

From every grief my soul release,

And waft me to my love.

NO swain ever prov'd half so faithful and free,
As Will of the Green has long prov'd unto me,
A youth so endearing, my heart must approve,
And Willy's the lad that demands all my love.

When he is but near, and my lambs all at play,
Dull winter appears full as pleasant as May;
So kindly he treats me, so manly his love,
Young Willy's the lad that my heart must approve.
Should he prove but true, and will take me for life,
E're summer is gone, he shall make me his wise;
For worth like to his ev'ry heart must approve,
And Willy's the lad that demands all my love.

I DO as I will with my swain,
He never once thinks I am wrong,
He likes none so well on the plain,
I please him so much with my song.
A song is the shepherd's desight,
He hears me with joy all the day;

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0 gi He fi And He's forry when comes the dull night, That hastens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once opprest,
He ask'd me to sooth him the while;
My voice set his mind all to rest,
And the shepherd would instantly smile to
Since when, or in mead, or in grove,

By his flocks, or the clear river's fide,
I fing my best fongs to my love,

And to charm him is grown all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,
No treasures of nature and art;
But my voice that had gain'd on his ear,
Soon found out the way to his heart:
To try if that voice wou'd not please,
He took me to join the gay throng;
I won the rich prize all with ease,
And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But let me not jealoufy raife,

I wish to enchant but my swain;
Enough then for me is his praise,

I fing but for him the lov'd strain.
When youth, wealth, and beauty may fail,
And your shepherds clude all your skill;
Your sweetness of song may prevail,
And gain all your swains to your will.

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How happy was I my blith Jocky to fee,
When down at the brook he first bent on his knee,
To gi' me a drink wi' fweet looks on his een,
And hail'd me of a' he had met for his queen;
Such beauties he faid were my een and my hair,
As none on the green cou'd wi' me e'er compare;
His hand and his flock, his true love beside,
Shou'd a' be mine ain, gin I'd be his bride.

Daft lad, I replied, wi'thy flocks never part,
To the lass that wou'd meanly dispose of her heart,
For thine I but fought in return for mine ain,
O gi'me but that and thy flocks I distain a
He fighing replied, I had it long fin,
And he had his wish in possessing of mine;

My hand I then gi'm without thought of his flocks' While even the brook murmur'd faithful Jock

WHAT bard, oh time, discover,
With wings first made thee move,
Ah! fure he was some dover,
Who ne'er had left his love.
For who that once did prove,
The pangs which absence brings,
Tho' but one day, he were away,
Could picture thee with wings.
Tho' but one day, &c.

By him we love offended, How foon our anger flies, One day apart 'tis ended, Behold him and it dies.

Last night your roving brother,
Enrag'd I bad depart,
And fure his rude presumption,
Deserv'd to lose my heart,
Yet were he now before me,
In spite of injur'd pride,
I sear my eyes wou'd pardon,
Before my tongue could chide.
By him we love, &c.

With truth the bold deceiver,

To me thus oft has faid,
In vain would Clara flight me,
In vain the would upbraid;
No toorn those lips discover,
Where dimples laugh the while,
No frowns appear resentful,
Where heaven has flamp'd a smile.
By him we love, &c.

COME, my gallant foldier, come,
To the call of Cupid's drum;
Tho' my honour be engag'd,
Rescue now thy love besieg'd.
Come, my gallant, &c.

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Dow.

Down of doses, thy cost of mail
Soften founds thy triumph hail;
Myrtle wreaths, thy brows entwine,
And that pleasing task be mine.
Come my gallant, &c.

Mush'd the frumpet's brasen throat, Hark? the flure's melodious note: Mars shall sleep, and discord cease, All is harmony and peace. Come my gallant, &c.

- 314 SAYS Colin to me, Ive a thought in my head, I know a young damfel I'm dying to wed. So please you quoth I-and whene'er it is done, You'll quarrel and you'll part again as fure as a gun. And so when you're married, poor am'rous wight, You'll bill it and coo it from morning till night; But truft me good Colin, you'll find it bad fun, Instead of which you'll fight & feratch as sure as a gun But should the prove fond of her own dearest love, And you be as supple, and as soft as her glove; Yet be the a faint, and as chafte as a nun. You're fasten'd to her apron strings as fure as a gun! Suppose it was you then, faid he with a leer, You would not ferve me fo, I m certain my dear, In troth I replied, I will answer for none,-But do as other women do, as fure as a gun.

Wish me joy, ye nymphs and (wains, Johnny comes to morrow, He shall quickly grad the plains, Banish care and forrow:
He had left us now too long, Robb'd us of our treasure;
But he'll bring us dance and fong, And ev'ry smiling pleasure.

If I've time I'll deck the bower, Once my swain delighting,
Twine it cound with many a flow'r, And with sweets inviting;
There he talk'd so well of love,

Won my heart from forrow:

He'll be there to-mortow.

Come, my thepbard, quickly come,
Where can thou be flaying?

Love who wants thee now at home,
Chides thy long delaying;

From to-day I'll never rove,
But be blith and bonny,

There on wings of hafte I'll rove,

For I never more shall live, Without my sweetheart Johnny.

I Once was a maiden as fresh as a rose,
And as fickle as April weather,
I laid down without care, and I wak'd with sepose,
With a heart as light as a feather.
With a heart, &c.

I work'd with the girls and I play'd with the men,
I always was romping or fpinning,
And what if they pilfer'd a kifs now and then,
I hope 'twas not very great finning.
I hope, &c.

I wedded a husband as young as my felf,
And for every frolic as willing,
Together we laugh'd when we had any pelf,
And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling.
And we, Se.

He's gone to the ware, heav'n fend him a prize,
For his pains he is welcome to fpend it,
My example I know is more merry than wife,
Lord help me I never shall mend it.
Lord help me, &c.

When wars alarms entic'd my Willy from me,
My poor heart with grief did figh,
Each fond remembrance brought fresh forrow on me,
'Woke e're yet the morn was nigh,
No other could delight him:
Ah! why did I ere slight him,
Coldly answ'ring his fond tale,
Which drove him far,
Amid the rage of war,
And left filly me thus to bewail.

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But I no longer, though a maid forfaben,

Thus will mourn like yonder dove,

For ere the lark to morrow shall awaken,

I will feek my abfent love,

The hostile country over,

I'll fly to feek my lover,

Scorning ev'ry thesat'ning fear,

Nor distant shore,

Nor cannons roae,

THE fife and drum found morrily,
A foldier, a foldier's the lad for me,
With my true love I foon will be,
For who fo kind, fo true as he,
With him in every toil I'll share,
To please him shall be all my care,

Shall longer keep me from my dear.

Each peril I'll dare, All hardfhips I'll bear; For a foldier, a foldier's the lad for me.

Then if kind heaven preserve my love,
What rapturous joy shall his Nancy prove,
Swift thro' the camp shall my footsteps bound,
To meet my William with conquest crown's,
Close to my faithful hosem press,
Soon shall be hush his cares to rest,

Clasp'd in these arms,
Forget war's plarms,
For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

To ease my heart I own'd my flame,
And much I fear I was to blame;
For the love's force we're doom'd to feel,
The heart its weakness should conceal.

The blush that speaks the soften'd mind, The sigh that notes the wish behind; The tear which down the cheek will steal, With cautious art we should conceal.

And yet if honour guides the youth, And welcome love is led by truth, With joy at Hymen's parch we kneed, Nor firing our weakings to conceat: LORD, what care I for mam or dad?

Why let 'em feold and bellow,

For while I live, I'll love my lad,

He's fuch a charming fellow.

The last fair day on Gander green, The youth, he dane'd so well-o, So spruse a lad was never seen, As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was fomewhat mellow;
Says he my dear, ill fee you home—
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
Says he, if you'll not tell o,
I'll kiss you here by this good light—
Lord what a charming fellow.

You rogue, fays I, you've stopp'd my breath, Ye bells ring out my knell o, Again I'd die so sweet a death, With such a charming fellow.

WoE betide each tender fair,
Who now beholds you must adore you;
Such a shape, and such an air,
Will make each beauty fall before you.

Narcissus fate and yours were one,
Could you but your own charms discover,
You'd die as many a fop has done,
Only of himself a lover.

PATIE is a lower gay,
His brow is never cloudy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy;
Shape is handsome, middle fize,
He's stately in his walking,
The shining of his e'en forprize,
'Tis heav'n to hear him talking,

me.

Last night I met him on the bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There many a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing,
He kis'd and vow'd he wad he mine,
And lov'd me best of ony,
That gave me leave to sing sa fine,
O corn riggs they are bonny.

Let maidens of a filly mind,
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd;
We chastely should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pat,
And soon my cockernonny,
He's free to towale air or late,
Where corn riggs they are bonny.

When May day buds on trees were seen,
And flow rets deck'd the ground,
When my last birth-day told nineteen,
And time came smiling round:
My mother oft, with anxious care,
With how, and where, and when,
Wou'd tell of many a wily snare
That she had 'scap'd from men.
Then bade me shun young Jockey's art,
From his embraces sty,
Lest he should seal my simple heart,
But no, indeed, not I.

His bair was flaxen, and he sung,
Like any nightingale;
His cheeks were rosy, and his tongue
Told many a flatt'ring tale:
He met me here, he met me there,
With kifs, and song, and smile;
At mill and meadow, wake and sair,
And at the milking stile.
B, chance, as 'twere, at night or noon,
To find him I would sty;
Yet if he ask'd the smallest boon,
'Twas no, indeed, not I.

Poor Jocky, wen'd to be fo tese'd, Refolv'd my love to prove ; No more the fraggling hifthe feiz'd. Nor fought me in the grove; He toy'd with Jenny on the green, He gave her kiffes three; By Bridget of the brook 'twas feen, Twas Bridget told it me ! She bade me fhun young Jocky's art, From his embraces fly, Left he should seal my tender heart, But no, indeed, not I. At length he afk'd of me to wed. With many a tender vow; I fmil'd. I fimper'd, hung my head, And look'd, I fearce know how: I wish'd, I fear'd, I fcarce knew what; He blufh'd, and begg'd, and figh'd, He press'd, and faid, You'll furely not Refuse to be my bride? Lord help me! how could I refrain? Twere finful too to lye; So when he asked that again, "I was no, indeed, not I. - 124 With downcast looks and fighing; Yet never caught me in the mood For foftness or complying ;

FOR twice twelve months had Harry sued,
With downcast looks and sighing;
Yet never caught me in the mood
For softness or complying;
'Till told by Phillis of the grove
(And she I hop'd was joking)
Her sister Susan heard his love,
Now was not that provoking?
Till told by, &c.

Next ev'ning, ere the sun was down,
To Susan's cot I hied me,
A little after came the clown,
He simper'd when he spied me t
Convinc'd what Phillis said was true,
With passion almost choaking,
I bit my lips, he smil'd on Sue;
Now was not that provoking

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When, whisper'd in the ear by pride,
To see me vex'd would please him;
My anger I resolved to hide,
To flirt, be gay, and tease him;
To laugh as well as he, I try'd,
While Sue his cheek was floking,
But somehow 'twas, I believe I cry'd,
Now was not that provoking.
To laugh as well, &c.

Since when I've found out to my cost,
At home I'd best have tarry'd;
For Harry's love I've surely lost,
As he and Sue are marry'd.
Lead apes! no, that I will not do;
But I must end my croaking,
lest I should lose your patience too,
And that would be provoking.
Lead apes, &c.

TAX my tongue, it is a fhame:

Merlin, fure, is much to blame,

Nor to let it fweetly flow.

Yet the favours of the great,

And the filly maiden's fate,

Oft depend on Yes or No.

Lack a-day!

Poor Fatima!

Stinted fo.

Should I want to talk or char, Tell Urganda this or that, How shall I about it go! Let her ask me what she will, I must keep my clapper still, Striking only Yes or No.

Poor Fatima !
Stinted fo,
To Yes or No!

To Yes or No.

O! Take this wreathe my hand has wore, The pledge and emblem of my love; These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue, While you are constant, kind, and true:

But flould you, false to love and me, Wish from my fondness to be free; Forboding that my fate is nigh. Each grateful flow'r will droop and die.

ON Monday, young Colin, who liv'd in the dale, Came to me when milking, and carry'd my pail; He faid that he well had examin'd his mind, He'd wed me on Wednesday, if I war inclin'd; [brook And vow'd, when we came to the willow-deck'd If I doubted his truth, he'd swear on the book.

To know if my lover wou'd keep to his vow,

On Tuesday, the while he was busy at plow,

I ran to the cot of old Dorcas below,

And begg'd she wou'd tell me the thing I wou'd knows,

I gave her a sixpence I'd sav'd from my youth,

And promis'd another to come at the truth.

Her spectacles quickly she took from her side,

Examin'd my hand, ask'd me questions beside;

Then told me she saw, by a spark in my eye,

If Collin was willing, 'twas best to comply:

For in matters of love, no time's to be loft.

On Wednesday he came dizen'd out in his best,
He gave me a poiev to stick in my breast;
Then sweetly he kiss'd me, and told me the time,
And said, let us haste ere the village bell, chime.
But I, filly I, sure the worst of my kind!
Reply'd with a sneer, Sir, I've alter'd my mind.

Then faid, child do this, left your wilhes are crofe'd,

At this, with refentment becoming the fwain, He turn'd from a fool, and went off with diffain; As foon as he left me, I thought on my fate, And the words of old *Dorcas*, but ah l'twas too late! I ran to the vale, fearch'd the hamlets around, To find out my fwain, but no Colin I found.

On Thursday, so foon as the lark struck my ear, I travers'd the meads in pursuit of my dear; Sing on, pretty lack, (to the warbler I cry'd)

Thou'rt

Thou'rt happy, because thou art true to thy bride: But alas! all endeavours were idle and vain! Not one on the meadows knew aught of my swain.

When Friday was come I grew fick of my lot; I ran to the vale, and enquir'd at each cot; But successels, alas! were all efforts to me, No tidings I heard, nor no Colin cou'd see: "Twas Saturday, now, and the search I renew'd, As luckless as ever, the search I pursu'd.

On Sunday I wander'd diffracted till noon,
When the bells 'gan a peal, delightful in tune;
I flopt the first person I met in my way,
And asked the cause of their being so gay;
Who told me, this morning young Colin had been
Wedded to beautiful Doll of the green.

That inflant I ran to the green willow'd brook, Where Colin had swore to be true on a book; My garters I bound to the sturdiest bough, And had acted, ye virgins, I cannot tell how! If reason had not interpos'd with her aid, And bade me desist, for a filly young maid.

Ye maidens who hear me, ne'er act such a part, Nor reject the true swain who'd yield you his heart; Comply when he's kind, for I've known to my cost, In matters of love there's no time to be lost. Do this, and no cause in your bosom shall lurk, To make you repent of a pretty week's work.

WHEN my hero in court appears,
And stands arraign'd for his life;
Then think of poor Polly's tears;
For ah, poor Polly's his wife.
Like the sailor he holds up his hand,
Distress, on the dashing wave.
To die a dry death at land,
Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
A lack, and a well a day!
Before I was in love,
Oh! every month was May.

O'ER the feas my love is failing, Gently blow, ve eaftern gales; Love his dear apptoach is hailing, Flies to view the fwelling fails.

O'er the ocean whilft he's roving.
Who has brav'd the fultry clime,
I endure the pain of loving,
I grow fick of thought and time.

Sea n mphs all the while are playing,
Guard his vessel safe from harms;
But no more shall he be staying,
Damon's port shall be my asms.

ON his face the vernal role, Blended with the l.lly, glows; His locks are as the raven black, In ringlets woven down his back.

His eyes with milder beauties beam, Than billing doves befide the fiream; His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs, Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs.

His lips are of the role's hue, Still dropping with a fragrant dew; Tall as the cedar he appears, And as erect his form he bears.

Since fweet love has had possession.

Of my fond and tender breast,

Take my free and true confession.

Friendship is too cold a guest.

Love has got the whole direction,
Friendship has no longer charms;
Only mutual, strong affection,
Now my raptur'd bosum burns.

Friendship now is cool as reason,
Tasteless all it's pleasures prove;
Love's the passion now in season;
Welcome, dear bewitching love.

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SAYS Ay

SAYS Phebe, why is gentle love.
A ftranger to that mind
Which pity and efteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

ent continue

Is it because you fear to prove
The ills that love molest;
The jealous cares, the fighs that move
The captivated breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe,
We every bliss must gain;
That heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never felt a pain.

Sound the fife, beat the drum, to my ftandard repair,
All ye lads who will conquer or die;
At request of my fex, as a captain I'm here,
The men's courage and valour to try:
'Tis your king and your country now call for your
And the ladies command you to go; [aid,
By me they announce it, and you, who're afraid,
Or refuse, our vengeance shall know.

Then first to the single—these things I declare,
(So each maiden most firmly decrees,)
Not a kiss will be granted, by black, brown, or fair;
Not an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze.
To the married—if they but look glum, or say, no,

Should the monfieur dare bluster or huff, We've determin'd, nem. con. that their foreheads shall A word to the wife is enough.

These punishments we've in terrorem proclaim'd;
But still, should your courage be lacking,
As our dernier resort, this resolve shall be nam'd,
Which, egad! will soon send you all packing.
We'll the breeches assume, 'pon my honor 'tis true!
So determine, maids, widows, and wives;
First we'll march, beat the French, then march back,
[Fand beat you,

Aye, and wear 'em the reft of our lives.

AYS

SHE that would gain a conftant lover,
Must at a distance keep the slave,
Nor by a look her heart discover;
Men should but guess the thoughts we have.
Whilst they're in doubt, their slame increases;
And all attendance they will pay?
When we're posses'd their transport ceases,
And vows, like vapours, sleet away.

SINCE Jenny thinks mean her heart's love to deny, And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not nigh; I will own, without blushing, were all the world by, That Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

He brought me a wreath which his head did compose, Where the dale-loving lily was twin'd with the role; Young myrtle in sprigs did the border inclose, And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

By my-tle, said he, is my passion express'd; The rose, like your lips, in vermillion is dress'd: And the lily for whiteness, would vie with your breast And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

These ribbands of mine were his gifts at the fair, My mother look'd cross, and cry'd, Fanny beware! But d'ye think I regard her? not I, I declare. And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

Beneath a tall beach, and reclin'd on his crook, I faw my young thepherd; how fweet was his look! He afk'd for one kifs, but an hundred he took. And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

Then what can I do, O instruct me, ye maids!
When a lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
Whose silence as much as his language persuades?
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

THO' prudence may preis me,
And duty diffress me,
Against inclination, ah! what can they do?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,

My heart, my ford heart, fays, my Henry is true.

The

The bee thus as changing,
From fweet to fweet ranging.
A rofe should he light on ne'er wishes to stray;
With raptures possessing
In one ev'ry blessing,
Till torn from her bosom ne'er slies far away.

THAT little rogue Cupid, I vow,
Is playing such tricks with my heart,
I flutter—I cannot tell how,
Yet feel the sharp pangs of his dart,
What cruel, ungenerous swain,
Could fend this fond urchin to me,
Whose neart was a stranger to pain,
And e'er roy'd as free as a bee.

But now my poor senses are gone,
My spirits are fled from me quite,
And I'm a poor maiden forlorn,
No rest can I take day or night.
How happy, ah! once, sure, was I!
So chearfully rose in the morn,
But now am addicted to figh
For him that I treated with scorn.

Young Caledon must be the swain,
None like him appears to my view;
He caught my fond heart on the plain,
Ah! shepherd, I'm wretched for you:
Oh! come then, dear youth, and be kind,
No longer distainful I'll he,
But harbour content in my mind,
And think upon no one but thee.

THE flory goes, that fifter Bet,
Refolv'd to play the field coquette,
Amongst the rustic breed:
But tir'd of flirting on the green,
She cry'd, who'd live, to live unseen to
Not I, not I, indeed.

Away she flies, leaves ev'ry squire, To tell his tale by winter fire, While hearts like cherries bleed: But what's all this to I? fays fhe; A rural life won't do for me; It won't, it won't, indeed.

Give me the Park to flaunt about,
The play-bouse, Ranclagh, and route.—
But how did this succeed?
Admir'd by lords, she lost her same,
On ev'ry window glar'd her same,
'Tis true, 'is true indeed.'

At length the fought the flighted plain, Grew a good girl, carefs'd her fwain, And foon they were agreed:
Will you not love me now? he fays.
O yes! the longest nights and days,
I'll love, I'll love, indeed,

WiTH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
Young Willy won my heart,
A blyther fwain you could ma fee,
All beauty without art.
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
And Willy fays he'll marry me
Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by you water-fide,
Pull'd you the rose or lily,
Or came you by you meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy.
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &cc,
Sin now the trees are in their bloom,
And flow'rs spread o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And lead him to my summer's shield,
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &cc.

WAFT, O Cupid! to Leander
Sighs that rend my tender breaft;
Whilst I stray in groves mestider,
Bid him sly to make me blest.

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Purling rills be gently flowing,
Op'ning glades your (weets diffill;
Sooth a heart's inceffant glowing,
With content my fancy fill.

Hafte, sh hafte! my lover to me;
Fear not, now, my cold difdain:
While, sweet shepherd, you pursue me,
To keep my heart I strive in van.

341 -I HO' man has long boafted an absolute sway, While woman's hard fate was love, honour, obey; At length over wedlock fair liberty dawns, And the lords of creation must pull in their horns; For Hymen among ye proclaims his decree, When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free Away with your doubts, your furmifes, and fears, 'Tis Venus beats up for her gay volunteers; Enlift at her banner, you'll vanquishwith ease, And make of your husbands what creatures you please; To arms then, ye fair ones, and let the world fee, When hulbands are tyrants, their wives will be free. The rights of your fex, would you e'er fee restor'd, Your tongues shou'd be us'd as a two-edged sword; That ear piercing weapon each husband must dread, Who thinks of the marks you may place on his head; Then wifely unite, till the men all agree, That woman, dear weman, shall ever be free. No more shall the wife, all as meek as a lamb, Be subject to, zounds! do you know who I am? Domeftic politeness shall flourish again, When women take courage to govern the men; Then fland to your charter, and let the world fce,

To little or no purpose I spent many days, In ranging the Park, th' Exchange, and the plays; For ne'er in my rambles, till now, did I prove So lucky to meet with the man I cou'd love. Oh! how am I pleas'd, when I think on this man, That I find I must love, let me do what I can,

urling

Tho' husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a fever, when I should be well.
My passion shall kill me before I will shew it,
And yet I would give all the world he did know it;
But oh, how I sigh, when I think should he woo me,
I cannot deny what I know wou'd undo me!

Y OUNG Roger be courted me for a whole year, the fighed and made such a moan,
That I lov'd him, yet dare not to tell him (thro' fear)
So I vow'd that I would lie alone.
He said, and he swore, if I'd be his bride,
He would bring me to fine London town,
I should see Fox's Hall and the playhouse beside,
But I still said I would lie alone.

Away then he went, to the dance at the fair,
Where I saw him give Sas a green gown;
I wish'd from my heart that I had not gone there,
And hop'd that she might lie alone:
I redden'd and sigh'd, I danc'd and I cry'd,
And my heart sent forth many a groan;
To get him again all my arm they were try'd,
For I now thought I'd not lie alone.

T'other ev'ning he came to my cot, with a smile,
And ask'd if I kinder was grown;
I told him no longer his hopes I'd beguile,
Nor would I lie longer alone;
To London we came, to the playhouse I've been,
And then deer Foxball was I shewn;
Such dressing, such dancing, such sights have I seen,
That I am glad I no more lie alone.

THE morning young Juckey would make me his He stole to my chamber, and sat by my side; [bride, When he open'd the curtains, such joy 'twas to me, That my heart play'd a tune, that went pitty patty. But feigning to sleep (oh, how great was my blis!) So gently, so kindly, he gave me a kis! Then my head to his bosom he pres'd with such glee, That my heart play'd a tune, that went pitty patty.

Grown hold with success, he ventur'd to take, A second salute—Then 'twas time to awake. Arise, love, he said, to the kirk let us see, As our hearts play a tune that goes pitty patty.

WHEN hope was quite funk in despair,
My heart it was going to break,
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will say't for thy sake.

Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my foul keep him ever in fight.

With parience I'll wait the long year, And fludy the gentlest charms, Hope time away till thou appear, For ay to lock thee In my arms.

Whilst thou was a shepherd I priz'd,
No higher degree in this life,
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming a wife,

For beauty, that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the gowans in May,
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever without a decay.

Nor age nor the changes of life

Can quench the fair fire of love,

If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,

And the husband have sense to approve.

WHEN last we parted on the plain,
Fond Damon seem'd full lothe to go;
He kiss'd and said, That soon again
He'd come and wou'd not leave me so;
For that, says he, the time is near,
And then, my love, I do design,
It is the best day in the year,
'To come and be your Valentine.

I wish'd the tedious hours to fly, And long'd the look'd for day to see; And as the time then grew fo nigh,
How bleft, thought I, will Nancy be!
The morning came, and at my door
I heard a noise, that faid, Incline
For once, dear girl, if never more,
To rise and be my Valentine.

A thousand fears disturb'd my mind,
'Twas Thyrsis there in Damon's stead,
I thought my youth was quite unkind,
Nor knew what should be done or faid.
I hop'd it could not be a fin,
In spite to Damon now not mine,
I let the kinder Thyrsis in,
And was that shepherd's Valentine,

Nor what I did I now repent,
For fickle Damon foon as light,
To Lucy on that morning went,
Nor has been fince from out her fight!
And Thyrfis, late but half lov'd fwain,
Is now both all and only mine;
I blefs the time that once was pain,
He came to be my Valentine.

WHAT is he gone? and can it be? And is she then more fair than me? The fight of her might give me pain; Bring her not near me, sickle swain! And since that you can leave me so, Go get you gone, for ever go.

Oh! I in rage wou'd madly tear, This gaudy ribband from my hair; These hated gifts I'd have him take; I'll wear no baubles for his take; I scorn the gifts and hands untrue; For her hey well enough may do.

How near was I when with a kifs,
He afk'd my heart to answer yes!
To hear him at the altar say,
Vows he'd have broke the soonest day!
There he may love and take his fill,
And swear to her just what he will,

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A rival's pow'r I now defy,
She may be bleft, and so will I;
Before 'tis long I'm sure to find,
A swain more suited to my mind;
Then sarewel, Florio, now for good,
I wou'd not have you if I cou'd.

To court me young Colin came many a mile,
And oft by my fide he has fat;
His meaning I often requested to know,
And wonder'd what he would be at.
To gain me he faid many pretty fott things,
Describing the height of his passion;
When often I've bid him to hold his fool's tongue,
Tho'—faith—'twas against inclination.

I could not help laughing fometimes I declare,
When he fwore that he lov'd beyond measure;
He'd kiss me, and-tighing-he'd kiss me again,
Protesting I was his whole pleasure:
When I bid him forbear-my heart it said-no,
'Twas not in my heart to deny;
And when he requested, if I'd be his wife,

That moment-I thought I fhou'd-die.

The girl that fays no, never meant it as fo,
Tho' feemingly prudift or fly;
She may fay what the will-but cannot difforn
That no-the word-yes-does imply.
Oft times as he walk'd he would tell a love-tale,
And vow, that for me he thou'd die;
But rather than fuch a mifchance thould e'er hap,
I thought I'd much better comply.

My heart all the time, how it play'd pit a pit,
The minute he urg'd his request!
And if, to be teiz'd-I thought any more,
It wou'd, to the purpose-be best.

To the church in the village next morning we went, All nonsense being over and done, The priest at the altar united our hands,

And Colin and I were made one.

Young Jocky who teiz'd me a 12 month or more Now bolder is grown than was mortal before,

He whispers such things as no virgin should hear, And he preffes my lips with a warmth I can't bear. With flories of love he would foften my mind. And his eyes speak a temper to mischief inclin'd; But I v w not a momen: I'll truft him alone, And when next he grows rude I will bid him be gone, Of honour and truth not a word has he spoke, And his actions declare he thinks virtue a joke : He thall find his mistake if he ventures to try; for, than weld on fuch terms, oh ! Irather would die, With no creature befide he fuch treedom dare take, Yet the handsome and witty he quits for my sake : But how can I think that he loves me the beft? Or how can I love him who'd break all my reft? Oh ! Focky, reform, nor be foolish again. Left you lose a fond heart you shall never regain : If you change your behaviour, to church we will go, I'll forgive all that's past, and will never fay no.

Y Oung Strepbon, a shepherd, the pride of the plain, Each day is attempting my kindness to gain : He takes all occasions his flame to renew; I always reply, that his courting won't do. He spares no rich presents to make me more kind, And exhaufts in my praise all the wit of his mind, I fav. I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go; He asks me so oft, till I rudely say no. To Thyrsis last Valentine's day, the dear youth, tell him I plighted my faith and my truth; That wealth cannot peace and contentment beflows And my heart is another's-fo beg he will go. That love is not purchas'd with titles and gold, And the heart that is honest can never be fold, That I figh not for grandeur, but look down on flow And to Thyrfis must hasten, nor answer him no. He hears me, and trembling all over, replies, If his fuit I prefer not, he instantly dies: He gives me his hand, and would force me to go; I pity his faff'ring, but boldly fay, no. I try to avoid him in hopes of fweet peace ;

He haunts me each moment to make me fay Yes !

But

But to-morrow, ye fair ones, with Thyrfis I go; And trust me, at church, that I will not fay, no.

WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw playthings I conceiv'd my felf woman, and fit for a bride; [afide By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance; For the maids will believe and the men will romance.

They fwore that my eyes the bright di'mond excell'd, Such a face and fuch treffes fure ne'er were beheld, That to gaze on my neck was all rapture & trance! Oh, the maids will believe and the men will romance.

Young Polydore saw me one night at the ball,
And swore to my charms he a conquest must fall;
On his knees he intreated my hand for a dance,
Ah, the maids will believe and the men will romance.
He conducted me home when the passime was o'er,

And declar'd he ne'er faw fo much beauty before, He ogled and figh'd, as he faw me advance, Ah, the maids will believe and the men will romance.

Then day after day I his company had:
At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad;
But my father lov'd money and would not advance,
And reply'd to my lover, Young men will romanee.
But tho' my papa would not give us a fhilling.
My Polydore (wore he to wed me was willing;
So to church we both went, & at night had a dance,
And believe me, my Polydore did not romance.

WHEN first the youth his fears forfook, And that he lov'd I fondly heard, What sweetness was in ev'ry look! What eloquence in ev'ry word!

From her whole flore, to make me blefs'd,
Did fortune bid me chufe;
How gladly would I all the reft
For love and him refuse.

THE lass that would know how to manage a man, Let her liften and learn it from me, His courage to quell, or his heart to trepan, As the time and occasion agree.

The girl that has beauty, tho' small be her wit May wheedle the clown or the beau, The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit, By the use of that pretty word No.

When powder'd toupees around are in chat,

Each firiting his passion to shew,

With kiss me, and love me, my dear, and all that,

Let her answer to all be, O no.

When a dose is contriv'd to lay virtue assep,
A present, a treat, or a ball,
She still must refuse, if her empire she'll keep,
And No be her answer to all.

But when Mr. Dapperwit offers his hand,
Her partner in wedlock to go;
A house and a coach, and a jointure in land,
She's an ideot, if then she says no.

But if the's attack'd by a youth full of charms,
Whose courtship proclaims him a man;
When press'd to his bosom, and class'd in his arms,
Then let her say no, if the can.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadows die, And morning freaks the purple fky, I wake to love with jocund glee, To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the vercant grove, And Philamel laments her love, Each figh I breathe my love reveals, And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey,
The frolic birds in am'rous play,
While sondest cares my heart employ,
Which slutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

WHEN first my dear laddie gode to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first show'd my young skill;
To bear the milk bowie noe pain gave to me,
So at eve I was blest with thy piping and thee,
For aye as I milk'd, and aye as I sang,
My yellow hair'd laddie shall be my good man-

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Then corn riggs waved yellow, and blue bether bells | To let him, enraptur'd, proceed on to blifs; loom'd bonny on mooriand, or fweet rifing fells; lae birns, briers, or brakens, gave trouble to me, o I eat the fweet berries when gather'd by thee; oraye as I walk'd, and aye as I fang ly yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my good man. then you ran, or you wreftled, or putted the fane, nd came off the victor, my heart was ave fain, ive me mill all thefe pleafures, my fludy shall be, o make myfelf better and fweeter for thee; or aye as I wedded, and aye as I fang, ly yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my good man.

WHEN I fee my Strepbon languish, With his tender love oppreft, hen I fee his pain and anguish. Pity moves my tender breaft. repbon's plain and humble nature Mov'd me firft to hear his tale; repbon's truth, by every creature, Is proclaim'd through all the vale. love and am belov'd again, o more shall Strepbon figh in vain!

ve try'd his faith, and find it true,

nd all my coyness bid adieu.

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hill,

kill;

When

O take in good part the fqueeze of the hand, hat language of lovers who dare not demand, nd when with another as close and as dear, ou have made him believe his happiness near; hen to tell him a tale of a cock and a bull, [fool.] hat you meant no fuch thing, but was playing the he tread on the toe to admit and be free, ad straight to reply with the toe repartee; express with your eyes your inward defires, nd thus with full hopes to kindle his fires; Then to tell him a tale, Gc.

then he wants to disclose what he dares not reveal; hen he looks very filly, and means a great deal ; hen he thinks, it e'er thinking flou'd enter his ou'll now grant his wifh, the eafe of his pain ; brain Then to tell him a tale, &c.

To fuffer the fnatch or the theft of a kifs; When cornels retreating unwillingly flies; when fighs answer murmurs, and eyes talk to eyes; Then to tell him. &c.

Y OUNG Thyrfis, ye thepherds, is gone; I look all around for the fwain : He's fled, and joy with him is flown; He leaves me to forrow and pain. Where is it I madly wou'd rove? Can ye tell me what's left worth my flay? Too late I perceive it was love All the while led my fancy aftray.

What avails if I tarry behind, Now my heart he has stole quite away? No comfort on earth shall I find, No rest or by night or by day. When he fung, oh! I liften'd with gleen When he fmil'd, how I languish'd and figh'd ! Ne'er thought I the moment to fee, Than to fee I cou'd wish to have died.

But who is it comes o'er the green. 'Tie Thyrfis, the dear, wish'd for youth; Not death e'er shall part us, I ween, For than death is much fironger his truth, The mule faw them meet in the grove; Saw the maid and the thepherd all bleft: He vow'd to be true to his love; She dares not to whifper the reft.

WHY will Delia thus reifre, And languish all her life away, While the fighing crowd admire? Tis too foon for battfbern tea.

All those dismal I oke and feeting Cannot Dumon's life reflore; Long ago the worms have eat him, You can never fee bim more.

Once again confult your toilette, · In the glafs your face seview,

So much weeping foon will spoil it, And no spring your charms renew.

I like you was born a woman, Well I know what vapours mean; The difease, alas! is common; Single, we have all the spleen.

All the morals that they tell us, Never cur'd the forrow yet: Chufe, among he pretty fellows, One of humour, youth and wit.

Pr'ythee hear him ev'ry morning,
At the least an hour or two;
Once again at night returning:

I believe the dole will do.

ONE morning young Roger accosted me thus,— Come here, pretty maiden, and give me a buss. Lord! fellow, said I, mind your plough and your cart; Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for nothing, Thank you for nothing with all my heart.

Well then, to be fure, he grew civil enough,
He gave me a box, with a paper of fnuff;
I took it, I own, yet had still so much art
To cry, thank you for nothing with all my heart.
He said, If so be he might make me his wife—
Good Lord! I was never so dash'd in my life;
Yet could not help laughing to see the sool start,
When I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my confent, And with him, on Sunday, to chapel I went; But said, 'twas my goodness more than his desert, Not to thank him for nothing with all my heart.

The parfon cry'd, child, you must after me fay,
And then talk'd of honour, and love, and obey;
But faith, when his reverence came to that part,
There I thank'd han for nothing with all my heart.

At night our brifk neighbours the flocking would I must not tell tales, but I know what I know, throw, Young Roger confesses I cur'd all his smart, And I thank'd him for something with all my heart.

THE blithest bird that fings in May,
Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay,
Than I, ah well-a-day!
Than I, ah well-a day!
Ere Colin yet had learn'd to figh,
Or I to guess the reason why,
Oh love, ah well-a-day!
Oh love, ah well-a-day!

We kis'd, we toy'd, we neither knew
Frem whence these fond endearments grew,
Till he, ah well a day!
Till he, &c.
By time and other swains made wise,

Began to talk of hearts and eyes, And love, ah well-a-day! And love, &c.

Kind nature now took Colin's part; My eyes inform'd against my heart: My heart, ah well-a-day! My heart, &c. Strait glow'd with thrilling fympath

Strait glow'd with thrilling sympathy, And echo'd back each gentle figh, Each figh, ah well-a day! Each figh, &c.

Can love, alas! by words be won? He ask'd a proof, a tender one.

While I, ah well-a day!

While I &c.

In filence blush'd a fond reply:

Can she who truly loves deny?

Ah no, ah well-a day!

Ah no, &c.

As t'other day in barmless chat,
With Sylvia I was walking,
Admiring this, admiring that,
Together sweetly talking;
Young Damon met us in the grove,
With joy in every feature;

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He preft my hand, then wuper'd love, O what a charming creature!

His paffion oft times he express'd

In words fo foft and kind,

I felt a fomething in my breast,

But doubts were in my mind.

I told him he with Doll was feen.

And fure he came to meet her;

He vow'd I was his only Queen.

O what a charming creature!

To yonder church then shall we go?

He press me to comply;

(How can the men thus teaze one so?)

I try'd from him to say?

And will my Delia name the day

Let Damon kindly great hee?

Thus closely press, what could I say

To such a charming creature?

As I was ganging o'er the lee,
I chanc'd to look behind,
And wha right glancing shu'd I see
But Woodland Jee the Hind?
When we had gang'd the braes a-while,
He said to me, my dow,
May I not sit upon this stile,
And kis your bonny mou?

Kind Sir, ye are a wee mista'en,
For I am nane of these;
I hope ye some mair breeding ken,
Than russe lasses claiths.
The lad was check'd, and vow'd to seek
Young Jane wi' blithsome brow;
She'd let him class her round the neck,
And kiss her bonny mou'.

I ca'd him then proud hearted fwain,
And laith to be faid nay:
A fonfy thought he flasted then,
And nam'd the wedding day.
He's braw and blith, I lik'd him weel,
Nor frown upon him now;

Tho' bolder grown, his vows to feal, He kits'd my bonny mou'.

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
These walls can but echo my moan;
Alas! it increases my pain,
When I think of the days that are gone.
Thro' the gate of my prison I see
The birds as they wanton in air;
My heart how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with despair.

Above the opprest by my fate,

I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those:
False woman, in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be,
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will forrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With filence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless paties the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell!
The owis from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around;
O Mary! prepare thee to die,
My blood it runs cold at the sound!

WILL you go to the Ewe Bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi'me?
The mavis sings sweetly, my Marion,
But nae sa sweetly as thee.
These aft were the words of my Sandy,
At night in the how of the glen,
At nae mair shall I meet wi'my Sandy;
For Sandy to India is gone.

How can the trumpet's loud clarion
Thus fend a' the Shepherds afar!
Oh cud na' the Ewe Bughts and Marion,
Please mair than the horrors of war!

But, oh! 't's the gate o'them a', Sirs,
In seeking for grandeur and fame,
The lads daily wander awa! Sirs,
And leave their puir sweethearts at hame.

Quick VERSE.

But now that the troubles are over,
And we're likely again to have reft;
I hope to get haud of my rover,
And grip him again to my breaft.
Oh! then to the Ewe Bughts shall Marion
Hie aften dear Sandy wi' thee;
And when thou art wedded to Marion,
Fu' blithsome and blett shall we be!

Young Strephon, pride of yonder plain,
Long strove my si kle heart to gain,
With many an amorous ditty:
I, smiling, heard the love fick swain,
With sigh and song express his pain,
And told him 'twas a pity.

With hopes to please, last Whitsun fair,
He brought meribbons for my hair,
Wi h other presents pretty:
Then, smiling, su'd the same I'd wear;
To ease his anxious heart from care;
I said 'twou'd be a pity.

Next morning, early, on the green,
With Kitty, toying, he was feen;
He call'd her fair and witty;
I smil'd, tho' fit to burst with spleen,
To see him kiss the little queen,
And cry'd it was a pity.

This conning swain the conflict ey'd,
And kindly gazing while I figh'd,
Forsook the hand of Kitty:
Then, smiling, begg'd I'd be his bride,
I answered yes, or fure he'd dy'd,
And that had been a pity.

CEASE! cease, heart-easing teats; Adieu, you flatt'ring fears, Which feven long todious years
Taught me to bear.
Tears are for lighter wees;
Fear no fuch danger knows
As Fate remorfeless thews,
Endless despair!
Dear canse of all my pain.

Dear cause of all my pain,
On the wide stormy main
Thou wast preserved in vain,
Tho' still ador'd!
Hadft thou dy'd there unseen,
My wounded eyes had been
Sav'd from the direst scene

LET me live remov'd from noise,
Remov'd from feenes of pride and strise,
And only taste those tranquil joys,
Which Heav'n bestows on rural life!
Innocence shall guide my youth,
Whilst Nature's paths I still pursue,
Each step I take be mark'd with truth,
And Virtue ever be my view.

Maid e'er deplor'd!

Adieu ye gay, adieu ye great,
I fee you all without a figh,
Contented with my happier fate,
In filence let me live and die;
Sweet Peace I'll court to follow me,
And woo the Graces to my cell,
For all the Graces love to be
Where Innocence and Virtue dwell.

THE ruddy morn blink'd o'er the brae,
As blythe I gang'd to milk my kine;
When near the winding bourn of tay,
Wi' bonny gait, and twa black een,
A highland lad fae kind me tent,
Saying, fonfy lafs, how's a wi' you?
Shall I your pail tak o'er the bent?
'Twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

Again he met me i' the e'en, As I were linkan o'er the les And
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a join the dance upon the green,
And faid blithe lass I'se gang wi' thee.
se braw he look'd i' th' highland gear,
His tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,
fy heart straight whisper'd in my ear,
Say yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

Ve dane'd until the gleaming moon
Gave notice that 'twas time to part;
thought the reel was o'er too foon,
For ah! the lad had flaw' my heart.
le faw me hame aerofs the plain,
Then kifs fae fweet, I vow 'tis true,
hat when he alk'd to kifs again,
'Twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

rown bauld he pres'd to stay the night,
Then grip'd me close unto his breast;
sowt lad! my mither fair wou'd flyte,
Gin that I grant wi'out the priest.
sang first fore him, gif ye be leel,
I ken right what I then maun do;
or ask to kis me when you will,
'Twill be yes, dear love, and I thank you too.

H! tell me, ye thepherds, that live on the lee.

Yas e'er a young virgin more virtuous than me!
ince nineteen long winters I've fairly feen o'er,
and my virtue preferv'd, can a maiden fay more!
till prudent remain, yet am no prudifh Mifs,
or I could if I would, long e'er this done amis.

fy mother, so eautious, cries, "Kitty, beware
Of Thirsis and Damon, and Colin take care"
thank her, and tell her, her words I'll fulfil,
hat prudence shall guide let me go where I will;
let did she restrain me, I promise her this,
very much sear that I might do amise.

ne Midsummer eve, as I walk'd o'er the vale, by Strephon o'ertook me and told a love tale; lessid, that he lov'd me the most of the mead, and would ever prefer me, indeed and indeed; thank'd the kind shepherd—he offer'd a kiss, which I kindly accepted, as nothing amis.

He told me, I look'd like the Cyprian Queen;
But furely more charming in manner and mien;
I curtified and thank'd; he faid in the grove
"I'll flew my dear Kitty the bower of love";
But as I suspected some mischief in this,
I drew back my hand, and did nothing amis.

The evening was fair and the feason was mild, And as I had heard much of ma dens beguil'd, By heark'ning too much to the suit of a swain, I left the fond shepherd alone on the plain, And ran home to milking, (no harm was in this) Since caution prevented my doing amis.

The ladies of pleasure may laugh at my rule,
And cry—" the young wench is an innocent fool"
But let me just tell them by way of a pun,
The men I admire, but their artifice shun;
I'm satisfied now in pure innocent bliss,
And when Hymen approves, I'll not do amiss.

In Summer, when the leaves were green, and blofforms deck'd each tree, [to me;
Young Teddy then declar'd his love, his artlefs love
On Shannon's flow'ry banks we fat, and there he told
his tale—

Oh Patty, softest of thy sex, O let fond love prevail!

Ah well-a-day, you see me pine in sorrow and despair,

Yet heed me not, then let me die, and end my grief
and care.

[my thanks,

Ah! no, dear youth, I softly said, such love demands

And here I vow eternal truth—on Shannon's slow'ry

[banks.

And here we vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks, [fuch artiefs pranks, And then we gather'd fweetest flowers, and play'd But woe is me, the press-gang came, and forc'd my Ned away, [wedding day.]

Just when we nam'd next morning fair—to be our My love, he cried, they force me hence, but still my heart is thine— [is mine; All peace beyour's, my gentle Par, while war and roil With

With riches I'll return to thee-I fobb'd out words | Vice and folly their flags now display to full view; of thanks-[banks. And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks. And then I saw him sail away, and join the hostile From morn to eve, for twelve dull months his abfence fad I mourn'd. ne'er return'd. The peace was made—the ship came back—but Teddy His beauteous face, his manly form, has won anoble fair-My Teddy's false, and I forlorn, must die in sad des-Ye gentle maidens fee me laid, while you stand round in ranks And plant a willow o'er my head on Shannon's flow'ry

- 372

W Hat means this loud tumult, this conftant alarm?

Tis the foe to the Amazons! arm, virgins, arm;

With the helmet of virtue distinguish your brow,

And the foes to our peace we shall quickly lay low.

To conquer by prudence belongs now to you: In the fair field of fame then exert ev'ry charm, And let the loud trumpets found, arm, virgins, arm Rear the standard of honour, the slag of our race, With the trophies now won without blame or difgrate When proudly those fords of the world would control That charm of diffinction, a woman's free foul; When we drove them inglorious away from the field And by prudence and virtue compell'd them to yield Then rouse to the battle, exert ev'ry charm, farm! While the trumpet loud founding cries, arm, females Nor ca Thus the Amazons once, as by poets we're told, In defence of their honour and conduct were bold; Defied each vain coxcomb of powder and prate, And nobly determin'd to be a free state: Ye females of Britaia, adopt the same plan, And thus prove the brighteft examples to man; To those who are worthy display ev'ry charm,

But when others invade you, then arm, females, arm

## A COLLECTION of SONGS for GENTLEMEN

SONG

HEN here, Lucinda, first we came, Where Arne roils his filver ftream, How brifk the nymphs, the fwains how gay! Content inspir'd each rural lay : The birds in livelier concert fung, The grapes in thicker clusters hung; All look'd as joy could never fail Among the fweets of Arno's vale. But fince the good Palemon dy'd, The chief of fhepherds, and their pride, Now Arno's fone must all give place To northern men, an iron race :

The tafte of pleasure now is o'er; Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more; The mufes droop, the Goths prevail; Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale!

HOW pleas'd within my native bow'rs, Ere while I pass'd the day; Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs, Were ever flow'rs fo gay ! How fweetly smil'd the hill, the vale, And all the landscape round; The rivers gliding down the dale, The hill with beeches crown'd!

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wi But now, when urg'd by tender woes, Ifpeed to meet my dear ; That hill and stream my zeal oppose. And stop my fond career. No morey fince Daphne was my theme. Their wonted charms I fee; That verdant hill, and filver ftream, Divide my love and me.

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AT once I'm in love with two nymphs that are fair, And to fweets in my garden these nymphs I compare; males Nor can thrub, nor can bloffom, be better than those, And Fenny's my myrtle, and Chloe's my rose.

hold; My Chloe is fond all her charms to difplay, With the rose in her cheek, she to all would be gay; On all paler beauties the looks down with pride, And can bear not a flow'ret to grow by her fide.

he thinks not how quickly these charms will expire That with May they first came, and with summer res, arm That pride, fo foon over, is foolish and vain, [tire; And love, built on beauty, can't hold with a fwain. But Yenny, my myrtle, ne'er changes her face, No leason nor age can her features displace; E Nahe covets no praise, nor with envy is stung, he always is pleas'd, and is pleafing and young. then, Chloe, I fudden must make my retreat, Thy rose is too blooming, too short-liv'd and sweet; But, Jenny, thy myrtle is lafting and green,

And all the year thro' thou the same still art seen.

LUPID, god of foft persuasion, Take a helples lover's part: eize, oh feize some kind occasion To reward a faithful heart. uffly those we tyrants call, Who the body would enthrall; yrants of more cruel kind, hose who would enflave the mind. Cupid, god of, &c.

What is grandeur? foe to reft: Childish mummery at best. Happy I in humble state! Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait. Cupid, god of, &c.

OH! would'ft thou know what facred charms This deftin'd heart of mine alarms, This deftin'd heart of mine alarms; What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree. The maid that's made for love and me. The maid that's, &c.

Who joys to hear the figh fincere, Who melts to fee the tender tear, Who melts to fee, &c. From each ungen'rous passion free; Be fuch the maid that's made for me. Be fuch the maid, &c.

Whose heart with gen rous friendship glows, Who feels the bleffings the bestows, Who feels the bleffings, &c. Gentle to all, but kind to me; Be fuch the maid that's made for me, Be fuch the maid, &c.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art, Are all the natives of her heart, Are all the natives, &c. A gentle train, from falfhood free; Be fuch the maid that's made for me, Be fuch the maid. &c.

Avaunt ! ye light coquettes, retire! Where flatt'ring fops around admire, Where flatt'ring, &c. Unmov'd, your tinsel'd charms I see, More genuine beauties are for me, More genuine, &c.

A Sailor's voice, tho' coarfe, can raife A note to melodize his lays, And quit the fwelling feas to praise The charms of Highland Nelly.

The

The droning bagpipe shall be mute,
Such music with such charms can't fuit,
When ev'ry muse will tune her lute
In praise of Highland Nelly.

Ye tinkling tills, ye fertile plains,
Where blythe content for ever reigns,
Repeat abroad the honest strains
Which flow in praise of Nelly.

Still be the Lowland lasses fair,
Still be they proud of golden bair;
But where's the grace, the mien, the air,
That shines in Highland Nelly.

Amidst her nymphs when Venus stood,
Fair as she left the briny flood,
Unless she mov'd no gazer cou'd
Discern the Queen of Beauty.

So at a lowland ball I've seen
Unmov'd this pretty Highland Queen;
But when she dane'd, ye gods! I've been
In love with Highland Nelly.

YE virgins of Britain, who wifely attend
The dictates of reason, who value a friend,
Come list to my counsel, and mark what I say,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.
Ye, &c.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all fostering hand; Tho' modesty lend you her magical wand; Tho' innocence deck you with spotless array, Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

When first the gay beauties of nature appear,
And Phæbus' bright smile chears the juvenile year;
When the birdschaunt their amorous notes from each
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May. [spray,

Should Flora propose you the vernal delight, Her delicate paintings exhibit to fight; In her meadows and fields, should you frolic and play, Beware, oh! beware of the dangers of May.

When the blood brickly flows, the all-eloquent eyes Reveal ev'ry fecret the heart would difguife; The bosom quick-panting with sorce seems to say, 'Tis hard to resist all the dangers of May.

Should an amorous youth this soft scene to improve, With ardour implore the reward of his love; If Hymen attend you his dictates obey, For wedlock removes all the dangers of May.

Y ES, Delia, 'tis at length too plain,
My boafted liberty how vain,
Thy eyes triumphant prove:
My freedom now I ceafe to boaft,
But think that freedom nobly loft,
By ferving thee and love.

I talk'd, I laugh'd, with ev'ry fair,
No jealous pang, no anxious care,
Did e'er my heart perplex;
Till I beheld, too lovely maid!
In thee, with ev'ry grace display'd,
The charms of all thy sex.

O Venus. queen of fost delights,
Accept a suppliant's pray'r,
Who wishes to attend the rites
In which thy vot'ries share:
Inspire his tongue with gentlest airs,
Yet void of art or skill,
Whilft he his unseign'd love declares

For Parry of the hill.

What strains, O goddes! must he find
To melt her frozen heart,
Since words can ne'er express his mind,
Nor e'er his pain impart?
Unless thy son shall aid his lays,
And love in her instill,

In vain will prove his artless praise
Of Patty of the hill.
Her cheeks with rose and lily vies,
Her breath with sweet woodbine.

Inferior far unto her eyes

The sparkling diamonds shine;

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Het voice excels the linnet's notes,
Exceeds the thrush's file,
In vain they strive to raise their notes
Like Patty's of the Hill.

fay,

How shall I paint her tender mind,
(The charms I most admire)
In her is ev'ry virtue join'd
That passion can inspire.

Her foul the Graces all refine,
She bends to Reason's will;
I'd freely all the world refign
For Party of the Hill.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring, Invite the chearful birds to sing; And, while they warble on each spray, Love melts the universal lay:

Let us, Amanda, timely wise,

Like them improve the hour that slies,

And in soft raptures waste the day,

Among the Birks of Endermay.

Among, &c.

For foon the winter of the year,
And age life's winter will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will firip the verdant shade t
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adicu the Birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams,
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us like them then sing and play
About the Birks of Endermay.

To keep my gentle Jeffe
What labour would feem hard!
Each toil fome task how easy,
Her love the sweet reward!

The bee thus uncomplaining, Efteems no toil fevere; The fweet reward obtaining Of honey all the year.

CONSIDER fond thepherd how fleeting the plea-That flatters our hope in pursuit of the fair; [sure, The joys that attend it by moments we measure, But life is too little to measure our care,

VAINLY now ye firive to charm me, All ye lweets of blooming May; How should empty funshine warm me, While Lotbaria keeps away?

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me; Shade, ye clouds, the fmiling fky; Sweeter notes her voice can give me, Softer funshine fills her eye.

W HILE you, Felicia, heedless stray
Thro' woods and groves and flow'rets gay,
Exempt from ev'ry fear,
Exempt, &c.
Secure within thy rosy bow'rs,
Content the sweetest influence pours,
And gilds the blooming year,

No anxious doubts invade thy breaft, All, all, is tranquil, calm and bleft, And joys on joys abound; Where'er thy fragrant footsteps lead, Or in the grove, or on the mead,

The graces fmile around.

And gilds, &c.

Such ever be Felicia's fate,
Such transports ever round her wait,
Whom gods and men approve;
O may these blessings never cease,
May all her days be crown'd with peace,
And all her hours be love.

SINCE artists, who sue for the trophies of fame,
Their wit, and their take, and their genius proclaim,
M

Attend to my fong, where you'll certainly find A fecret disclos'd for the good of mankind: And deny it who can, fure the laurel's my due-I have found out a padlock to keep a wife true. Should the amorous goddess prefide o'er your dame, With the ardours of youth all her paffions inflame : Should her beauty lead captive each fofter defire. And languishing lovers ftill figh and admire: Yet fearless you'd truff her, tho' thoufands may fue. When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true. Tho' the husband may think that he wifely reftrains With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and How fatally weak must this artifice prove! I chains: Can fetters of feel bind like fetters of love? Throw jealousy hence, bid suspicion adieu; Reffraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true. Should her fancy invite to the park or the play, All-complying and kind you must give her her ways While her tafte and her judgment you foodly approve 'Tis reason secures ) ou the treasures of love: And, believe me, no coxcomb admission can find. For the fair-one is fafe, if you padlock her mind. Tho' her virtues with foibles should frequently blend. Let the husband be loft in the lover and friend: Let doubts and furmifes no longer perplex. 'Tis the charm of indulgence that binds the loft fex: They ne'er can prove falle while this maxim's in view Good-humour's the padlock to keep a wife true.

How heavy the time rolls along
Now Julia is out of my fight?
How dult is the nightingale I fong
That formerly gave fuch delight?
The meadows that seemed fo green,
Now lofe all their verdure of May;
The cowflip and violet are feen
To droop, fade, and wither aways
Bright Pheebus no longer can please.
Gay prospects no longer can charm;
E'en music affords me no ease,
Tho' wont ev'ry passion to calm:

My flocks too disorderly firm,
And bleat their complaints in my ear;
No more they leap, frolic and play,
But sad, like their master, appear.

But ah! if my Julia were feen,
My lambs they'd rebound on the plain;
Each flow'ret would fpring on the green,
And nightingales charm me again:
Return then, my fair one, return,
Your coming no longer delay;
O leave not your fhepherd to mourn,
But haften, my charmer, away.

THE goodness of women some men will dispute, But I shall their arguments fairly confute; Underiably prove that they do what they ought, And say what you will, they are never in fault.

You fometimes object to their voluble tongues, That they harrafs your ears, & deftroy their own lungs Should they talk, pretty creatures! from morning till From fifteen to fifty they're all in the right. [night,

If refeatment against the fair-sex you conceive, Give attention to slanders, and slanders believe; Behold their sweet faces—referement will say, Vexation turn pleasure, and jealousy die.

The poets strange tales tell of Orpheus, you know, How he went for his wife to the regions below; But it must be a said tood, because one so fair, So lovely and kind, was too good to go there.

No more at these charmers, ye unthinking, rail, But o'er your barbarity let 'em prevail ; Perfection to kings and to semales belong, for women, like monarchs, can never do wrong.

SOME love to range, so fond of change, Variety's their shrine; Each has his scheme, and fav'rite whim, But wo man, woman's mine.

The festive bowl, the martial foul, The misers I decline; Wi

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Like childish toye, to some their joye, But lovely woman's mine.

With various arts the charms our hearts,
And makes this life divine;
For all the tricks of all the fex,
I'd fill have woman mine.

Let ideots rave, who what they'd have
The fex they can't define;

Just as she is, she's form'd so please,
And long be woman mine.

The sparkling eye, the melting sigh,
When hears and heart conjoin;
The blise of lave, all blise above,
Make channing woman mines

In pomp and fiste, succeed, ye great,
l'il entry nor repine;
If blest with pow'r, to life's last hour,
To loop dear woman mine.

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WHEN I furvey then, marchlefs fair,
Ademic with every charm;
O! how can I from love feebear?
Or how the paffice calm?
Such beauteous charmer in thee appear,
Bright as the morning from
Why gaze I, fample frepherd, here,
And lead to be undone?

But nature ne'er defign'd us have,

When the fuch skill employ'd;

Each heav nly prace, and beautopes charm,

Were given to be enjoy'd.

Then let your beautoous foules confels.

Complacency of mind,

And ev'ry fort course consels;

And as you're fair, be bind.

Then you, replete with ev'ry grace,
Will fnew how you despise.
Those little arts, coquetts embrace,
To catch unguarded eyes.
So may you then with justice claim.
The loss they must deplore,

Unblemish'd manners, purest fame, When beauty'll be no more.

SINCE ev'ry charm on earth's combin'd In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
Why was I born, ye gods, to fee.
What robs me of my liberty?
Until that fatal haplefs day,

My heart was lively, blythe and gay, Could fourt with ev'sy nymph but she Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chine, ere too late, That death must be my hapless state, If love and you do not agree To fet me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove, Resecting on the pains of love, And envy every clown I see Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train, And ev'ry idle care disdain; We'll live in sweet tranquillity, Nor wish for greater liberty.

IF that man is happy, whose life is most free, How blissful a state must a batchelor's be; From one friend to t'other, with pleasure he roams, Bor a batchelor's welcome wherever he comes. If he's blest with enough, & content with his station, The whole world he may claim for his own recreation He's in no place a stranger from London to Rome, For wherever he comes is a batchelor's home.

If a husband can boast greater pleasure than these, They're obtain'd at th' expence of his freedom & ease. Whilst with liberty, pleasure, & merriment crown'd, A batchelor's minutes pass jovially round. Tho' his house ben't so nice, he is sure to be neat, and the ladies are always well-pleas'd with his treat, By the smack of their lips, at a parting, declare How delicious a feast they think batchelor's fare.

M 2

O rather, far rather, good fortune, for me,
The peaceable stall of a cobler decree,
Undisturb'd by the din of a termagant wife,
Than crown me a king and a cuckold for life.
To my wishes, instead of a mistress, commend
The solid delights of a bottle and friend;
Go marry, if hen peck'd and wretched you'd be,
But if bless, you'd continue still single as we.

F AR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
And all the meadows fill;
Much fairer than the lily blows,
More lovely than the blushing rose,
Is Patty of the Mill.

The neighbouring swains her beauty fir'd,
With wonder struck they all admir'd,
And prais'd her from the hill;
Each strove, with all his rustic art,
To sooth and charm the honest heart
Of Patty of the Mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
A fixed heart more true to love
Than turtles when they bill;
A chearful foul, a pleafing grace,
And fweet content fmiles in the face
Of Patty of the Mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
And guards it from all ill;
Ye fair, for ever constant prove,
Be ever kind, be true to love,
Like Patty of the Mill.

LOVELY nymph affwage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish;
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad that courts you,
He not long need sue in vain;

Prince of fong, of dance, of sports, you Scarce will meet his like again.

COME ye hours with blifs replete,
Bear me to Lorenza's feet,
Cheerless winter must I prove
Absent from the maid I love;
But the joys our meetings bring
Shew the glad return of spring.

DAME nature, in forming a creature so fair, Each beauty selected, then cull'd the most rare; Two bright combellations she caught for her eyes, A station so bless, can they wish for their skies? The gale lends its sweets, as from Paphos it blows, The snow drops it whiteness, its blushes, the rose, Bright Venus, her hair, as from ocean she sprung, Sage Palas, the accents that fell from her tongue; Tho' nature, in forming this creature so fair, Each beauty selected, and cull'd the most rare; tet fortune, her step-dame, severe and unkind, Is unjust to her worth, to her heavy is blind.

GIVE me but a wife, I exper not to find
Each virtue and grace in one female combin'd,
No galdest for me; 'tis a woman I prize,
And he that feels more is more curious than wife,
Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mold;
Or she claims my respect, like a mother, it old:
Thus either can please me, since woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

Like Venus fin ogles, if femanting her eye;
If hind the the raving of paine cannot fpy;
Thus either is lovely; for woman I prize,
And he that feeks more is more custom than wife.

If rich be my Bide, the brings tokens of love;
If poor, then the farther from pride my remove:
Thus either contents me; for woman I prize,
And he that feeks more is more curious than wife.
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ne'er shall want converse, if tongue she possels; and if mute, fill the rarity pleases no lefs : 'm fuited to either; for woman I prize, and he that feeks mere is more curious than wife, Then cease, ye prophene, on the fex to discant; f you've wit to difcern, of charms they've no want; ach fair can make happy, if women we prize; and he that feeks more is more curious than wife.

JEAR Chloe, whilft thus beyond meafure You treat me with doubts and difdain, ou rob all your yourh of its pleasure, And hoard-up an old age of pain our maxim, that love is fill for On charms that will quitely decay, ou'll find to be very ill-ground When once you its dictates obey

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he passion, from beauty first drawn Your kindness will vally imp oft fmiles and gay looks are the d Fruition's the funding of love t and though the bright beams of your eyes Should be clouded, the now are so say, nd darkness possess all the skies, We ne'er can forget it was day.

d Darby, with Joan by his fid You've often regarded with e's dropfical, the is fore-ey'd; Yet they're ever unenly alunder : ogether they totter about, Or fit in the firm at the door nd at night, when old Darber pot's or His Joan will not imore a whiff me

o beauty orwit they poffefs, Their feveral fallings to furnither; hen what are the charme, ever you guels, n wife. To make them fo fond of each oth is the pleasing remembrance of youth, The endearments that love did bestow; he thoughts of past pleasure and truth, The best of all blessings below,

Those traces for ever will last, Which fickness nor time can remove; For when youth and beauty are paft, And age brings the winter of love, A friendship insensibly grows By reviews of fuch raptures as thefe; The current of fondness fill flows, Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

I E fair, poffes'd of ev'ry charm To captivate the will; Whole smiles can rage itself disarm, Whole frowns at once can kill; Say, will you deign the verse to hear, Whare flatt'ry bears no part; An honest verse, that flows fincere And candid from the heart.

Great is your pow'r; but, greater yet, Mankind it might engage, f, as ye all can make a net, Ye all could make a cage : Each nymph a thousand hearts may take; For who's to beauty blind? But to what end a pris'ner make, Unless you've firength to bind?

Attend the counfel often told, Too often told in vain; Learn that best art, the art to hold, And lock the lover's chain. Gamesters to little purpose win, Who lofe again as faft; Tho' beauty may the charm begin, Tis sweetness makes it last.

HE filver moon's enamour'd beam Steals foftly theo' the night. To wanton with the winding fiream, And kifs reflected light : To courts be gone, heart-foothing fleep. Where you've fo feldom been, While I May's wakeful vigil keep With Kate of Aberdeen.

M 3

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May:
The nymphs and swains shall all declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse you nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd hirds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new dress'd green:
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen,

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves desportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay,
Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen;
The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
"Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

YE fair who shine thro' Britain's isle,
And triumph o'er the heart;
For once attentive be a-while
To what I now impart.
Would you obtain the youth you love,
The precepts of a friend approve,
And learn the way to keep him.

As foon as nature has decreed

The bloom of eighteen years,
And Isabel from school is freed,
Then beauty's force appears;
The youthful blood begins to flow,
She hopes for man, and longs to know
The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt Within the lover's breast; And you by frange perfusion melt, Each wishing to be bleft; Be not too bold, nor yet too coy With prudence lure the happy boy, And that's the way to keep him. At court, at ball, at park or play, Affume a model pride; And, left your tongue your mind betray, In fewer words confide: The maid who thinks to gain a mate By giddy char, will find too late That's not the way to keep him. In dreffing ne'er the hours kill. That bane to all the fex; Nor let the arts of dear fondille Your innocence perplex. Be always decent a bride; By virtuous rules your reston guide; For that's the way to keep him. But when the nuntial knot in faff. And both its bleffings there To make those joys for ever laft, Of jealoufy beware: His love with kind completose meet; Let confrarey the work complete. And you'll be fure to keep him.

No nymph that trips the verdant plains With Sally can compare;
She wins the hearts of all the swains,
And rivals all the fair:
The beams of Sol delight and chear,
While summer reasons roll;
But Sally's smiles can all the year
Give pleasure to the foul.

When from the east the morning ray
Illumes the world below,
Her presence bids the god of day
With emulation glow:
Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
Birds sweeter notes prepare;

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The playful lambkins fkip around, And hail the fifter fair.

The lark but frains his liquid throat, To bid the maid rejoice, And mimics, while he swells his note,

The sweetness of her voice :

The fanning Zephyrs round her play, While Flora fleds perfume,

And ev'ry flow'ret feems to fay, I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim, From morn to eve their tale; Her beauty and unfpotted fame

Make vocal ev'ry vale;

The fiream meand'ring thro the mead, Her echo'd name conveys;

And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed. Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithfome lass and swain To mirthful wake refort,

Nor ev'ry May morn on the pl Advance in rural foot a

No more shall gush the purling rill, Nor mufic wake the grave,

Nor flocks look fnow like on the hill, When I forget to love.

WHILE beaus to please the ladies write, Or bards, to get a dinner by't,

Their well-feign'd passions tell, Let me in humble verfe proclaim My love for her who bears the name

Of charming Kitty Fell. Charming Kitty, levely Kitty, Oh-charming Kitty, Kitty Fell,

That Kitty's beautiful and young, That she has dane'd, that she has fung,

Alas! I know full well: I feel, and I shall ever feel,

The dart more fharp than pointed feel, That came from Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, &c.

Of late I hop'd, by reason's aid, To cure the wounds which love has made, And bade a long farewell: But t'other day she cross'd the green; I faw, I wish I had not feen,

My charming Kitty Fell. Charming Kitty, &c.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way? To church, the cry'd-I cannot flay:

Why, don't you hear the bell? To church-oh! take me with thee there, pray'd: fhe would not hear my prayer,

Ah! cruel Kitty Fell. Cruel Kitty, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain, I live to love, and to complain,

Condemn'd in chains to dwell: For the' the casts a scornful eye,

in death my fault'ring tongue will cry, Adieu! dear Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty, Adieu, Iweet Kitty, Kitty Fell.

1 HAT Jenny's my friend, my delight & my pride I always have boafted and feek not to hide; I dwell on her praises wherever I go; They fay, I'm in love, but I answer, No, no; They fay, &c.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleasure I fee A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea!" My heart how it bounds when I hear her below! But fay not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ; But fay, &c.

She fings me a fong, and I echo its strain; Again, I cry Jenny, fweet Jenny again: I kiss her sweet lips. as if there I could grow ; But fay not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no; But fay, &c.

She tells me her faults as the fits on my knee; Il chide her, and swear she's an angel to me:

My

My shoulder she taps, and fill bids me think so: Since these my poor neglected lambs, Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no; So late my only care, Who knows, &c. Have left their tender sleecy dams,

From beauty and wit, and good humour, how I Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly: Thy bounty, O fortune, make haste to bestow, And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No; And let me, &c.

Sure Sally is the lovelieft lass
That e'er gave shepherd glee;
Not May-day, in its morning dress,
Is half so fair as she.
Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
And fancy'd forms adore:
Ye bards, had ye my Sally seen,
You'd think on those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,

Where bees their honey fip,

Did ye but know the fweets that dwell

On Sally's love-taught lip:

But, ah! take heed, ye tuneful fwains,

The ripe temptation fhun;

Or elfe like me you'll wear her chains,

Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,
And lark-like hail'd the dawn;
More sportive than the kid I kept,
I wanton'd o'er the lawn:
To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,
And did my truth aver;
Yet, ere the parting kiss was cold,
I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I fee,

Where love lorn shepherds stray;
There to the winds my grief I speak,

And sigh my foul away:

Nought but despair my fancy paints,

No dawn of hope I see;
For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,

And laughs at love and me,

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
So late my only care,
Have lest their tender sleecy dams,
And stray'd I know not where:
Alas! my ewes, in vain ye bleat:
My lambkins lost, adien!
No more we on the plains shall meet,
For lost's your shepherd too.

I HE bird that hears her nettlings crv, And flies abroad for food, Returns impatient thro' the fky, To nurse the callow brood: The tender mother knows no joy, But bodes a thouland harms; And fickens for the darling boy, When absent from her arms. Such fondness with impatience jain d My faithful bolom fires; Now forc'd to leave my fair behind, The queen of my defires: The pow'rs of verfe too languid prove All fimilies are vain, To thew how ardently Llove, Or to relieve my pain. The faint with fervent zest infpir'd, For heav'n and juy divine; The faint is not with rapture fir'd, More pure, more warm than mine : I take what liberty I dare, Twere improus to fay more; Convey my longings to the fair, The goddess I adore.

By the dew-besprinkled rose;
By the blackbird piping clear;
By the western gale, that blows
Fragrance on the vernal year;
Hear Amanda, hear thy swain,
Nor let me longer sigh in vain;
Hear Amanda, &c.

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By the cowslip, clad in gold;
By the silver lily's light;
By those meads, where you behold
Nature rob'd in green and white;
Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
And to his sighs, oh! sigh again;
Hear, Sc.

By the riv'let's rambling race;
By the mufic that it makes;
By bright Sol's inverted face,

Who for the stream his sky forsakes; Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain, And into joy convert his pain; Hear. &c.

As Chloe came into the room t'other day,
I peevish began, where so long could you stay?
In your life time you never regarded your hour;
You promis'd at two, but—look, child! 'tis sour:
A lady's watch needs neither figures or wheels;
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with taubles and seals:
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
Thus far I went on with a sesoute air;
Thus far, Se.

Lord bless me, said she, let a body but speak;
Here's an ugly hard rose bud fall'n into my neck;
It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree;
Look here! for you never believe me, pray see,
On the left side my breast, what a mark it has made.
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
That scene of delight I with wonder surgey'd,
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.
And forgot, Se.

Assist me, all ye tuneful nine,
With numbers foft and witty;
To Beffy I inferibe the line,
Then raife my hamble ditty.
To Beffy, &c.
Catch, catch, ye groves, the am'rous fong;
And, as ye waft the found along,
Attend, ye lift'ning fylvan throng,

To praise my charming Belly;
My lovely, charming Belly.

Let others fing the cruel fair,
Who glories in undoing.

And proudly bids the wretch despair,
Rejoicing in his ruin;
And proudly, &c.

Such haughty tyrants I detest;
And let mescorn them, while I rest
Upon thy cantle-swelling breast,
My lovely, charming Belly;
My lovely, &c.

The role I'll pluck to deck her head,
The vi'let and the pansy:
The cowflip too shall quit the mead,
To aid my an rous fancy;
The cowflip, W.
Ye fragrant fifters of the spring,
Who shed your sweets on Zephyr's wing,
Around my fair your odours sing,
Around my charming Besty;
Around. &c.

When evining dapples o'er the skies,
The sun no longer burning.
Methinks I see before my eyes
Thy well known form returning.
Thy well known, &c.
On till or dale, by wood or stream,
Thou are alone my contant theme,
My waking wish, my morning dream,
Thou lovely, charming Besty;
Thou lovely, charming Besty;

N pleasure's smooth wing, how old time steals
And we's fatal stame leads the shepherd aftray?
My day, O ye swains! were a round of delight,
From the cool of the morn to the stillness of nights
No care found a place in my cottage or breast;
But health and content all the year was my guest.
'Twas then no fair Pbillis my heart could ensure
With voice or with feature, with dress or with air:

So kindly young Cupid had pointed his dart,
That I gather'd the sweets, but I missed the smart:
I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee;
But still all my song was, " I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield:
If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the sield,
Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight;
If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night;
With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the stream,
And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, fince for Hebe in fecret I figh,
Alas! what a change! and how wretched am I!
Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade;
Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all sade;
No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
And the brook o'er the pebbles now marmers in vain.

They fay that she's kind, but no kindness I see;
On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me t
Then teach me, bright Venue, persons of soft art,
Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart;
To crown my desire, or banish my pain,
Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

F AIR Hebe I left with a cautious design
To 'scape from her charms, and to drown 'em in win
I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart
The wine in my head, and will love in my heat,

I repair'd to my reason, but nated her aid.
Who paus'd on my case, & each circum and weigh'd.
Then gravely pronounc'd, in remain to my pray'r,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was hir.

That's a truth reply'd I, I've no need to be take I came for your counsel, to find out a fault If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain, While, like lightning, the darts thro' each throbbing My fenses surpriz'd, in her savour took arms, [vein ? And reason confirms me a flave to her charms.

Ask if you damask rose is sweet,
That scents the ambient air;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
If dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture quit his prey, And warble thro' the grove? Bid wanton linnets quit the fpray, Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes shate, Let pride in splendor shine; Ve bards unenvy'd laurels wear, Be fair Susanna mine.

How bleft has my time been! what days havel Since wedlock's fost bondage made Jessy my own! So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom in tasteless, and roving a pain;
That freedom, Se.

Thro' walks grown with weedbines, so often we stray Around us, our boys and girls frolic and play; How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see, And borrow their looks from my Jeffy and me; And borrow, &

To try her fweet temper oft-times am I feen In revelo all day with the nymphs of the green; Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles, And meet me at night with compliance and smiles; And meets & c.

Whas the on her cheeks the role lofes its hue, Her case and good humour bloom all the year thre? Time still, as he sies, adds increase to her truth, And gives to her mind what he seals from her youth; And gives &c.

And theat with false yows the too credulous fair; In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam! To hold it for life, you must find it at home; To hold it for life, Sc.

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E belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things. Who trip in this frolickfome round, ray tell me from whence this indecency fprings, The fexes at once to confound? hat means the cock'd hat and the mafculing air. With each motion defign'd to perplex? right eyes were inter ded to languish, not fare, And foftness the test of your fex-dear girls, And foftness, &c.

he girl who on beauty depends for support. May call ev'ry art to her aid he bosom display'd, and the petticoat short, Are famples the gives of her trade: ut you on whom fortune indulgently fmiles. And whom pride has preferr d from the fnare, hould flily attack with coyness and wiles, Not with open and infolent air-brave girls. Not with, &c.

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r thro':

he Venus, whose statue delights all mankind, Shrinks modeffly back from the view, nd kindly moded feem by the artifl defign'd To ferve as a model for you. hen learn, with her beautier, to copy her air; Nor venture too much too ur fancies will paint what you cover with care. And double each charm you conceal-fweet girls, And double. Gc.

he blushes of morn, and the mildness of May, Are charms which no art can procure! h! be but your elves, and our homage we'll pay, And your empire is folid, and fure: it if Amazon-like, you attack your gallants, And put us in fear of our lives, on may do very well for fifters or aunts; youth; Believe me, you'll never be wives-poor girls, Believe me, &c.

> O rofe, my Chloe's bosom grace, Chloe's bosom grace;

How happy should I prove, How happy should I prove, Might I fupply that envy'd place With never-fading lave! With never-fading love!

Involved in fragrance burn and die; Involv'd in, &c. Know, haples flow'r, that shou shalt find More fragrant roles there. More fragrant, &c. I fee thy with ring head reclin'd With envy and defpair.

There, phonix-like, beneath her eye,

One common fate we both must proves You die with entry, I with love, You die with easy, I with love.

With envy, &c.

OH! how shall I, in language weak My ardent passion tell Or form my fault ring tongue to fpeak That cruel word, Fatewell! Farewell-but know, tho' thus we part, My thoughts can never firmy; so where I will, my conftant heart Must with my charmer stay.

Seele btat once in a smale to find The form of Venus with Polles's mind; Let the fair-the I love have but prudence in view, That, the the seceive I may fill think her true : e her person mot beauteous, but pleasing and clean, her temper be cloudlefs, and open her mein : By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led, Nor in bebted to paint - for white or for red,

May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of the fex Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex: Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jeft, For prudes I despise, and coquettes I dereft : May ber humour the taffe of the company hit, Not affectedly wife, nor too pert with her wit:

Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan, And I'll love her for ever-I mean, if I can.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
This source of content is so rare to be sound?
O, friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetner of life;
Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd as a friend,
On whom she may always with safety depend?
Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
And griess, when divided, are hush'd into peace a
When fortune is smiling, what crouds will appear
Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
No longer to court you they'll eagerly press.

Why heaves my fond botom, ah! what can it mean Why flutters my heart that was once so serene? Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is near Or why, when she's absent, this forrow, and fear? Or why when she's absent, &c.

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace
The thousand soft charms that embellish the face:
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;
With the face I am charm d, but enslav'd by the
With the face, &c.
[mind;

Untainted with folly, unfully'd by pride,
There native good-humour and virtue refide;
Pray heaven that virtue thy foul may supply
With compassion for him, who without thee must die.
With compassion, &c.

'GAINST the deftructive wiles of man,
Your hearts, ye fair ones, guard;
Their only fludy's to trepan,
And play a trickfler's card:
With strange delight poor women they slight,
Amuse, cajole, belie:

Hence, girls! beware-look sharp-take care; For men are wond rous sly.

That Proteus, man, like him of old,
A thousand forms will take;
His venal soul is all for gold,
A crocodile, or snake.
See his direthread! this spider spread
To catch the semale fly:
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
For men are wond rous sly.

A porcupine, with rage inspir'd,
At nymphs he darts his quills;
A basilisk by frency 6r'd,
His glance by poison kills:
With fraudful arts he steals their hearts,
Then throws the baubles by:
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
For men are wond'rous sly.

Was the whole race of men to meet
In one wide-spreading plain,
Of constancy, of faith, to treat,
And virtue's spotless train,
To find a youth renown'd for truth,
Whole ages you might try:
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
For men are wond'rous sly.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes represe,
And chide them from the only face
They can behold with love?

To eafe my pain, and footh my care,
I feek a nymph more kind,
And as I rove from fair to fair,
Still gentle usage find.

But, oh! how weak is ev'ry joy
Where nature has no part?
Fresh beauties may my eyes employ,
But you alone my heart.

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Thus wretched exiles, when they roam, Meet pity ev'ry where; But languish for their native home, Though death attends them there.

TO reason, ye fair-ones, affert your pretence, Nor hearken to language beneath common sense: When angels man call ye, and homage would pay, If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they.

Ten thousand gay scenes are presented to view, Ten thousand oaths swore, but not one of them true; Such passions, O heed not, unless to deride, Lest a victim you fall to an ill-grounded pride.

Prefer ye the dictates of virtue to found, True bleffings can ne'er without goodness be found; Leave folly and fashions, misguiders of youth, And stick to their opposites, freedom and truth,

No more shall meads be deckt with flow'rs,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bow'rs;
Nor greeness buds in branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
Nor April violets paint the grove,
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
The humble vale no flood shall know,
When floods shall highest hills o'erslow;
Black Letbe shall oblivion leave,
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to sly;
The sun resuse to shew his light,
And day be turned into night;
And in that night no star appear,
If e'er I leave my Celia dear.

ANGELIC fair, beneath you pine, On graffy verdure let's recline, And like the morn be gay: See how Aurora fmiles on spring, See how the larke arise and fing, To hail the infant day,

Mufic shall wake the morn—the day
Shall roll unheeded as we play
In wiles, impell'd by love:
When weary, we shall deign to rest
Alternate on each other's breast,
While Cupid guards the grove.

What prince can boast more happiness
Than I (possessing thee) possess?
All care is banish'd hence,
Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,
In what superior pleasure lies,
Than love and innocence?

Y OU fay, at your feet that I wept in despair, And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair; How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke? What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love, And nothing but death should my passion remove; I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year; And not yet contented! have conscience my dear.

ONCE more Pil tune the vocal shell, so hills and dales my passion tell, A slame which time can never quell, But burns for thee, my Peggy: You, greater bards, the lyre should hit; For say, what subject is more sit, Than to record the sparkling wit And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The fun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy;

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re;

And when in Thelis' lap to seft, He fireaks with gold the ruddy west, He not so beauteous as, undrest, Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the vilet blows, Or breathes upon the damaik rofe, It does not half the fweets disclose,

As does my lovely Peggy.

I ftole a kife the other day,
And (trust me) nought but truth I fay,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was the array'd in ruttic weed, With her the bleating flocks I'd feed, And pipe upon the oaten reed;

To please my lovely Peggy:
With her a cottage would delight;
All's happy when she's in my fight;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove, And sinness warble thro' the grove, Or stately swans the water love,

So long shall I love Peggy:
And when death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

THE winter's drear · scene is o'er,
The sun unlocks the frozen ground;
The vessels leave the verdant shore,
And woods with vocal music sound:
Warm'd by the sun's enliv'ning ray,
The feather'd songsters of the grove,
Transported, hep from spray to spray,
And feel the genial pow'r of love.

A foster no e, a sweeter voice,

May teach their little breasts to figh,

And guide them in their transient choice:

No wonder that these trifles please,

Transfix their hearts, and charms their car s

Their nuptial union soon must cease,

Nor can survive the circling year.

Far nobler gifts my fancy warms,
Far nobler gifts must strike my eyes;
I rove in quest of brighter charms,
And seck a mate discreetly wise.
In Chloe all those charms combine,
That wit and virtue can impart;
She then shall be my Valentine,
And ever triumph o'er my heart.

WHEN, lovely maid, with thee I join'd
In humble fuit to heav'n,
Unusual comfort cheer'd my mind,
And spoke my faults forgiv'n.

My griefs were hush'd, my joy ferene,
No anxious care'l knew:
Lost to my thought this earthly scene,
All but my love for you.

Fain would I think, that thou, dear maid,
By pitying heav'n was fent
To lend an erring finner aid,
And teach him to repent.

Vouchfafe me ffill the pious care,
O! crown the great defign;
Reward my passion, charming fair,
And fix me heav'n's—and thine.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd, But short was her sway for so lovely a maid: In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run; In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun! Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs & the plains. Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains. How many soft moments I spent in this grave! How fair was my nymph! and how servent my love

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Be still, tho' my heart, thine emotion give o'er; Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs, Or loiter'd behind, and collected the slow'rs! Then breathless, with ardour, my fair one pursu'd, And to think with what favor my garland she view'd! But be still, my fond heart, this emotion give o'er; Fain would'st thou forget, thou must love her no more

EV'RY blifs that heav'n can give, With dear Myra is to live, Hear her talk, and fee her fmile, Fondly gazing all the while:

Conftantly with raptures trace
Ev'ry charm of mind and grace;
Snatch her to my glowing breaft,
When with tenderness appress.
Ev'ry bliss. &c.

But of these, if once depriv'd, Long, too long, I shall have liv'd; Frankly I'd resign my breath; Myra lost is worse than death. Ev'ry bliss, &c.

W Hen I think on your truth, I doubt you no more; I blame all the fears I gave way to before; I fay to my heart, be at rest, and believe. That whom once she has chosen she never will leave. But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace, That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face, My heart beats again; I again apprehend

Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love.
But doubts caus'd by passion, you never can blame,
For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

STILL in hopes to get the beter Of my Aubborn flame I try,

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Swear this moment to forget her, And the next my oath deny.

Now prepare with feorn to treat her, Ev'ry charm in thought I brave; Then, relapting, fly to meet her, And confess myself her flave.

As bringing home, the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The little warblers feem'd to pray
For liberty again:
Unheedful of their plaintive notes

I fung across the mead; In vain they tun'd their pleasing threats, And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tusted grove
Near which my cottage food,
I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
When Chlora's charms I view'd:
I gas'd, I lov'd, I pres'd her say,
To hear my tender tale,
But all in vain—she sted away,

Nor could my fighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound, which love had made, Came pity to my breaft,

And thus I (as compassion bade)
The feather'd pair address'd:
"Ye little warblers, chearful be,

"Remember not ye flew;
"For I who thought myfelf so free,
"Am far more caught than you."

WHEN beauty on the lover's foul
Imprints its first and fairest charms,
It soon does reason's force controll,
And ev'ry passion quite disarms.

'Tis beauty triumphs o'er the brave,
As ev'ry feature blooms divine;
'Tis beauty makes the king a flave,
When in an angel's form, like thine.

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Of woman to tell you my mind,
And I fpeak from th' experience I've had,
Not two out of fifty you'll find,
Be they daughters or wives,
But are plagues of our lives,
And enough to make any man mad.

The wrong and the right,

Being fet in their fight,

They're fure to take hold of the wrong;

They'll cajole and they'll whimper,

They'll whime and they'll fnivel,

They'll coax and they'll fimper—

In short, they're the devil;

And so there's an end of my song.

LET heroes delight in the toils of the war,
In maims, blood, and bruiles, and blows;
Not a fword, but I fword knot, rejoices the fair:
And what are rough feddiers to beaux?
Away then with laurels? come beauty and love,
And filence the trumpet and drum;
Let me with foft myrtle my brows bare involve,
And tenderly combat at home.

HEAR me, blooming goddels, hear me!.

Queen of fmiles and foft defire;

Send the beauty to endear me,

Who has lit this am rous fire.

Oh! how fweet the mild dominion
Of the charmer we approve!
Honour clips the wanton pinion,
And we're willing flaves to love.

To heal the smart a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheek she laid,
And bid me kiss the place.
Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both sweet and smart;

The honey on my lips I found, The fling within my heart.

W HEN real joy we mis,
'Tis some degree of bliss,
To reap ideal pleasure,
And dream of hidden treasure.
The soldier dreams of wars,
And conquers without scars;
The sailor in his sleep
With safety ploughs the deep:
So I, through sancy's aid,

THEN hey for a frolickfome life;
I'll ramble where pleasures are rife;
Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,
And never think more of a wife.
Plague on it men are but asses,
To run after noise and strife.

Enjoy my heav'nly maid,

Am greater far than Tove.

And, bleft with thee and love,

Had we been together buckled,
'Twould have prov'd a fine affair;
Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,
And boys pointing, cry'd—Look there!

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me;
And yet, I fwear, I can't tell how
The pleafing plague ftole on me:
'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there the graces revel;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil,
Have rather, &c.

'Tis not her air, for fure in that
There's nothing more than common;

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And all her fense is only chat,
Like any other woman:
Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm;
'Tis both, perhaps, or neither;
In short, 'tis that provoking charm
In short, 'tis that provoking charm
Of Celia all together.
Of Celia all together.

To figh and complain,
Alike I disdain,
Contented my wish to enjoy:
I scorn to reflect
On a lady's neglect,
Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war,
I laugh at a fear;
And if my proudenemy yield,
The joy that remains
Is to lead her in chains,
And glean the rich spoils of the field.

WHY should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy chearful fwain;
Since labour oft a sweet bestows,
Which lazy splendor never knows?
Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth;
And spread those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of drefs, the pomp of flow, Are trappings oft that cover woe; But we, whose wishes never roam, shall taste of real joys at home.

And

I HO' my drefs, as my manners, is fimple & plain, a rafcal I hate, and a knave I difdain; by dealings are just, and my conscience is clear, and I'm richer than those who have thousands a year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting uncouth, I feel no remorse for the sollies of youth; I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song, And my boys think my age not a moment too long. Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin & grimace, Creep under, dance over, for title or place; Above all the titles that flow from a throne, That of honest I prize—and that title's my own.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
My wild defires to rally:
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange! no longer seek to roam,
They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy;
Can love with ruin tally?
By those dear lips, those eyes, I sweat,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come, then, oh! come, thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,
Or lilies of the valley;
O follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

THO' my features, I'm told,
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wifdom I hate and detest;
Not a wrinkle is there,
Which is furrow'd with care,
And my heart is as light as the best.

When I look on my boys,
They renew all my joys,
Myfelf in my children I fee;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free;

In the days I was young
Oh! I caper'd and fung,
The laffes came flocking apace;
But now turn'd of threefcore,
I can do so no more—
Why then let my boy take his place.

Of our pleasures we crack;
For we fill love the smack,
And chuckle o'er what we have been;
Yet why should we repine?
You've had your's, I've had mine,
And now let our children begin.

CONSTANTIA, see thy faithful slave Dies of the wound thy beauty gave: Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try From fond pursuing love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding, sching heart;
Regard my fighs, and flowing tears,
And with a fmile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou would'st be, By sacred Hymen join'd to me, Bre yet the western sun decline, My hand and heart shall both be thine.

THY origin divine I fee,
Of mortal race thou can'ft not be:
Thy lip a ruby lustre shows,
Thy purple cheek outshines the rose;
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any star.
Thy sordid way of life despise;
Above thy slav'ry, Silvia, rise:
Display thy beauty, form, and mien,
And grow a goddes, or a queen.

LOVELY Phillis, when thou'rt kind, Nought but raptures fill my mind; Then I think thee so divine,
Thou excell'st e'en mighty wine:
But when you insult me and laugh at my pain,
I wash thee away in sparkling champaign;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the pow'r of another.

Eyes relenting when I see,
Friends I freely quit for thee;
Love persuades and charms me then,
Freedom I'd not wish to gain:
But when thou art cruel and heed'st not my care,
Then straight with a bumper I banish despair;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the pow'r of another.

WAS Nanny but a rural maid,
And I her only fwain,
To tend her flocks in verdant mead,
And on the verdant plain;
Oh! how I'd pipe upon my reed,
To please my lovely maid;
While of all sense of care we're freed,
Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
And rain feems in the fky,
Then to our oaken, fafe retreat,
We'd both together hie!
There I repeat my vows of love
Unto my charming fair,
Whilft her dear flutt'ring heart would prove
A mind like mine, fincere.

Let others fancy courtly joys,
I'd live in rural eafe;
Then grandeur, buffle, pride, and noise,
Could ne'er my fancy please:
In Nanny ev'ry joy combines,
With grace and blooming youth,
Sincerity and virtue shines,
With modesty and truth.

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Thrice lov'd Constantia, heavenly fair, For thee a servant's form I wear; Tho' blest with wealth, and nobly born, For thee both wealth and birth I scorn.

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Trust me, fair maid, my constant flame For ever will remain the same; My love that ne'er, will cease, my love Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

Believe my fighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won:
Believe my vows to you fincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone.
You fay I'm false, and apt to change
At ev'ry face that's new:
Of all the girls I ever faw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you:

My heart was like a flake of ice,

Till warm'd by your bright eyes,
And then it kindled in a trice,
A flame that never dies.

Then take and try me, you fhall find
That I've a heart that's true:

Of all the girls I ever faw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

F Arewell, ye green fields and sweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart;
Where nightingales warble their loves,
And nature is dress'd without art:
No pleasure ye now can afford,
Nor music can lull me to rest;
For Phillis proves false to her word,
And Strephon can never be blest.

Off-times, by the fide of a fpring,
Where rofes and lilies appear,
Gay Phillis of Strephon would fing,
For Strephon was all the held dear s
But as foon as the found, by my eyes,
The passion that glow'd in my breast,

She then, to my grief and furprize, Prov'd all the had faid was a jeft.

Too late, to my forrow, I find,
The beauties alone that will last,
Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blast:
Beware, then, beware how ye trust
Coquets, who to love make pretence;
For Phillis to me had been just,
If nature had bless'd her with sense.

Sure never poor shepherd was tortur'd like me, From morning to night I could never be free; The charms of young Phillis so ran in my head, I wish'd she was mine, or I wish'd myseif dead.

Whenever I faw her and told her my cafe, She gave me a frown, or she laugh'd in my face; Yet still I ador'd her, and call'd her my wife, My passion was six'd, nor could end but with life.

I found all the offers I made her of love Produc'd no effect, nor affection could move; So (chem'd a contrivance her passion to try, And boldly resolved, to conquer, or die.

'Twas spread round the village I courted young Prue And Phillis had left her own schemes to pursue; This answer'd my wishes, she soon provid more kind, And vow'd ro be true, if I'd not change my mind.

I catch'd the occasion, and sent for a priest, For fear she should alter, I thought it the best; From hence learn, ye virgins, be blest if ye can, And never refuse the sincere honest man.

ERE Phæbus shall peep on the fresh-buding flow'r,
Or blue bells are robb'd of their dew;
Sleep on, my Maria, while I deck the bow'r,
To make it more worthy of you.

There roles and jess'min each other shall greet,
And mingle, to copy thy hue;
The lily to match with thy bosom so sweet,
How faint its resemblance of you.

With

With fweets of thy breath the hedge vi'let shall vie, But weakly, and pay it its due; The thorn shall be robb'd of the floe for thine eye, Yet nature paints nothing like you.

The leaves of the fenfitive-plant must declare The truth of my well-belov'd fhe; Whole hand if to touch it bold fhepherds should dare, Would thrink from all others but me.

LET mifers hug their darling flore, And kiss each guinea o'er and o'er, I'm richer with a shilling; It brings me out to chearful air, To meet my lovely, cruel fair, Oh! that the was but willing.

To make her fuch, I point to groves, And bid her mark the heart-fick doves, How fweetly they are billing; But all in vain, as yet, my art, For, oh! I feel across my heart, Love's god his poison spilling.

The ffreams which flow like my fad eye, Will leave, at last, their channels dry. Unless the springs are filling; And foftelt rain, on hardeft stone, Will wear, tho' drops fall one by one, A hole, by constant drilling.

But, oh! my fprings will ne'er again Replenish, but with fresher pain, Her frowns are ftill fo killing; Nor will my tears her marble pierce, Though constant drops bedew my verse. From eyes, like limbecks filling.

I fung the fong, it pleas'd her too, " How Sue loves I, and I loves Sue." While neighbour's grift was milling; But all was vain, if you must know, So I refolv'd to let her go, Because the was not willing.

I HE gentle fwan, with graceful pride, Her gloffy plumage laves; And failing down the filver tide, Divides the whifp'ring waves: The filver tide that wand'ring flows, Sweet to the bird muft be; But not fo fweet, blithe Cupid knows, As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood, On yonder fruit tree fung; And ftill the pendent neit fhe view'd, That held her callow young: Tho' dear to her maternal heart The genial brood must be, They're not so dear, the thousandth part, As Delia is to me.

The rofes that my brow furround. Were natives of the dale; Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound, Before the hue grew pale: My vital blood would thus be froze, If luckless torn from thee; For what the root is to the rose, My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new fall'n fnow. So white the beauteous pair; The birds to Delia I'll bestow, They're like her bosom fair: May they of our connubial love A happy omen be; Then fuch fond blifs as turtles prove Shall Delia thare with me.

COME Rosalind, oh, come and see What pleasures are in ftore for thee, What pleasures are in store for thee; The flow'rs in all their fweets appear, The fields their gayeft beauties wear, The fields, &c.

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The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove, Now warble out their fongs of love; For thee they fing, and rofes bloom, And Colin thee invites to come.

Come, Rosalind, and Colin join;
My tender flocks and all are thine:
If love and Rosalind be near,
Tis May and pleasure all the year.

Come, see a cottage and a swain:
Can'st thou my love or gitts distain?
Can'st thou, Sc.
Leave all behind, no longer stay,
for Colin calls, then haste away,
For Colin calls, Sc.

BREATH fost, ye winds, be calm ye skies, Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise; Ye filver dews, ye vernal show'rs, Call forth a blooming waste of slow'rs.

the fragrant role, a beauteous guest, hall flourish on my fair one's breast, hall grace her hand, or deck her hair, the flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.

AN love be controul'd by advice?
Can madness and reason ageee?
Mully! who'd ever be wise,
If madness is loving of thee?
et sages pretend to despise
The joys they want spirits to taste;
et me seize on old time as he slies,
And the blessings of life while they last.

all wisdom but adds to our cares;
Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy;
to soon we may meet with grey hairs,
Too late may repent being coy;
then, Molly, for what should we stay
Till our best blood begins to run cold?
Tryouth we can have but to-day;
We may always find time to grow old.

BEHOLD the sweet slowers around,
With all the bright heauties they wear,
With all the bright beauties they wear;
Yet none on the plains can be found,
So lovely, so lovely, as Celia is fair,
So lovely as Celia is fair.
Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,
No longer in silence remain;
No longer in silence remain;
Oh! lend a fond lover your notes,
'To soften, to soften my Celia's disdain?
To soften my Celia's disdain.

Oft times in yon flowery vale

I breathe my complaints in a fong,
I breathe my complaints in a fong;
Fair Flora attends the fad tale,
And fweetens, and fweetens the borders along,
And fweetens the borders along.
But Celia, whose breath might perfume
The bosom of Flora in May,
The bosom of Flora in May,
Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
Regardless, regardless of all I can say,
Regardless of all I can say,

Go, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way,
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if the deign thy notes to hear,
And if the praise thy matin song;
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
To Damon's native plaints belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes, compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat you witless beau, And all his flaunting race, with scorn, And lend an ear to Damon's woe. Who fings her praise, and fings forlorn.

- QI -I Am marry'd and happy, with wonder hear this, Ye rovers and rakes of the age; Who laugh at the mention of conjugal blifs, And who only loofe pleasures engage:

You may laugh, but, believe me, you're all in the When you merrily marriage deride;

For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong, And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise. Are fugitive, never fincere;

Oft ftolen with hafte, or fnatch'd by furprize, Interrupted by doubts and by fear :

But those which in legal attachments we find, When the heart is with innocence pure,

Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd, And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that name, True love is with fentiment join'd: But your's is a paffion, a feverifh flame, Rais'd without the confent of the mind.

When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire, With this and with that ye are cloy'd;

Ye are led, and missed, by a flatt'ring false fire, And are oft by that fire deftroy'd.

If you alk me-from whence my felicity flows? My answer is short-From a wife,

Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature, I chose Which are beauties that charm us for life .-

To make home the teat of perpetual delight, Ev'ry hour each studies to seize;

And we find ourselves happy from morning till night, By our mutual endeavours to pleafe,

- 92 NOT on beauty's transient pleasure, Which no real joys impart; Nor on heaps of fordid treasure Did I fix my youthful heart.

Twas not Chloe's perfect feature Did the fickle wand'rer bind : Nor her form, the boaft of nature; 'Twas alone her spotless mind.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure, Which no real joys impart; Nor on heaps of fordid treasure Did I fix my youthful heart.

Take, ye fwains, the real bleffing That will joys for life enfure; The virtuous mind alone poffeffing, Will your lasting blis fecure.

I HO' Chloe's out of fathion, Can blush and be fincere; I'll toaft her in a bumper, If all the belles were here. What the' no diamonds sparkle Around her neck and waift, With ev'ry thining virtue The lovely maid is grac'd.

In modest plain apparel, No patches, paint, nor airs, In debt alone to nature, An angel fhe appears: From gay coquets, high finish'd, My Chloe takes no rules, Nor envies them their conquelts, The hearts of all the foois.

Who wins her must have merit, Such merit as her own; The graces all poffeffing, Yet knows not the has one: Then grant me gracious heav'n, The gift you must approve, And Chios, charming Chios, Will blefs me with her love.

I AIR is the fwan, the ermine white, And fair the lily of the vale;

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ong Soft The moon, resplendent queen of night,
And snows that drive before the gale:
In fairness these the rest excel,
But fairer is my Isabel.

weet is the vi'let, fweet the rofe,
And fweet the morning breath of May;
arnations rich their fweets disclose,
And fweet the winding woodbines stray:
In fweetness these the rest excel,
But sweeter is my Isabel.

Constant the poets call the dove,
And am'rous they the sparrow call:
Sond is the sky-lark of his love,
And fond the feather'd lovers all:
In sondness these the rest excel,
But sonder I of Isabel.

O curb the will, with vain pretence Philosophy her force employs, and tells us, in despite of sense, That life affords no real joys: such idle whims my heart abjures; Envy me not, immortal Fove, f I prefer my blifs to your's, Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.' lince you have giv'n defires to men, Deny us not enjoyment free: Must I be happy only then, When I, alas! shall cease to be? such idle whims my heart abjures; Envy me not, immortal fove, If I prefer my blifs to your's, Clasp'd in the arms of her I love,

AIRER than the opining lilies,
Sweeter than the morning rofe,
Are the blooming charms of Phillis;
Richer sweets does the disclose.
Long secure from Cupid's pow't,
Soft repose had lull'd my breast,

Till in one fhort fatal hour, She depriv'd my foul of reft.

Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
From whose shafts I bleed and burn!
Teach, O! teach the maid to languish!
Strike fair Phillis in her turn.
From that torment in her breast,
Soon to pity she'll incline,
And, to give her bosom rest,
Kindly heal the wound in mine.

DEAR, Cbloe, come give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do'stask me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure;
Then, pr'ythee, dear Cbloe, be kind;
For since I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing;
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields;
Count the flocks that in Tempe are ftraying,
And the grain that rich Sicily yields;
Count how many flars are in heaven;
Go number the lands on the shore;
And when so many kiffes you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
In my arms let me ever infold thee,
And circle thee round, like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on your lips shall be spent:
The wretch that can number his kisses,
Will always with few be content.

F Arewell, my Paftera, no longer your swain,
Quite fick of his bondage, can suffer his chain:
Nay, arm not your brow with such haughty distain;
My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.
Sing tol derol, Sc.

I'll live like the birds, those sweet tenants of May. I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew wealthy and great, Who always are sportful, who always are gay ; How feetly their fonnets they carol all day ! Their love is but frolic, their courtship but play. Sing tol derol, &c.

If firuck by a beauty they ne'er faw before, In chirping feft notes they her pity implore: She yields to intreaty; and when the fit's o'er, Tis a hundred to ten that they never meet more. Sing tol derol, &c.

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I HE nymph that I love was as chearful as day, And as fweet as the blofforning hawthorn in Ma;; Her temper was fmooth as the down on the dove, And her face was as fair as the Mother of Love : Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds And receives gentle odours from flowery beds; Yet warm in affection as Phæbus at noon, And as chafte as the filver-white beams of the moon. Her mind was unfully'd as new-fall'n fnow, And as lively as tints from young Iris's bow; As clear as the fiream and as deep as the flood; She, tho' witty, was wife, and tho' beautiful, good : The fweets that each virtue or grace had in flore, She cull'd, as the bee does, the bloom of each flow'r, Which, treasur'd for me, O! how happy was I! For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

- 100 -COME, give your attention to what I unfold, The moral is true, tho' the matter is old, The moral is true, &c. My honest confession's intended to prove, How tasteless, insipid, is life without love; My honest confession's, &c.

In works of old fephift my mind I employ'd; My bottle and friend, too, by turns, I enjoy'd, My bottle, &c. I laugh'd at the fex, and prefumptu ufly frove Their charms to forget, and bid farewell to love : I laugh'd, &c.

A patriot in polities, fond of debate, A patriot. &c.

Each passion indulging, my doubts did remove t They center'd in pleasure, and pleasure in love : Each paffien, &c.

How fweet my refolves, I confess'd with a figh, When Phillis, sweet Phillis, tripp'd wantonly by, When Phillis, &c.

I caught her, and mention'd a turn in the grove; Confenting the made me a convert to love: I caught her, &c.

Ye lovers of freedom, no longer complain; We're born fellow-subjects of beauty's foft chain, We're born, &c. My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove, That life is not life when divided from love: My purchas'd experience, &c.

BEHOLD, fairest Phabe, you garden fo fair. So rural the arbours, fo pleafant the air; The trees how they're clad with a bright lovely green And lovers, for pleafure, a walking are feen. See the meadows & fields, with what beauty they grow And the clear limpid streams uninterruptedly flow; See the innocent lambs how they chearfully play, While their dams, on the bank, do a fun burning lay

In the air hear the birds, with sweet warbling throats, All chanting their lays in the sweetest of notes; The lark in the morning, as foon as 'tis light, [flight. With out firetched wings tow'rds the fky takes her The cowflips and vi'lets adorn the green banks. And pleafantly grow in irregular ranks; Not a thing is there wanting to make it look neat,

But you, my dear Phabe, to render't compleat. Suppose, then, for pleasure, we just take a walk Around yonder green, and let love be our talk: What fay you, my fair one, to you I'll refign; What pleases your fancy, will likewise please mine

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I would fcorn to be rude; my thoughts I'd employ To drive away that which I thought would annoy. I am plain and fincere, as a lover should be; I hate to be flatter'd, and love to be free.

THE flame of love fincere I felt,
And fkreen'd the paffion long;
A tyrant in my foul it dwelt,
But awe suppress'd my tongue.
At length I told my dearest maid,
My heart was fix'd upon her:
But think not I can love, she faid,
I can't upon my honour.

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The heart that once is roving caught,
All prudent nymphs diffruft;
And must it for a youthful fault
Be always deem'd unjust?
So Celia judg'd, so sense decreed,
And bid me still to shun her:
Your suit, she said, won't here succeed,
It won't, upon my honour.

Too long, I cry'd, I've been to blame, I with a figh confess; But thou, who canft the rake reclaim, My new-born passion bless!

Had ev'ry nymph like Celia prov'd,
I could not have undone her;
On thee, bright maid, thou best belov'd,
I doat, upon my honour.

Awhile the nymph my fuit reprefs'd, My conflancy to prove, Then with a blush confent express'd, And bless'd me with her love.

To church I led the blooming fair, Enraptur'd that I'd won her; And now life's fweetest joys we share, We do, upon my honour.

LET the temper of war

Be heard from a far,

With trumpets' and cannon' alarme:

Let the brave, if they will,
By their valour or skill,
Seek honour and conquest in arms.
To live safe, and retire,
Is what I desire,
Of my stocks and my Chloe posses;
For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the lasting enjoyment of rest:
In some cottage or cell,
Like a shepherd to dwell,
From all interruption at ease;
In a peaceable life,
To be blest with a wise,
Who will study her hursband to please,

- IO4 WHERE virtue incircles the fair, Their lilies and rofes are vain; Each Biofforn must drop with despair, Where innocency takes up her reign : No gaudy embellishing arts The fair-one need call to her aid, Who kindly by nature imparts The graces that Nature has made. The fwain who has fense, must despite Each coquettish art to ensnare; If timely ye'd wish to be wife, Attend to my counfel, ye fair; Let virgins whom Nature has bleft, Her fovereign dictates obey; For beauties by Nature exprest, Are beauties that never decay.

My fair, ye fwains, is gone aftray;
The little wand'rer loft her way
In gath'ring flow'rs the other day;
Poor Phillis, poor Phillis poor levely Phillis.
Ah! lead her home, ye gentle fwains,
Who know an absent lover's pains;
And bring her safely o'er the plains;
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

O Conceive

Conceive what tortures rack my mind;
And, if you'll be so just and kind.
I'll give you certain marks to find
My Phillis, Sc.

Whene'er a charming form you fee, Serenely grave, sedately free, And mildly gay, it must be she; 'Tis Phillis, &c.

Not boldly bare, not half undreft, But under cover flightly preft, In fecret plays the little breaft Of Phillis, &c.

When such a heavenly voice you hear, As makes you think a Dryad near, Ah! seize her, and bring home my dear; "Tis Phillis, &c.

The nymph, whose person, void of art, Has ev'ry grace, in every part, With murd'ring eyes, yet harmless heart, Is Phillis, Sc.

Whose teeth are like an iv'ry row,
Whose skin is like the clearest snow,
Whose face like—nothing that I know,
Is Phillis, &c.

But rest, my soul, and bless your fate; The Gods, who form'd a piece so neat, So just, exact, and so compleat As Phillis, &c.

Proud of their hit in fuch a flow'r,
Which so exemplifies their pow'r,
Will guard, in ev'ry dang'rous hour,
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis,

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,
And steal its fragrance from the rose,
To dress their Fancy's Queen;
Fain would I sing, but words are faint,
All music's powers too weak to paint
My Jenny of the Green,

Beneath this elm, be fide this stream,
How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
And told my tale unfeen!
While, faithful in the lovers cause.
The winds would murmur fost applause
To Jenny of the Green.

With joy my foul revives the day,
When, deck'd in all the pride of Nay,
She hail'd the fylvan scene;
Then ev'ry nymyh that hop'd to please,
First strove to catch the grace and ease
Of Jenny of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's figh,
On me she cast her partial eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble mien;
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
That day adorn'd the lovely hair
Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the fairy land of love,
I'll feek my pretty wand ring dove,
The pride of gay fifteen;
Tho' now fine treads fome distant plain,
Tho' far apart, I'll meet again
My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, till that bleft night
That brings her back with fpeedy flight,
Melt down the hours between;
And when we meet, the loss repay,
On loit'ring wing prolong my stay
With Jenny of the Green.

SOFT pleafing pains, unknown before,
My beating bosom feels,
When I behold the blissful bow'r
Where dearest Delia dwells.
That way I daily drive my flock;
Ah! happy, happy vale!
There look, and wish; and while I look,
My fighs increase the gale.
My fighs increase the gale.

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Sometimes at midnight I do ftray
Beneath th' inclement skies,
And there my true devotion pay
To Delia's sleep-feal'd eyes:
So pious pilgrims nightly roam,
With tedious travel faint,
To kis alone the clay-cold tomb
Of some lov'd fav'rite saint,
Of some, Sc.

O tell, ye shades, that fold my fair,
And all my bliss contain,
Ah! why should ye those blessings share,
For which I sigh in vain?
But let me not at fate repine,
And thus my grief impart:
She's not your tenant;—she is mine;
Her Mansion is my heart,
Her Mansion is my heart.

Too long a giddy wand'ring youth,
From fair to fair I rov'd;
To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my wuth,
Tho' all alike I lov'd:

Yet, when the joy I wish'd was past,
My truth appear'd a jest;
But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
That constancy is best,
That constancy is best.

Yet, tho' possession yield delight,

It damps the lawlefs fire:

Like other fools, at female wiles
'Twas my delight to rail;
Their fighs, their vows, their tears, their fmiles,
Were false, I thought, and frail:
But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,
I see their worth confest;
That man cannot enough adore,
That constancy is best,
That constancy is best,
The roving heart at beauty's fight
May glow with fond defire;

But love's celeftial faithful flames
Still catch from breaft to breatt;
While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims
That conftancy is beft,
That conftancy is beft.

No folid blifs from change refults,
No real raptures flow;
But, fix'd to one, the foul exults,
And taftes of heav'n below.
With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
Is truth's fair form impreft;
And reason dictates to mankind,
That constancy is best,
That constancy is best.

Cupid, god of love and joy,
Wanton rofy winged boy,
Guard her heart from all alarms,
Bring her deck'd in all her charms,
Blufhing, panting, to my arms.

All the heaven I afk below,
Is to use thy darts and bow,
Could I have them in my pow'r,
One sweet smiling happy hour,
One sweet woman I'd secure.

She's the first which Venus made,
With her graces full array'd;
When she treads the velvet ground,
We feel the zone with which she's bound,
All is paradise around.

IN perfuit of the fox and the hare
What joys and what comforts abounds!
But I am alone in dispair,
Since Silvia's not there to be found.

When I join with my friends round the bowl!
What raptures I view in each face!
But Sylvia possesses my foul,
And no pleasures her form can erase.

I have told her a tale of foft love, As we fat in the cool myrtle shade;

But

But nothing I said could remove Her idea of being betray'd.

O! could I but make her my wife, I'd bid ev'ry folly adieu! And refolve for the rest of my life To center my wishes with You.

OBetsey! wilt thou gang with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown.
Nae longer drest in silken sheen,
Nae longer deckt wi' jewels rare;
Say, can'ft thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

O Betfey! when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not caft a wish behind?
Say, can'ft thou face the slakey fnaw,
Nor shrink beneath the northern wind?
Say, can that fast and gentlest mien,
Severest hardships learn to bear?
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

O Betsey! can'ft thou love sa true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to go?
Or when mishap the swain should rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Or when invading pains befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
Nor wishful those gay seenes recall,
Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wi't thou repress each struggling sigh,
And chear with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay
Strew slowers, and drop the tender teat?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

IN pity, Celia, to my pain, No more my heart reprove, Nor let the blafts of cold difdain Deftroy my rifing love.

My love, as yet, but newly blown,
Must die for want of care;
'Tis your's (as you the seeds have sown)
To save the flow'rs they bare.

When first the springing flow's appears,
And shews its rising head.
Each gentlest wind is shiv'ring fear.
And courts the gardener's aid.
In pity then, no longer strive
To grieve my faithful mind;
Since love and faith, and justice too,
Expect you to be kind.

SAY, why must the poet's soft lays
To beauty be always confin'd?
Or why not the tribute of praise
Be paid to the charms of the mind?
Why need we observe what we know,
That beauty will quickly decay,
Like slow'rs, which as soon as they blow,
Droop, wither, and then sade away?

Tho' not with that ravishing form,
Which blooming Lucinda can boast,
Shall Celia be treated with seorn,
Or slighted, because she's no toast?
No, surely, for all must revere
The charms of her temper and mind;
Her judgement so solid and clear,
Her tast so correct and resin'd.

Then why not the tribute of praise

Be paid to the charms of the mind?

Or why must the poet's soft lays

To beauty be always confin'd?

Ye swains, then be prudent and wise,

Nor listen to beauty's false voice;

A happiness pure if ye prize,

Let merit alone claim your choice.

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WHILST

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,

Celia! who can tell my bliss?

Who the raptures I'm enjoying,

When thy balmy lips I kiss?

Ev'ry look with love inspires me;

Ev'ry touch my bosom warms;

Ev'ry melting transport fires me;

Ev'ry joy is in thine arms.

Those dear eyes that sweetly languish,
Make my heart with raptures beat;
Pleasure almost turns to anguish,
When the transport is so great.
Look not so divinely on me;
Celia! I shall die with bliss:
Yet, oh! turn those eyes upon me;
Who'd not die a death like this?

Who'd not die a death like this? I HE fragrant Lily of the Vale, So elegantly fair, Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale, To Chloe I compare : What though on earth it lowly grows, And firives its head to hide; to sweetness far out vies the rose, That flaunts with fo much pride. The costly tulip owes its hue To many a gaudy stain; In this we view the virgin white Of innocence remain: te how the curious florift's hand Uprears its humble head; And to preferve the charming flower, Transplants it to his bed. There while it fleds its fweets around, How shines each modest grace; hraptur'd how its owner flands. To view its lovely face: lut pray, my Chloe, now observe The inference of my tale; day I the florist be-and thou

The Lily of the Vale.

WHEN once I with Phillida stray'd,
Where rivers ran murmuring by,
I heard the soft vows that she made,
What swain was so happy as I?
My breast was a stranger to care,
For my wealth by her kisses I told;
I thought myself richer, by far,
Than he that had mountains of Gold.

But now I am poor and undone,

Her vows have prov'd empty and vain;
The kiffes, I once thought my own,

Are bestow'd on a happier swain:
But cease, gentle shepherd, to deem

Her vows shall be constant and true;
They're as false as a Midsummer dream,

As fickle as Midsummer dew,

O Phillis, so fickle and fair,
Why did you my love then approve?
Had you frown'd on my fuit, thro' despair,
I soon had forgotten to love:
You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,
You spoke, and your words were so kind,
I could not suspect the deceit,
But gave my loose sails to the wind
When tempests the ocean deform.

And billows so mountainous roar,
The Pilot, secure from the storm,
Ne'er ventures his bark from the shore;
As soon as soft breezes arise,
And smiles the salse face of the sea,
His art he too credulous tries,
And sailing is shipwreck'd like me.

HARK! 'tis I, your own true lover;
After walking three long miles,
One kind look, at leaft, discover,
Come and speak a word to Giles.
You alone my heart I fix on,
Ah, you little cunning vixen!
I can see your roguish smiles.

Addflide!

Addflids? my mind is fo poffefs'd,
"Till we're sped I shan't have rest;
Only say the thing's a bargain,
Here, an you like it, ready to strike it,
There's at once an end of arguing:
I am her's, she is mine;
Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

I HE fmiling plains, profufely gay, Are dieft in all the pride of May, The birds around in every vale, Breathe rapture on the vocal gale. But ah! Miranda, without thee, Nor fpring nor fummer fmiles on me ! All lonely in the fecret shade, I mourn thy absence, charming maid. O oft as love! as honour fair! More gently fweet than vernal air, Come to my arms, for you alone Can all my anguish past atone ! O come! and to my bleeding heart, Th' ambrofial balm of love impart! Thy presence lasting joy shall bring, And give the year eternal spring.

HOW fweet are the roles of June,

The pink and the jestamine gay;

But stripp'd of their blossoms, how soon,
How sudden those sweets will decay!

Just such is the maid in her prime,
Adorn'd with the bloom of fisteen;
But robb'd of her beauty by time,
No traces of youth can be seen.

Then Phillis, be wife whilst you may,
To Damon's addresses prove kind,
Relent, or, believe what I say,
Too late you will alter your mind.
When next the fond youth shall declare,
The passion which glows in his breast,
With him to the altar repair,
No longer resuse to be bless,

- IIQ

YE gods ye gave to me a wife, Out of your grace and favour, To be the comfort of my life, And I was glad to have her.

But if 'y ur providence divine
For greater blifs defign her;
To obey your will at any time,
I'm ready to refign her.

ADIEU, dear maid, whose charms inspire
A never-fading love;
Once more to rural scenes retire,
And range the thoughtful grove;
Where peace shall all thy steps attend,
And Nature's various beauties blend,
And Nature's various, &c.

There no corroding cares intrude,
Which haunt th' ambitious throng;
Th' embow'ring shades of solitude
To humble minds belong;
To those whose virtue is too great
To live in regions of deceit.

Though now ill-nature throws her darts,
And wounds our focial joy,
Bleft friendship still unites our hearts
With her endearing tie.
While thus supported, we can brave
Each cruel storm and threat ning wave.

Vice shall try all her arts in vain
Our union to divide;
For purest love's eternal chain
Our spirits has ally'd:
Then let not parting give us pain,
We parted but to meet again.

SAY, oh I too lovely creature,
Thou cause of all my smart,
What means this palpitation,
Without a feeling heart?
There's conjuration in it:
It ceases—Then, in a minute,

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Such rapping,
And tapping,
As if it ne'er would rest;
Mine too, I vow,
I can't tell how,
Is like to burst my breast.

FAIR Hetty my Heart hath enchain'd, That rov'd among Beauties fo free; For furely the Fates had ordain'd That none should enslave it but she.

Ah! Traitor, is Lucy forgot,
To Whom thou didft Conftancy fware?
The Lucy that fweetn'd thy Lot
Of Sorrow, Vexation, and Care!

Oh! perish the Thought? She was mine, Best Gift I could ask from above; Conceive it, ye Hearts that combine In Rivets of conjugal Love.

But, ah! the infatiable Foe
Nor Sighs nor Entreaties will hear,
He levell'd his murtherons Blow,
He spoil'd me of all that was dear.

Like Orpheus, my lyre I would firing,
The Regions of Death would explore,
My Lucy from thence would I bring,
But, alas! I can see her no morer

Sweet Hetty, then haste to my Arms,
Since nought can reverse the Decree;
Oh! give me to tast of thy Charms,
To meet a fond Lucy in thee.

I Am a young fhepherd, the pride of the plain; The lasses all strive my affection to gain; I'm teaz'd by young Phillis, young Bridget and Sue; Say, what would you have such a young sheperd do? I cannot be easy wherever I go, Nor know I the reason they sollow me so; 'Tis strange I am sure you will readily own, That, tho' I resule, they won't let me alone.

Last night at the wake, when I danc'd on the green, Such numbers came round me as never were seen; To be teaz'd in this manner no mortal could bear, so I fix'd upon one who is lovely and fair.

Her ease and good-nature, I vow and protest, Have gain'd my affection beyond all the rest; She has wit, youth and beauty, the passions to move, And at last, I must own, I am smitten with love.

THE fool that is wealthy is fure of a bride; for riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness hide; The flave that is poor must starve all his life, In a batchelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads In settling of jointures, or making of deeds; But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course; E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then pr'ythee, dear Cbloe, ne'er aim to be great; Let love be thy jointure, ne'er mind an effate: You can never be poor, who have all those charms; And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
Must my fond suit miscarry?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry;
With you I'll toy, &c.

Then speak your mind at once,

Nor let me longer tarry;

With you I'll toy, I'H kiss and play;

But hang me is I marry:

With you, &c.

The firoke I well can parry; I love to kifs, to toy and play; But do not choose to marry: I love, &c.

Young Molly of the dale
Makes a mere flave of Harry;

Because,

Because, when they had toy'd and kis'd, The foolish swain would marry; Because, &c.

These fix'd resolves, my dear,
I to the grave will carry;
With you I'll toy, and kis and play;
But hang me if I maary, hang me if I marry;
With you I'll toy, &c.

ADIEU, ye groves, adieu ye plains!
All nature mourning lies;
See gloomy clouds, and thick'ning rains,
Obscure the lab'ring skies:
See from afar th' impending storm
With fullen haste appear;
See winter comes, a dreary form,
To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with gamefome bound Rejoice the gladden'd light; No more the gay enamell'd ground, Or fylvan scenes delight: Thus Zepbalinda, much loe'd maid, Thy early charms shall fail; The rose must droop, the lity sade, And winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, sweet bird of May,
May rise on active wing;
Again the sportive herds may play,
And bail reviving spring:
But youth, my fair, sees no return;
The pleasing bubble o'er,
In vain its sleesing joys you mourn,
They fall to bloom no more.

Hafte then, dear girl, that time improve
Which art can ne'er regain,
In blifsful feenes of mutual love,
With fome diftinguish'd fwain:
So shall life's spring, like jocund May,
Pass smiling and serene;
Tho' Summer, Autumn, glide way,
And Winter close the scene.

If love's a fweet passion, how can it torment?
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content!
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft his the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tlckles my heart.

I grass her hand gently, look languishing down:
And by passionate silence I make my love know:
But, oh! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove!
By some willing mistake to discover her love;
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her slame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name,
How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are .he charms!
How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
"Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield;
For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

W HAT beauteous scenes enchant my fight!
How closely yonder vine
Does round that elm's supporting height
Her wanton ringlets twine!
That elm (no more a barren shade)
Is with her clusters crown'd;
And that fair vine, without his aid,
Had crept along the ground.

Let this, my fair one, move thy heart
Connubial joys to prove,
Yet mark what age and care impart,
Nor thoughtless rush on love:
Know thy own bliss, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy charms,
The youthful god that rules the year,
And keeps thy groves from harm.

While some with short-liv'd passion glow,
His love remains the same;
On him alone thy heart bestow,
And crown his constant stame:

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o shall no frost's untiently pow'r
Deform the blooming spring;
so shall thy trees, from blasts secure,
Their wonted tribute bring.

THE gaudy tulip fwells with pride,
And rears its beauties to the fun,
With heav'n born tints of Iris's bow;
While low the vi'let fprings befide,
And in the shade it strives to shun
The hand of some rapacious foe.

Of worth intrinsic, small the store
That from the tulip can arise,
When parted from its glowing bed:
While hid, the vi'let charms the more,
Like innocence in its native skies,
When crop'd to grace the virgin head.

Then think, ye fair ones, how these flow'rs
Are wrought in nature's various robe:
Where pride declines, and merit thrives,
Your virgin dignity o'er-pow'rs
The heroes of the conquer'd globe:
But sweet compliance makes ye wives.

YE chearful virgins, have ye feen
My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
To rose or jess'mine bow'r?
Where does she feek the woodbine shade?
For sure ye know the blooming maid,
Sweet as the May blown flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden role, Join'd with the lily as it blows, Where each in sweetness vie; Like dew-drops glift'ning in the morn, When Phabus gifts the flow'ring thorn, Health sparkles in her eye.

Her fong is like the linnet's lay, That warbles chearful on the forsy, To hail the vernal beam; Her heart is blither than her fong, Her passions gently move along, Like the smooth gliding stream.

ADJEU, ye ftreams, that smoothly flow; Ye vernal airs, that fostly blow; Ye plains, by blooming spring array'd; Ye birds, that warble thro' the glade, Ye birds, &c.

Unhurt from you, my foul could fly, Nor drop one tear, nor hear one figh; But, forc'd from Celia's fmiles to part, All joy deferts my drooping heart, All joy, &c.

O! fairer than the roly morn,
When flow'rs the dewy field adorn;
Unfully'd as the genial ray,
That warms the gentle breeze of May,
That warms, &c.

Thy charms divinely sweet appear, And add new splendor to the year; Improve the day with fresh delight, And gild with joy the dreary night, And gild, &c.

THE glitt'ring fun begins to rife
On yonder hill, and paints the skies;
The lark his warbling matin fings;
Each flow'r in all its beauty springs;
The village up, the shepherd tries
His pipe, and to the woodland hies.

Oh! that on th' enamell'd green
My Delia, lovely maid, were feen,
Fresher than the roses bloom,
Sweeter than the meads perfume.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey:
As some lone turtle his lost love deplores,
And with shrill echoes fills the sounding shores,
So I, like him, abandon'd end forlors,
With ceaseless plaints my absent Delia mourn. Go,

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Go, gentle gales, and bear my fighs along:
The birds shall cease to tune their evining song,
The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling sountains to the thirsty swain,
Nor barry sleep to labirers spent with pain,
Nor show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
Are half so pleasing as thy fight to me.

I Love thee, by heavens I cannot fay more;
Then fer not my peffion a cooling:
If thou yield'st not at once, Imust e'en give thee o'er,
For I am but a novice at fooling. [deeds;

What my love wants in words it shall make up in Then why should we waste time in stuff, child? A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds; A word to the wife is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known;
But I hate all protesting and arguing:
Had a goddess my heart, she should e en lie alone,
If she made many words to a bargain.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond eyes have been faying;
Pr'ythee be thou fo too; feek for no better term,
But e'en throw thy yea, or thy nay, in.

I cannot bear love like a Chancery fuit,
The age of a patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a fpirit; no longer be mute;
Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
Like the grace of fanatical finners; [cool,
Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow
Before men fit down to their dinners.

BRIGHT was the morning, cool was the air,
Serene was all the fky,
When on the waves I left my dear,
The center of my j y;
Heaven and na ure smiling were,
And nothing sad but I.

Each rosey field did odours spread,
All fragrant was the shore;
Each river-god rose from his bed,
And figh'd, and own'd her pow'r;
Curling their waves, they deck'd their heads,
As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair Egyptian queen
Her hero went to fee,
Cindus fwell'd o'er her banks with pride,
As much in love as he.

Glide on, ye waters, bear these lines, And tell her how distress'd: Bear all my sights, ye gentle winds, And wast e'm to her breast: Tell her, if e'er she proves unkind, I never shall have rest.

What beauties does Flora disclose
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Moggy's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed:
Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed, gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove.

The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The black bird, and sweet cooing dove
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?

Does Moggy not tend a few sheep?

Do they never carelessly stray,

While, happily, she lies asseep?

Tweed's murmurs should full her to rest,

Kind nature indulging my bliss,

To relieve the soft pains of my breast,

I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

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is she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
we's graces all round her do dwell:
She's fairest when thousands are fair.
y, charmer, where do thy slocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
all I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter bank of the Tweed?

HE heavy hours are almost past,
That part my love and me;
y longing eyes may hope, at last,
Their only wish to see:
thow, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Il love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Il you in ev'ry look declare,
Your heart is still the same,
Id heal each idle anxious care,
Our fears in absence frame?
Inst, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When we shall shortly meet,
I try what yet remains between,
If loit'ring time to cheat.

if the dream that fooths my mind hall false and groundless prove; I am doom'd at length to find hat you've forgot to love: I of Venus ask, is this, to more to let us join; grant me here the flatt'ring bliss, to die, and think you mine.

the cares of life defy;
ow I baffle human woes,
oman, woman, woman knows.
may live and laugh as I;
like me, may cares defy;
I the pangs the heart endures,
oman, woman, woman cures,

Ask me not of empty toys, Feats of arms, and drunken joys; I have pleasure more divine, Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than folly knows, More than fortune e'er bestows; Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields, Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of woman's arts, Broken vows and faithless hearts: Tell me wretch, who pines and grieves, Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know, More than folly can bestow, Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings, Woman, woman, woman brings.

YES, she is fair, divinely fair,
And softer than the balmy air
That vernal Zepbyr blows;
Her cheeks transcend the rose's bloom,
And sweeter is the rich persume
Her ruby lips disclose.

Fly fwift, oh! Love, and in her ear
Whisper soft, her lover's near,
Full of doubt and full of fear;
If my rashness should offend,
Intercede,
My pardon plead,
Her angry brow unbend.

OH! had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage fwain.
In fair Rofetta's fight to feed
My flocks upon the plain,

What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know?
Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd
My fair-one's lot so low?

IN all the fex fome charms I find; I love to try all woman kind,

The

The fair, the smart, the witty,
'The fair, the smart, the witty.
In Cupid's fetters, most severe,
I languish out a long, long year,
The slave of wanton Kirry,
The slave of wanton Kirry.

At length I broke the galling chain,
And fwore that love was endless pain,
One conflant scene of folly,
One conflant, &c.
I yow'd no more to wear the yoke:

But foon I felt a second stroke, And figh'd for blue-ey'd Mally, And figh'd, &c.

With treffes next of flaxen hue, Young Jenny did my foul subdue, That lives in yonder valley, That lives, &c.

Then Cupid threw another foare, And caught me in the curling hair Of little tempting Sally, Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blithe and young,
My roving heart from bondage forung,
This heart of yeilding mettle,
This heart, &c.

And now it wanders here and there, By turns the prize of brown and fair, But never more will fettle,

HASTE, haste, Amelia, gentle fair,
To fost Elysian gales;
From smoke to smiling skies repair,
And sun-illumin'd vales:
No sighs, no murmure, haunt the grove,
But blessings crown the plains;
Here calm Contentment, heav'n-born maid,
And Peace, the cherub, reigns.

O come! for thee the roses bloom,
The deep carnetion grows,
For thee sweet violets breathe persume,
The white-tob'd lily blows;

For thee their streams the Naiads roll,
The daisied hills are gay,
Where (emblems of Amelia's soul)
The spotless lambkins play.
From vale to vale the Zepbyrs rove,
To rob th' unfolding stow'rs;
And music melts in ev'ry grove,
To charm thy rural hours;
The warbling lark, high-poiz'd in air,
Exerting all his pride,
Will strive to please Amelia sair,
Who pleases all beside.

THE morning fresh, the sun in east
New gilds the smiling day;
The morning fresh, &c.
The lark forsakes his dewy nest,
The fields all round are gaily drest;
Arise, my love, and play, and play;
Arise, my love, and play.

Come forth, my fair, come forth, bright maid,
And blefs thy shepherd's fight;
Come forth, &c.
Lend ev'ry folded flow'r thy aid,
Unveil the rose's blushing shade,
And give them sweet delight,
And give, &c.

Thy presence makes all nature smile,
Those smiles your charms improve;
Thy presence, &c.
Thy strains the list ning birds beguile,
And, as invite, reward their toil,
And tune their notes to love,
And tune. &c.

And tune, &c,

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,

The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine;

Beneath, &c.

E'er other eyes ye beauties fee,

Then on my brows adorn'd fhall be;

Thy happy fate be mine, be mine,

Thy happy fate be mine.

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WHEN Chloe first, with blooming charms,
Invited lovers to her arms,
She look'd a dainty thing;
We saw her beauty, own'd her wit
And, as the simile most fit,
We call'd the period, Spring.

The hafty moments pass'd away;
We saw her bright meridian day,
And woman's state become her:
The prudent mother, and the wise,
Diffus'd around her all the life.
And all the blis of Summer.

Advancing on in life's career,
The maids to Chloe lent an ear,
And what she knew she taught 'em;
Her sage advice dispersing round,
Till every prudent virgin found
The richest fruits of Autumn.

But Chloe's charms are faded quite;— Yet honour can't allow it right, Of well-earn'd praise to shint her; For she who Summer well employs, Will reap the Autumn's solid joys, Nor dread the frost of Winter.

YE nymphs and ye shepherds that join in this throng, ray tarry a while, and attend to my song: The story, tho' simple, is true that I tell; hope it will please you all wonderful well.

went, t'other day, to a wake on the green, and met with a lass fair as beauty's gay queen; ask'd for a kiss, but the damsel cry'd no; and struggled and frown'd, and said, pray let me go tenderly cry'd, Pbillis, don't be a prude; ut still, she return'd, I'll cry out if you're rude: he more that I press'd her, the more she cry'd no, and struggled and frown'd, and said, pray let me go sound no intreaties would make her comply; henever I touch'd her 'twas sye, Collin, sye.

So I fent for a parson, and made her my wife, And now I am welcome to kis her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this, Take care how too freely you part with a kifs; Conceal for a time all the favours you can, man. For that's the best way to make sure of your

PHILIRA's charms poor Damon took;
How eager he for billing!
When lo! the nymph the swain forsook,
To shew her pow'r of killing:
In either eye she sheath'd a dart,
He felt it never doubt him:
Odzooks! a man were thro' the heart,
Ere he could look about him.

But mark the end—with feythe fo sharp
Time o'er the forehead struck her;
And all her charms began to warp—
Then she was in a pucker:
She then began to rave and curse,
Her time she pass'd no better;
Yet still had hopes, ere bad grew worse,

Some comely fwain might get her.

Philira, ev'ry lad she meets,

Now makes an am'rous trial;

But each with scorn her warmness treats;

Each frowns in cold denial.

Coquets, take warning; change your tune;

This woeful case remember:

The bed sellow you slight in June.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets ply;
Behold the winter florms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the fky.

You'll wish for in December.

The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,

Each spreads a verdant couch for thee;

'Tis joy and music all we hear,

'Tis love and beauty all we see,

D

Come let us mask the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the rose.

Let us fecure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day;
For soon, too soon, it will be night;
Arife, my love, and come away.

ATTEND all ye shepherds and numphs to my lay
You may learn from my tale, and go wike away:
A damsel once dwelt at the foot of the hill,
Well known by the name of the Maid of the Mill.

In her all the graces had jointly combin'd Her face to improve, and embellish her mind; Nor pride or deceit e'er her bosom did fill; 'Twas nature alone in the Maid of the Mill.

The lord of the village beheld the sweet maid:

Each art to subdue her was presently laid;

With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill,

But nought could prevail with the Maid of the Mill.

Her virtue the priz'd beyond sp'endor and state; Tho' poor, yet the never repin'd at her fate; His proffers she slighted—in vain all his skill To ruin the same of the Maid of the Mill.

Young Callin address'd her with hope and with fear, His heart was right honest, his love was sincere; With rapture his bosom each moment would thrill, When'er he beheld his dear Maid of the Mill.

His paffion was founded in honour and truth— The girl read his heart, & of course lov'd the youth; At church hit le Patty soon answer'd, "I will" His lordship was bau k'd of the Maid of the Mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair!
Content, they are strangers to for ow and care!
The stame they first rais'd in each other, burns still,
And Collin is bless'd with the Maid of the Mill.

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,

Of beauty is blefe'd with fo emple a fhare. That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning last May when I travers'd the grove, In thoughties retirement, not dreaming of love, I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare, And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, by a green mosfly bed, A chaplet composing, the fair-one was laid: Surprized and transported, I could not forbear With raptures to gase on her delicate air.

That moment young Cupid selected a dart,
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart:
And from thence, how to win the dear maid was my
For a captive I sell to her delicate air. [eare;

As she saw me, she blush'd, & complain'd I was rude, And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude: I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there, But laid all the blame on her delicare air; [tain, Said her heart was the prize which I sought to ob-And hop'd she whold grant it to ease my fond pain. She neither rejected, nor granted my pray'r, But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my fuit;
But still the tormenter affects to be mute: [fair,
Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

WHILE fervile feriblers take the pen, to flatter fome great ruling men, In hopes to get a dinner;
Not fo the bard who now invokes
The nine, and fuch celeftial folks,
In praise of Betsy Skinner.

Before my tongue thould frame a lye, For wealth, or tame, I'd fooner die,

An unforgiven finner;
If truth direct me on my way,
on thou approve my feeble lay,
Oh charming Betfy Skinner,

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Though Stella boafts a sparkling eye, And Flavia's cheek a crimson dye,

A shape and air, Corinna; No more those fading charms shall shine At court, when once compar'd with thine, Oh lovely Bersy Skinner.

An angel's heav'nly form we find, With reason, sense, and wisdom join'd, Such beauties dwell within her; That Venus, though the fairest she, Enray'd should seek her native sea,

At fight of Betsy Skinner.

If happiness can be express'd

In wedlock, how supremely bless'd

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The youth that's doom'd to win her; He need not envy kings, who wear The diadem of pain an care, Posses'd of Betsy Skinner.

BEAUTEOUS nymph approve the flame
Thy merit rais'd within my breaft;
Let ev'ry tender thought proclaim
How much I love, and how diffres'd;
Since words themselves want energy to prove
What Damon suffers by capricious love.

Suppress not then the pleading thought,
Which thy fost nature must advance;
Nor blush, if in the contest caught,
The purest minds have fell by chance.
Then deign, Belinda, generous and kind,
To smile compliance on the humble mind.

AT Windfor, where Thames, glides so softly along. Lives the wish of my heart, the dear girl of my song; Her name all the day I with rapture repeat, And am blestwhen the shepherds but talk of my Kate. When my fair-one is by, the whole village is gay. For 'tis she, not the sun. that enlivens the day; The lads are all happy when round her they wait, And the lasses learn beauty by watching my Kate.

When I join the pale lily or blushpainted rose [pose and with pinks & sweet wooddines a garland com-

More lovely to fight are her looks, and more fweet Is the fragrance har dwells on the lips of my Kate.

Hush hush ye vain warblers no more croud the spray Nor think to delight with your love liven'd lay; With success each may tune a shrill note to his mate, But your notes are all harsh to the voice of my Kate.

As the fits on the banks by the fide of the fiream, The fish, without fear, feed & play by the beim; And why should they not? they can think no deceit, Such truth is confest in the looks of my Kate.

The shepherds bring posses of flow'rs: but the maid Cries, these are but emblems that I too must fade: But myrtles I'll bring, and in their happy date, Shew the unfading charms of the mind of my Kete.

DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair, Tell me when, and tell me where, Tell thy fond and faithful swain When we thus shall meet again? When shall Strephon fondly see Beauties only found in thee? Kifs thee, preis thee, toy and play, All the happy live long day? Dearest Kitty! kind and fair, Tell me when, and tell me where? All the happy day, 'tis true, Blefs'd, but only when with you; Nightly Strephon fings alone, Sighs till Hymen makes us one. Tell me then, and ease my-pain, Tell thy fond and faithful fwain, When the priest shall kindly join Kitty's trembling hand to mine? Dearest Kitty! kind and fair, Tell me when-I care not where.

IN vain, dear Chloe, you suggest,
That I, unconstant, have posses'd,
Or lov'd a fairer she.
If that ar once, you would be cur'd.
Of all the pains you've long endur'd,
Consult your glass and me.

In gardens did you never fee
The little, wanton, curious bee,
Where ev'ry bloffom blows,
Fly gently o'er each flower he meets,
And, for the quinteffence of sweets,
He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ,

On each variety of joy,

From fair ro fair I roam,

Perchance, to thousands in a day?

Those are but visits that I pay—

My Chlos, you're my home.

GRANT me, ye pow'rs, a ca'm repose,
Exempt from noise, and strife, and pride,
Where I may pity human woes,
And taste the pleasures you provide.

Unenvy'd by the proud and great,
My hours shall sweetly glide away;
While conscious of my still retreat,
Chearful I hail the opening day.

And if I may felect the maid

From all the fofter fex below,

May Stella be alone convey'd,

Whose beauties bid my bosom glow.

At length, when life is in decline, Celeftial manfions let me view; Without a groan mp breath refign, And peaceful bid the world adieu.

F AIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespeke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd;
Inflam'd with rage and sad restraint,
Which wise mama ordain'd,
Ard so ely vex'd to play the saint,
While wit and beauty reign'd,
While wit and beauty reign'd,
And sorely vex'd to play the faint,
While wit and beauty reign'd,
And sorely vex'd to play the faint,
While wit and beauty reign'd.

Must lady Jenny frisk about
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?
What has she better, pray, than 1,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a toast?
While I am scarce a toast?
That all mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a toast?

Dear, dear mama for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.
Fond love prevail'd, mama gave way;
Kitty, has heart's defire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire,
And set the world on fire.
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

THE woodlark whiftles through the grove,
Tuning the sweetest notes of love
To please his semale on the spray;
Perch'd by his side, her little breast
Swells with a lover's joy confess'd,
To hear, and to reward the lay.

Come then, my fair-one, let us prove
From their example now to love:
For thee the early pipe I'll breathe;
And when my flock returns to fold,
Their thepherd to thy bosom hold,
And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

THINK, oh! think, within my breaft,
While contending passions reign,
How my heart is robb'd of rest;
And, in pity, ease my pain.

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To a lover thus diffres'd,

Torn with doubts, and hopes, and fears,

Ev'ry moment, till he's bles'd,

Is a thousand, thousand years.

MY Peggy is a young thing
Just enter'd in her teens;
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay;
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very old;
Yet well I like to meet her

My Peggy speaks far sweatly,
Whene'er we meet alane;
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae more of a' that's rare;

y Peggy fpeaks fo fweetly, To a' the love I'm cauld; ut fhe gars a' my fpiri s glow, At wawking of the fold.

At the wawking of the fold.

ly Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown s

ly Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
and naething gives me sic delight
As wawking of the fold.

ly Peggy fings fae faftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best;
ly Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
sith innocence the vale of sense,
At wawking of the fold.

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Utl of dreams of bright beauties, & fond to explore new world of fuch charms as I'd ne'er feen before, ravell'd all nations, and wak'd from my dreams, d found that no nymphs were like those of the Thames,

On the banks of the Seine I was pleas'd to furvey
Such crowds of fair nymphs ail so merry and gay;
But then they were merry and gay to extremes,
And no nymphs could I find like the nymphs of the
Thames.

Then I traver'd each mountain, each river & plain, But my labour alas was all labour in vain, O Tyber, O Po, why so fam'd are your streams, Since no nymphs can you boast like the nymphs of the Thames.

But of Italy's merit and fame, to fay true, And give as 'tis fit ev'ry nation its due, Each fair like a Syren with music inflames, But what is a fong to the nymphs of the Thames?

As for Germany, there I was struck with surprize, What the belies want in beauty, they make up in size And 'tis just with their girls as it is with their streams You've a ton on the Rhine for a quart on the Thames

Then ye youths of Great Britain on wandring so keen To feed your fond fancy with beauties unseen, Go, enquire of the sun, and he'll tell you his beams Ne'er shone on such symphs as the symphs of the Thames.

THE fun, just glancing thro' the trees, Gave life and joy to ilka grove, And pleasure in each southern breeze Awaken'd hope and slumb'ring love:

When Jeany sung with hearty glee, To charm her winsome marrow, My bonny laddie gang wi me Will o'es the braes of Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blithest fwain, That ever pip'd on broomy brae; No lass cou'd ken him free fra' pain, So graceful, kind, so fair and gay. And Jeany sung, &c.

He kifs'd and lov'd the bonny maid,
Her sparkling eyn had won his heart;
No lass the youth had e'er betray'd,
No fears had she, the lad no art.
And still she sung, &c. P 3 SHALL

SHALL I wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May?
Yet if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move Me to perish for her love? Or her worthy merits known Make mequite forget my own? Be she with that goodness blest As may merit name the best, Yet if she be not such to me What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair
I will never more despair;
If she love me, the believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn and let her go:
So if she be not sit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

O! How to bid my love adieu,
The painful task reveal!
No more the conscious blush to view,
The tender glance to steal.

Alas! how sharp will be my woe,
For ever torn from thee!
Shall that fond breast one joy forego,
Or yield one sigh for me?

Though destin'd every anxious pain, Each tender sear to prove, My constant heart shall still remain Unchang'd to thee and love!

FROM College I came,
Full of spirits and flame,
Determin'd I ne'er would despair:

I'll fearch the town through,
For the lass I've in view,
She must have a delicate air.
I'll fearch the town through,
For the lass I've in view,
She must have a delicate air.
There's you mis, and you,
Ay, and you madam too,
Who look so contoundedly sly;
You think I'll declare,
Now the name of the fair,
If I can, I wish I may die.

I've fearch'd the town round, She is not to be found, I find myfelf quite in despair; There's this thing and that, Sets my heart pit a pat, Whenever I speak to the fair.

Refolv'd then I am,
And blame me if you can,
If one of your hearts to enfnare,
In wedlock's foft chains,
I'll forget all my pains,
Live conftant and blefs'd with my fair,

AH! fure a pair was never feen So justly form'd to meet by nature! The youth excelling fo in mien, The maid in every grace of feature.

O how happy are fuch lovers,
When kindled beauties each discovers!
For furely she

Was made for thee,
And thou to blefs this lovely creature?
So mild your looks, your children thenge
Will early learn the task of duty.
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty?

O how happy to inherit
At once fuch graces and fuch spirit!
Thus while you live
May fortune give

Each bleffing, equal to your merit!

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HAD Is heart for falshood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you:
For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true,

To you no foul shall bear deceit, No stranger offer wrong: But triends in all the ag'd you'll meet, And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have b'oft Another with your heart, They'll bid aspiring passion rest, And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to fuffer wrong:
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

DEAR smiling Kitty's to my mind,
She ev'ry way can please me,
Good-humour'd, faithful, fond and kind,
She never tries to teaze me;
At home, abroad, by night or day,
The same engaging creature,
She lets me ever have my way;
With joy I always meet her,

To vex or harm a girl fo good,
Wou'd be a shame and pity,
I would not injure if I cou'd
My ever smiling Kitty;
To rove abroad from fair to fair,
No longer is my passion,
One, only one, is now my care,
Tho' more is all the fashion.

No arts vermillion has she shewn,
She is the child of nature,
Her face, her shape, is all her own,
And every other feature;
From folly, spite, and cunning free,
She's lively, gay, and witty,
Her like I ne'er expect to see,
I'll live and die with Kirry.

How oft Louisa hast thou said,
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
shou would'st not lose Anthonio's love,
To reign the partner of a throne.
And by those lips that spoke so kind!
And by this hand I press to mine!
Fo gain a subject nation's love.
I swear I would not part with thine.
Then how, my soul, can we be poor
Who own what kingdoms could not buy!
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And, serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroul'd in mutual blifs,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine;
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

. 170 · A3K not beauty quite compleat, Give me a girl who simply neat, Rich golden tissue can despise, And wear no brilliants but her eyes: While blended in those eyes there fit, The laughing loves and sparkling wit. Ogive me Hymen such a wife, With joy I'll quit the fingle life, With joy I'll quit the fingle life. As paufes find in music place, Her speech let proper silence grace, And in her dimpled fmiles be feen, A modest yet a chearful mien: Her conversation ever free. From censure as from levity. O give me Hymen fuch a wife, With joy I'll quit the fingle life. Not fond of compliment, nor rude, Not a coquette nor yet a prude, Averse to grandeur and parade, Nor pleas'd with midnight masquerade: The virtues that her fex adorn, By honor guarded not by fcorn, To fuch a virgin, fuch a wife, I give my love, I give my life.

AWAY, let nought to love dilpleafing,
My Winifrida, move thy fear;
Let nought delay the heav nly bleffing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What the 'ne grants of royal denors
With pempous titles grace our blood,
We'll fine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.

What the from fortune's lavish bounty!
No mighty treasures we posses;
We'll find within our pittance pienty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season Sufficient for our wishes give; For we will live a lite of reason, And that's the only life to live.

Our name, whilst virtue thus we tender, Shall sweetly found where'er 'tis spoke; And all the great ones much shall wonder, How they admire such sittle folk.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling, We'll hand in hand together tread; Sweet fmiling peace shall crown our dwelling, And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
White round my knees they fondly clung;
To see 'em look their mother's features,
To hear 'em his their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported Shall think to rob us of our joys, You'll in your girls again be courted, And I go wooing in my boys.

AH, dear Marcella! maid divine,
No more will I at fate repine,
If I this day behold thee mine,
For dearly do I love thee.

Thy case shall be my sweet employ, My constant care, my ev'ry joy;

May then no chance my hopes deftroy, For dearly do I love thee.

Sweet is the woodbine to the bee, The rifing fun to ev'ry tree, But sweeter far art thou to me, For dearly do I love thee.

And let me but behold thee mine, No more will I at fate repine, But while I live, thou maid divine, With rapture will I love thee.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd,
one evening in May,
The little birds, in blythest notes,
Made vocal ev'ry spray:
They sung their little tales of love,
They sung them o'er and o'er.
Ah! gramachre, ma cholleenouge,
Ma Molly ashtore!

The daily py'd, and all the sweets,
The dawn of nature yields,
The primrose pale, and vi'let blue,
Lay scatter'd o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies,
Of her whom I adore.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my fad fate,
That doom'd me thus the flave of love,
And cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart,
That wears her in it's core?
Ah! gracachree, &c.

You faid you lov'd me, Molly dear:
Ah! why did I believe?
Yet who could think fuch tender words,
Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I afk'd on earth,
Nay, Heav'n could give no more.
Ah! gramachiee, &c.

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But sti When Will k O! had I all the flocks that graze.
On yonder ye!low hill.
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds
That yon green paffure fill;
With her I love, I'd gladly share,
My kine and fleecy store.
Ah! gramachiee. Sc.

Two turtle-doves, above my head,
Sat courting on a bough,
I envy'd them their happiness,
To see them bill and coo;
Such fondness once for me he shew'd,
But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
Thy lofs I e'er shall mourn;
While life remains in Strephon's heart,
'Twill heat for thee alone;
Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee
It's choicest blessings pour,
Ah! gramachree, &c.

As thro' the grove I chanc'd to firay, I met young Phillis on her way; I flew like lightning to her arms, And gaz'd in rapture on her charms; Her looks reveal'd a modest flame, But still she cry'd, O sye for shame.

With eager haste I stole a kiss,
Which blushing Phillis took amiss;
She push'd me from her with a frown,
And call'd me hold presuming clown;
While I confess'd myself to blame,
But still she cry'd, O fye for shame.

In tender fighs I told my love,
And pleg'd my faith on things above;
But she, like all her sex, was coy,
And tho' I swore, would not comply;
Yet I perceiv'd she met my stame,
But still she cry'd, O sye for shame.

When this I faw, I quickly cry'd, Will lovely Phillis be my bride; For hark, I hear the tinkling-bell; To church let's go? It pleas'd her well; And foon a kind compliance came, But fill she cry'd, O fye for shame.

Now Hymen's bands have made us one. The joys we taste to few are known. No jealous fears our bosoms move; For constant each, we truly love. She now declares I'm not to blame, Nor longer cries, O fye for shame.

As I went to the wake that is held on the green, I met with young Phebe, as blithe as a queen; A form so divine might an anchoret move, And I found (tho' a clown) I was smitten with love: So I ask'd for a kifs, but she, blushing, reply'd, Indeed, gentle shepherd, you must be deny'd.

Lovely Phebe, I cry'd, don't affect to be shy, I vow I will kis you—here's nobody by; No matter for that, she reply'd, 'tis the same; For know, silly shepherd, I value my same: So pray let me go, I shall surely be miss'd; Besides, I'm resolv'd that I will not be kis'd.

Lord bless me! I cry'd, I'm surpriz'd you refuse; A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse:
The month it is May, and the season for love,
So come my dear girl, to the wake let us rove.
No, Damon, she cry'd, I must first be your wise,
You then shall be welcome to kiss me for life.

Weil, come then, I cry'd, to the church let us go, But after dear Phebe must never say no. Do you prove but true, (she reply'd) you shall find I'll ever be constant, good humour'd and kind. So I kiss when I p'ease, for she ne'er says she won't, And I kiss her so much, that I wonder she don't.

AWAKE, thou blithsome god of day,
Invite each songster round,
Let ev'ry heart be blithe and gay,
The world with mirth abound;
Betsy's sweet seraphic charme
In raptures now I sing,

Soon let her prison be my arms, And I'll thy tribute bring,

Ye regents, who the realms above
With godlike fweetness guard,
Fair Betsy's heart invade with love,
Her faithful fwain reward;
If not, avaunt! ye gods divine,
Contented let me die,
My Betsy's eyes much brighter shine
Than all your spangled sky.

No longer boast your lilies fair.

Now russer seems your snow,

With Bessy's skin their white compare,

Where new born roses grow;

Your sunthat gilds the realms above,

A distant heat may give,

But Bessy's eyes will always prove

How sweet it is to live.

As flows the cool and purling rill,
In filver mases down the hill,
It chears the myrtle. and the vine,
That in each other's foilage twine:

So ffreams from the maternal heart, What tender nature can impart; Thus happy, in my arms to fold, And to my heart Almena hold.

AH, happy hours, how fleeting
Ye danc'd on down away;
When, my fost vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay!

But from her charms when funder'd, As Midas frowns presage; Each hour will seem an hundred, Each day appear an age.

BRIGHT Cynthia's pow'r, divinely great,
What heart is nor obeying?
A thousand Cupids on her wair,
And in her eyes are playing.

She feems the queen of love to reign;
For the alone dispenses
Such sweets as best can entertain
The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings; Her breath gives balmy blisses; I hear an angel when she sings, And taste of heav'n in kisses.

Four senses thus the feasts with joy, From nature's richest treasure: Let me the other sense employ, And I shall die with pleasure.

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DELINDA, with affected mien,
Tries ev'ry power of art;
Yet finds her efforts all in vain,
To gain a fingle heart:
Whilft Chloe, in a different way,
Aims but herfelf to please,
And makes new conquests every day,
Without one borrow'd grace.

Belinda's haughty air destroys
What native charms inspire;
While Cbloe's artless, shining eyes,
Set all the world on fire.
Belinda may our pity move,
But Cbloe gives us pain;
And while she smiles us into love,
Her sister frowns in vain.

By the fide of a stream, at the foot of a hill, I met with young Phehe who lives at the mill, My heart leapt with joy at so pleasing a fight; For Phehe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and fat down by her fide.
And fwore the next morning I'd make her my bride
In anger she said. Get out of my fight,
And go to your Phillis; you met her last night.
Surpriz'd, I reply'd Pray, explain what you mean
I never, I yow, with young Phillis was seen;

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eft wi align: nd par figh, for can I conceive what my Phehe is at.

th! can't you? the cry'd; well, I love you for that.

y, did you not meet her last night on this spot?

Colin, O Colin, you can't have forgot;

heard the whole story this morning from Mat,

you still may deny it, I love you for that.

Tis false I reply'd, dearest Phabe believe, or Mat is a rover, and means to deceive; sou very well know he has ruin'd young Pat, and surely my charmer must hate him for that.

ome, comethen, she cry'd, if you mean to be kind il own 'twas to know the true state of your mind: 'ransported I kis'd her, she gave me a pat, made her my wife, and she loves me for that,

EFORE the morn's empurpling light as chac'd the fombre shades of night, ly reftless thoughts to Nancy rove. nd fancy paints the maid I love. hen from the chambers of the Eaft, all his mildeft glories dreft, he beauteous rifing fun I fee. think his beams less fair than she. he flow'ry vesture of the fields, he flaming gems rich India yields. refar less grateful to my eye han when my dearest maid is nigh. he fragrant role's crimfon dyes, ade at the luftre of her eyes; nd as o'er banks of flow'rs treads, hey feel her charms, and droop their heads. great, ambitious, and ye vain, offels your withes, and your pain; Il other pleasures I refign,

edearest Nancy only mine.

est with her love, I would defy alignant fate, and envy fly; and pass thro' life without a care, sigh, a murmur, or a fear.

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By a cool fountain's flow'ry fide,
The bright Celinda lay;
Her looks increas'd the fummer's pride;
Her eyes the bloom of day.

The rofes blush'd with deeper red, To see their charms out-done; The lilies sunk beneath their bed, To see such rival's shown.

Quick through the air, to his retreat,

A bee industrions flew;

Prepar'd to rifle ev'ry sweet,

And sip the balmy dew.

Drawn by the fragrance of her breath, Her rofy lips he found; Where he in transports met his death, And dropt upon the ground.

Enjoy, bleft bee! enjoy thy fate, Nor at thy fall repine; Each god wou'd quit his blifsful state, To share a joy like thine.

BEAUTY and mufick charm the foul,
Tho' feparate in the fair;
What mortal can their p w'r controul,
When heav'n has join'd them there?

What needed, then, my Cælia's art,
To fing or touch the lyre?
Your charms before had won my heart,
'Twas adding flame to fire.

CAN the shepherds and nymphs of the grove
Condemn me for dropping a tear;
Or lamenting aloud as I rove,
Since Susan no longer is here?
My flocks if at condom the flocks.

My flocks, if at random they stray.

What wonder, fince she's from the plain?

Her hand they were wont to obey,

She rul'd both the slieep and the swain.

In pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that have
One morning I rang'd o'er the plain; [stray'd,
But, alas! after all my researches ware made,
I preceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeless my lambs to restore, I resolv'd to return back again; It was useless I hought, to seek after them more, Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phabe I faw, And to love her I could not refrain; To folicit a kis Iapproach'd her with awe, But she told me my labour was vain.

But, Phabe I cry'd, to my fuit lend an ear,
And let me no longer complain:
She reply'd with a frown, and an aspect severe,
Young Collin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly classed her quite close to my breast, And kiss'd her, and kiss'd her again; O Collin, she cry'd, if you're rude, I protest That your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kiffes and vows, Compaffion she took on my pain; She now has consented to make me her spouse, So no longer I labour in vain.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of Celia to fing.
For emblems of beauty I fearch'd thro' the fpring;
To flowers foft blooming compar'd the fweet maid,
But flowers, tho' blowing, at ev'ning may fade.
Of funfhine and breezes I next thought to write,
Of breezes fo calm, and of funfhine fo bright;
But these with my fair no resemblance will hold,
For sun sets at night, and breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale blue, And the sunbeams behind 'em peep'd glittering thro' Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise, Yet methought they look'd something like Celia's sweet eyes;

These beauties are transient; but Celia's will last When spring, & when summer, & autumn, are past;

For fense and good-humour no feason disarms, And the soul of my Celia enlivens her charms.

At length, on a fruit-tree a bloffom I found, Which beauty d splay'd, and shed fragrance around. I then thought the muses had smil'd on my pray'r: This bloffom, I cry'd, will resemble my fair; These colours, so gay, and united so well, This delicate texture, and ravishing smell, Be her person's dear emblem: but where shall I find, In nature, a beauty that eaquals her mind?

This bloffom, now pleafing, at summer's gay call Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall, But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise: By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise: So Celia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er, By her virtues improv'd, shall engage me the more; Shall recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime, When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

THO' women, 'tis true, are but tender,
Yet nature does their firength fupply;
Their will is too firong to furrender;
They're obfinate fill till they die.

In vain you attack 'em with reason, Your forrows you only prolong; Disputing is always high treason; No woman was e'er in the wrong.

Relief must be in resignation

For if you appear once content,

Perhaps the dear fair in compassion,

May then condescend to relent.

Sylvia, wilt thou wast thy prime,
Stranger to the joys of love?
Thou hast youth, and that's the time
Every minute to improve:
Round thee wilt thou never hear
Little wanton girls and boys
Sweetly founding in thy ear,
Infant prate and mother's joys?

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Only view that little dove. Softly cooing to his mate: As a farther proof of love, See her for his kiffes wait. Hark! that charming nightingale, As he flies from fpray to fpray, Sweetly tunes an am'rous tale, Sweetly tunes, &c. I love, I love, he ftrives to fay, Could I to thy foul reveal But the leaft, the thousandth part Of those pleasures lovers feel In a mutual change of heart; Then, repenting, would'st thou fay, Virgin fears from hence remove; All the time is thrown away,

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MY dearest life, were you my wife,
How happy should I be;
And all my care, in peace and war,
Should be to pleasure thee.
When up and down, from town to town,

All the time is thrown away.

We jolly foldiers rove, Then you, my queen, in chaise marine, Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I prize, beyond the fkies, Beyond the spoils of war, Would'st thou agree to follow me,

In humble baggage car; For happiness, tho in diffress, In foldiers wives is feen;

And pride in coach, has more reproach, Than love in chaife marine.

Oh! do not hold your love in gold, Nor fet your heart on gain; Behold the great, with all their state,

Their lives are care and pain : In house or tent, I pay no rent, Nor care nor trouble see,

And every day, I get my pay, And spend it merrily. Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,
Who lead ignoble lives,
Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
Who sight none but their wives:
For Britain's right, and you we sight,
And ev'ry ill defy,
Should but the fair reward our care,
With love and constancy.

If fighs nor groans, nor tender moans, Can't win your harden'd heart, Let love in arms, with all his charms, Then take a foldier's part; With fife and drum, the foldier's come,

And all the pomp of war,
Then don't think mean of chaise marine,
'Tie love's triumphant car.

DEAR Sally, thy charms have undone mea They've robb'd me of freedom and joy; Then deareft, sweet Sally, smile on me, For death is my fate if thou'rt coy: Be cautious, dear charmer, in slaying, Since murder's so heinous, comply; And torture me not with delaying What ev'ry cross chit can deny.

Confider, my angel, why nature
In forming you took fuch delight?
Don't think you were made that fair creature
For nought but to dazzle the fight:
No; Jove, when he gave you those graces,
Intended you wholly for love;
And gave you the faired of faces.

And gave you the fairest of faces, The kindest of females to prove.

Befides, pretty maiden, remember,
The flower that's blooming in May
Is wither'd and fhrunk in December,

And cast unregarded away:
So it fares with each scornful young charmer,
Who takes at her lover distaste;

She trifles till thirty difarm her,
And then dies forsaken at last,

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NoT long ago how blythe was I!

My heart was then at reft;
I knew not what it was to figh,
Of love I made a jeft.

But foon I found 'twas all in vain
To thwart the urchin's will;
For now I'm forc'd to drag the chain
For Fanny of the hill.

When walking out upon the green,
We chance to toy and kifs,
The lads and laffes vent their spleen,
In envy of the blifs.
By turns they censure ev'ry part,
Her face, her shape, and air;
But let 'em rail, with all my heart,
If I but think her fair.

With golden locks her head is grac'd,
That fan each dimpled cheek;
With lips might tempt e'en Jove to taffe,
And ayes which feem to fpeak.
If then fuch beauties the displays,
Yet paltry critics hence;
For fuch a form was made for praise,
And not to give offence.

Great gods! who made mankind your care,
And judge unseen above;
For once be greateful to my pray'r,
Give me the girl I love:
That when possess'd of Fanny's charms,
The world I may defy;
And when you snatch her from my arms,
With pleasure then I'll die.

The topfails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea,
But yet my sole, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;
For the thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.
Should landsmen flatter, when we're sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales,

No gallant failor ever fail'd,

If love breath'd conftant gales;
Thou are the compais of my foul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.
These are our cares; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
'Till we return again.
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our fails are full, sweet girls, adjeu.

WHENCE comes my love? oh muse disclose! It comes from cheeks that shame the rose, From lips above the ruby's praise, From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze Whence then, alas! my cause of moan? Ah me! 'tis from a heart of stone.

Her blush bespeaks a modest mind, Her lips all words of gentlest kind; Her eyes provokes to soft desire, And seems to promise mutual fire: Yet all these charms but cause my moan, For, ah! her heart is made of stone.

Ah! why are lover's doom'd to find,
In forms fo fair, so cold a mind?
O Venus! take your gifts again,
Since all your gifts occasion pain;
Charms are but lovely source of moan,
When charms are join'd with heart of stone.

A Twelvemonth & more I had courted young Kate And offer'd to wed her and make her my mate; But the filly damfel was froward and flay, And always declar'd she a maiden would die.

"You know, my dear Kitty, one evening I said, "What danger awaits if you die an old main; "The sentence is cruel, then pr'ythee comply." Yet still she declar'd, she a maiden would die. But for an old gypsey, I vow and declare, Kate had dy'd an old maid, and I dy'd with dispair But she, by me tutor'd, soon made her comply, And Kitty now sear'd she a maiden should die. The

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Gallar The The That hanging and marriage by destiny went, The beldame affur'd her, which made her relent; So she met me next day, and with looks very shy, Declar'd 'twas decreed she no maiden should die.

Her innocence charm'd me, I made her my wife,
And Kitty and I shall be happy for life;
No bliss now I find like the conjugal tie,
And Kitty ne'er wishes a maiden to die.

Have seriously weigh'd it, and find it but just,
That a wife makes a man either blessed or curst;
I declare I will marry, ah! can I but find,
Mark me wellye young lasses, the maid to my mind.

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Not the pert little miss, who advice will despise, Nor the girl that's so foolish to think herself wise; Nor she who to all men alike would prove kind, Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

Not the prude, who in public will never be free, Yet in private for ever a toying will be; Nor coquet that's too forward, nor jilt that's unkind, Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

Nor the who for pleasure her hursband will slight, Nor the positive dame who thinks always she's right Nor she who a dupe to the fassion's inclin'd; Nor one of these three is a maid ro my mind.

But the fair, with good-nature and carriage genteely Who her hursband can love, and no secrets reveal in whose boast I may virtue with modesty find; This, this, and this only's the maid to my mind.

ROM fweet bewitching tricks of love
Young men your heart fecure,
Left from the paths of fense you rove,
In dotage premature,
Look at each lass thro' wisdom's glass,
Nor trust the naked eye:
Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a fly,
The blind eat many a fly.

Not only on their hands and nocks
The borow'd white you'll find;
Some bells, when intrest directs,
Can even paint the mind, &c.
Joy in distress they can express,
Their very tears can lye:
Gallants beware, &c.

There's not a spinster in the realm

But all mankind can cheat,

Down to the cottage from the helm

The learn'd, the brave, the great. Sc.

With lovely looks, and golden hooks,

T'entangle us they try:

Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was earth of parchment made;
Was ev'ry fingle flick a quill;
Each man a feribe by trade, &c.
To write the tricks of half the fex
Would fuck that ocean dry:
Gallants beware, look fharp, take care,
The blind eat many a fly, &c.

YE swains that are courting a maid,
Be warn'd and instructed by me:
Tho' small experience I've had,
I'll give you good counsel and free.
For women are changeable things,
And seldom a moment the same,
As time a variety brings,
Their looks new humours proclaim,
Their looks new humours proclaim.

But he who in love would funceed,
And his mistres's favour obtain,
Must mind it as sure as his creed,
To make hay while the sun is serene.
There's a season to conquer the fair,
And that's when they're merry and gay;
To catch the occasion take care,
When 'tis gone in vain you'll assay, &c.

I Tell

Tell with equal truth and grief,
That Chloe is an arrant thief:
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more, that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn.

She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth, And stole the cow's ambrofial breath; The cherry, steep'd in morning-dew, Gave moisture to her lips hue: These were her infant-spoils, a store, To which in time she added more.

At twelve she stole from Cyprus' queen Her air and love-commanding mien; Stole Juno's dignity, and stole From Pallas sense to charm the soul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey;
Her next the beam that lights the day.

There's no repeating all her wiles; She stole the graces winning smiles; She sung, amaz'd the Syrens heard, And to affect their voice appear'd; She play'd, the muses from their hill Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill.

Great Jove approv'd her crimes and art,
And t'other day she stole my heart.

If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on the fair;
To trial bring her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by, His doctrine is deceiving; For whilft he teaches us to die, He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know Too soon without a master; Then let us only study now How we may live the faster. To live's to love, to blefs, be bleft With mutual inclination; Share then my ardour in your breaff, And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blefs'd I may not live, And pity you deny, To me at least your Sherlock give, 'Tis I must learn to die.

WHEN first I sought fair Celia's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I swore by all the gods above,
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and figh'd in vain;
She still protested, vow'd and swore
She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last, o'ercame, she made me bles'd, And yielded all her charms; And I forsook her when possess'd, And sled to others arms.

But let not this, dear Celia, now Thy breast to rage incline; For why, fince you forgot your vow, Should I remember mine?

My time, O ye muses, was happily spent,
When Phabe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand soft pleasures I selt in my breast,
Sure never fond shepherd like Collin was blest!
But now she is gone and has lest me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought it was spring, but alass! it was she,

The fountain that us'd to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among.
Thou know'st, little Cnpid, if Phæbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
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Go Fla Must you be so chearful whilst I go in pain? [plain.]
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me com
My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Pbæbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
Come hither poor fellow, and patted his head:
But now when he's frowning I with a sour look
Cry. firrah, and give him a blow with my crook;

And I'll give him another, for why flould not Tray

Be as dull as his mafter when Phabe's away?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro', The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too; Winds over us whisper'd, slocks by us did bleat, And chirp went the grashopper under our feet: But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on, The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone; Her voice in the concert, as now I have found, Gave ev'ry thing else an agreeable sound.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain, Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?

To be cur'd thou must, Colin, thy passion remove; But what swain is so filly to live without love?

No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return,

For ne'er was poor shepherd so fadly forlorn.

Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with dispair:

Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

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To make the man kind, & keep true to the bed, Whom your choice or your destiny brings you to wed Take a hint from a friend that experience has taught And experience you know never fails when 'tis The art that you practis'd at first to infnare [bought (For in love little arts, as in battle are fair;) Whether neatness, or prudence, or wit were the bait, Let the hook still be cover'd, and still play the cheat. Should he fancy another, upbraid not his stame; To reproach him is never the way to reclaim:

Good fente is to them what a face is to you; [due : Flatter that, and, like us, they'll but think it their

Tis more to recover than conquer the heart,

For this is all nature, but that is all art.

And he'll give you perfections at present unknown, Doubt the strength of your judgment compar'd to his [own

The you learn that your rival his bounty partakes, And your meriting favour ungrateful forfakes; Still, fill debonair, kind, engageing, and free, Be deaf the you hear, and be blind the you see!

Come all you young lovers, who wan with despair Compose idle sonners, and sigh for the fair; Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms. And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms: Be wise by example, take pattern by me, For let what will happen, by Youe I'll be free,

By Jove I'll be free, For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free. Young Dapbne I saw, in the net I was caught,

Young Daphne I saw, in the net I was caught, I ly'd and I statter'd as custom had taught; I press'd her to bliss, which she granted sull soon, But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon. She vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it might be; I'm sorry, my dear, but by Jove I'll be free, & e

The next was young Phillis as bright as the morn, The love that I proffer'd she treated with scorn; I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind, That none could be handsome but such as were kind Her pride and ill-nature were lost upon me. For in spight of fair saces, by Jove I'll be free, Se.

Let others cail marriage the labour of joys, Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise; Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange rage, Like birds they sing best when they're put in a cage. Considement's the devil, 'twas ne'er made for me Let who will be bondslaves, by Jose I'll be free, &c'

Then let the brisk bumper run over the glass, In a toast to the young and the beautiful lass, Who, yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule, Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool: I'll bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee, For inspite of gravelessons, by Jovel'll befree, Sc.

Q 3

THE

27

THE fun was funk beneach the hill,
The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
The sky was clear, the winds were still,
The flocks were pent within the fold;
When from the silence of the grove
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who feeks to pluck the fragrant rofe
From the bare rock or cozy beach,
Who from each barren weed that grows
Expects the grape or bluthing peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no flercy care, No fields that wave with golden grain, No pastures green, nor garden fair,

A damiel's venal heart to gain: Then all in vain my fighs must prove, For I, alas! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and fold!
They afk not yows of facred truth;

Whene'er they figh, they figh for gold: Gold can the frowns of fcorn remove. But I, alas I have nought but love.

To buy the gems of India's coaft,
What wealth, what treasure can suffice?
Not all their five can ever boast

The living lustre of her eyes:

For these the world to cheap would prove,
But I, alas! have nought but love.

Oh Sylvia! fince nor gems not ore,

Can with your brighter charms compare,

Confider that I proffer more,

More seldom sound—a heart sincere: Let treasure meaner beauties move; Who pays thy wurth, must pay in love,

No glory I covet, do riches I want, Ambition is nothing to me; The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant, Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unrussed, untainted with pride, By reason my life let me square: The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd, And the rest are but folly and care,

The bleffings, which providence freely has lent, I'll juftly and gratefully prize; While sweet meditation and chearful content Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part; For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey Contributes to gladden my he art.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and ftrife,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of With my fair one as blooming as May, [tall trees, Undisturbed by all but the fighs of the breeze, Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the fun, less intense, to the westward inclines For the meadows the groves we'll forfake, And see the rays dance as inverted he shines, On the sace of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I on the verge as we pass, (For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
Our shadows may view in the watery glass,
While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, & the lambkins to bleat When she sings me some amorous strain; All be silent and hush'd, unless echo repeat The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we fauntering firay, [light,
Let the moon inliver beams thro the leaves give us
Just direct us and checquer our ways.

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Let the nightingale warble its note in our walk, As thus gently and flowly we move; And no fingle thought be express'd in our walk, But friend thip improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights, And fecure from ambition's alarms, Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights, And each morning shall rife with new charms.

THE blooming damfel, whose defence Is adamantine innocence, Requires no guardian to attend Her steps, for modesty's her friend. Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield The glitt'ring spear, and maffy shield; Yet fafe from force and fraud combin'd, She is an Amazon in mind.

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With this artillery she goes Not only mongst the harmless beaux, But ev'n unburt and undifmay'd, Views the long fword and firce cockade, Tho' all a fyren as the talks, And all a goddess as she walks, Yet decency each motion guides, And wisdom o'er her tongue presides.

Place her in Russia's show'ry plains, Where a perpetual winter reigns; The elements may rave and range, Yet her fix'd mind will never change. Place her, ambition, in thy tow'rs, Mongst the more dangerous golden show'rs; Ev'n there she'd spurn the venal tribe, to bleat And fold her arms against the bribe.

> Leave her defenceless and alone, A pris ner in the torrid zone, The funfhine there might vainly vie With the bright luftre of her eye; But Phoebus' felf, with all his fire, Could ne'er one unchaste thought inspire; But virtue's path fhe'd fill purfue, And still ye fair, would copy you.

W Hene'er I meet my Celia's eyes, Sweet raptures in my bosom rife, My feet forgot to move; She too declines her lovely head, Soft blufhes o'er her cheeks are fpread : Sure this is mutual love!

My beating heart is wrapt in blifs, Whene'er I steal a tender kiss Beneath the filent grove; She strives to frown, and puts me by. Yet anger dwells not in her eye: Sure this is mutual love!

And once, oh! once, the dearest maid. As on her breast my head was laid, Some secret impulse drove; Me, me, her gentle arms carefs'd, And to her bosom closely press'd: Sure this was mutual love.

Transported with her blooming charms, A foft defire my bosom warms Forbiden joys to prove: Trembling for fear she should comply. She from my arms prepares to fly, Tho' warm'd with mutual love.

Oh! stay, I cry'd-let Hymen's bands This moment join our willing hands, And all thy fears remove: She blufh'd confent, her fears suppress'd, And now we live, fupremely blefs'd, A life of mutual love.

- 219 I HO' cruel you feem to my pain, And hate me because I am true; Yet, Phillis, you love a false swain. Who has other nymphs in his views Enjoyment's a trifle to him; To me what a heaven 'twoul'd be! To him but a woman you feem, But ah! you're an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste,
To them I for ever could grow;
Still clinging around that dear waist,
Which he spans as beside him you go.
That aim, like a lily so white,
Which over his shoulders you lay,
My bosom could warm it all night,
My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my subjects to be,
I'd leave 'em and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cettage with thee.
But if I must feel thy disdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
Oh! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

COME, take your glass. the northern lass, So prettily advis'd; I drank her health, and really was Agreeably furpriz'd.

Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet, Her air and mien so free; The Syren charm'd me from my meat, But take your drink, said she.

If from the north such beauty came,
How is it that I feel
Within my breast that glowing slame,
No tongue can e'er reveal?

Tho' cold and raw the north wind blow, All summer on her breast; Her kin was like the driven snow, But sun-shine all the rest.

Her heart may fouthern climates melt, Tho' frozen now it feems; That joy with pain be equal felt, And balane'd in extremes.

Then like our genial wine she'll charm, With love my panting breast; Me, like our sun, her heart shall warm; Beice to all the rest, F ANNY, fairer than a flow'r,
But uncertain as the wind,
Ever trifling with her pow'r
Meant alone to bless mankind;
Now with smiles her face adorning,
She to love my heart invites;
But if love I offer, scorning,
She with frowns my passion slights,
Oh! thou god of pleasing anguish,
If indeed a god you be,
Teach the tyrant how to languish,
Make her heart and eyes agree:
But it wiltul she refuses

To obey the pow'rs divine; Make the man whom firk she chuses, Treat her heart as she does mine.

F AREWEL to Lockabar, and farewel my Jean, Where heartsome with thee I've many a day been For Lockabar no more, Lockabar no more; I'll may be return to Lockabar no more; These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And nae for the dangers attending on weir; Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore, May be to return to Lockabar no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the thore;
To leave thee behind my heart is fair pain'd;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jenny, mann plead my excuse; Since honour commands me how can I resuse? Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee. And, without thy savour, I'd better not be! I gae then, my lass to win honour and same, And if I should luck to come gloriously hame, I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er, And then I'll leave thee and Lockabar no more.

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FREE from the buffle, care, and strife,
Of this short variegated life,
Oh let me spend my days
In rural sweetness with a friend,
To whom my mind I may unbend.
Nor censure heed or praise.

Riches bring cares—I ask not wealth; Let me enjoy but peace and health, I envy not the great. 'Tis these alone can make me bles'd; The riches take of East and West, I claim not these or state.

Though not extravagant nor near,
But through the well-spent chequer'd year,
I'd have enough to live;
To drink a bottle with a friend,
Affift him in diffres, ne'er lend,
But rather freely give.

I too would wish, to sweeten life,
A gentle, kind, good-natur'd wise,
Young, sensible, and fair;
One wno could love but me alone,
Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,
And sooth my ev'ry care.

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Thus happy with my wife and friend,
My life I chearfully would spend,
With no vain thoughts oppress'd.
If Heav'n has bliss for me in store,
O grant me this, I ask no more,
And I am truly bless'd.

Go, and, on my truth relying,
Comfort to your cares applying,
Bid each doubt and forrow flying,
Leave to peace, and love your breaft.

Go, and may the pow'rs that hear us, Still, as kind protectors near us, Through our troubles fafely steer us To a port of joy and rest. FAIR Iris I love, and I hourly lie, But nor for a lip, nor a languishing eye, She's fickle and false, and there we agree, For I am as salse and as fickle as she, We neither believe what either can say, And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear, and to fay things of course, We mean not the taking for better for worse, When present we love, when absent agree, I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me, The legend of love no couple can find, So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

HENCE with caution, hence with fear,
Beauty prompts, and naught shall stop me;
Boldly for that prize I steer;
Rocks, nor winds, nor waves dismay me.

Yet, rash lover, look behind,
Think what evils may betide you;
Love and fortune both are blind,
And you have none else to guide you.

How can you, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly flight A lover, who's wretched when banish'd your fight? Who for your sake alone thinks life worth his care, whom once if you frown on, must die in despair.

If you meant thus to torture, ah why did your eyes Once express so much softness, and sweetly surprise? By their lustre instam'd, I could hardly believe A language so artless was meant to deceive.

But, alas! like the pilgrim bewilder'd in night, Who fees a false splendor at a distance invite, O'erjoy'd hastens on, pursues it and dies; A like fate attends me when away Nancy slies.

Then faireft, but cruel, confider that love, Will, like fickness neglected, more desperate proves Thatyour heart mayrelent, I implore the kind pow'rs Since I'm constant as your sex, be not fickle as ours

IAM

AM a poor shepherd, undone,
And cannot be cured by art;
For a nymph, as bright as the sun,
Has stole away my heart;
And how to get it again
There's noue but she can tell,
To cure me of my pain,
By saying she loves me well.

And alas, poor shepherd! & alack, & a well-a-day! Before I was in love, oh! every month was May.

If to love the should not incline,

I told her I'd die in an hour.

To die, says she, 'tis in thine;

But to love, 'tis not in my power.

I ask'd her the reason why

She could not of me approve;

She said 'twas a task too hard,

To give any reason for love.

And alas, &c.

She afk'd me of my effate:

I told her a flock of sheep;
The grass whereon they graze,
Where she and I might sleep;
Besides a good ten pound,
In old king Harry's groats,
With hooks and crooks abound,
And birds of fundry notes.
And alas, &c.

My Betsy is the blithest maid
That e'er young shee herd woo'd,
She has at length my heart betray'd,
Alas! do all I could.
For shape, for air, and manners too,
None can with her compare:
O would she but be kind and true,
I'd soon my love declare,

Whene'er I see her beauteous face,
My heart with joy does burn;
Whene'er she's absent from the place,
I long for her return.

If the all others would forfake,
And fly to me alone,
What pleasure I with her should take,
While they their loss bemoan!
I'd bless the day that first I knew
My charming Betsy fair;
And all my life should be to shew
She was my only care.
I'd vow to wed next Whitsunday,
And make her bless'd for life:
Should she refuse then, maidens, say,

To be young Johnny's wife?

My Faury was as fair a maid
As any in the town,
And I as flout and lively lad
As e'er mow'd clover down;
When the agreed to tie the knot,
I thought of nothing elfe,
I thought of nothing elfe.
The knot was tied,
Fan was my bride,
Nor did I grudge the king his lot,
When ding-dong went the bells,
When. &c.

Our fugar kiffes, honey words,
We never thought too much:
I dare be sworn no knights or lorda
E'er gave their ladies such.
To plow went I, to spin went she,
And all the parish tells,
How Ralpb and Fan,
Their loves began,
With joys that none can greater be,

When ding-dong went the bells.

Rare times were these—but ah! how soon,

Do wedlock's comforts fall!

The days that were the honey moon

Are wormwood now and gall.

Whate'er of furies they invent

Broke ont from flaming cells.

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You now may fee
In Fan and me,
We fight, we fcold, and both repent,
That ding-dong went the bells.

Now pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the plains.

And brightens the smiles of the damsels & swains,

As they follow the last team of harvest along,

And end all their toils with a dance and a song:

Posses'd of the plenty that blesses the year,

Bleak winter's approach they behold without fear,

And when tempests rattle, and hurricanes roar,

Enjoy what they have, & ne'er languish for more.

Dear Cbloe, from them let us learn to be wife,
And use every moment of life as it flies;
Gay youth is the spring-time, which all must imFor summer to ripen an harvest of love: [prove,
Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
To lay friendship in store for the winter of age,
Whose frowns shall disarm ev'n Cbloe's bright eye—
Let friendship take place then of youth's siercer joy.

To speak my mind of womankind, In one word it is this, By nature they're design'd To say and do amiss.

Be they maids, be they wives, Alike they plague our lives; Wanton, headtrong, cunning, vain, Born to cheat, and give men pain.

Their study, day and night, Is mischief. their delight; And if we should prevent At one door the intent, They quickly turn about, And find another out.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long, Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng, I find that my passion's so lively and strong, [song That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora, A kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose; I seep all the day to forget half my woes: So hot is the stame in my bosom which glows, By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my clothes. Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora, Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave, Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave, And grant the petition your lover does crave, Who never was free till you made him your slave. Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora, Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride, With a swinging long sword, how I'll struck I'll stride In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride, As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white fift for me.

WITH Delia ever could I stay;
Admire, adore her all the day;
In the same field our flocks we'll feed,
To the same spring our heifers lead.
What joy where peace and love combine,
To make our days unclouded shine!

Teach me, ye muses, ev'ry art,
More deeply to engage her heart;
I strive not to resist my flame;
I glory in a captive's name;
Nor would I if I could be free,
Buy boast my loss of liberty.

WITH doubts and fears, for her I love,
My heart is ftill diffres d;
Afflicted as the plaintive dove,
When plunder d of her nest,

Whence

Whence fad and moaning, all the day, She pines in solitude away.

Fly, fly, oh! fly, ye minutes, fly, On time's expanded wings, Till my Almena flops the figh That for her fafety fprings; Guard her sweet innocence and charms, And fafe conduct her to these arms.

- 236 -Y OU fay what charm in Nancy's tace This foolish heart has stole; Or can I name one firiking grace-Not I upon my foul: But fure a certain fomething's there This bosom must adore; A fomething not exactly fair, But yet extremely more.

A finer face, perhaps, may try A greater share of art; But that can only firike the eye, And never touch the heart : Less native force, experience fees, Attends a fairer form; For that can only hope to please, But never think to charm.

Yet fay my paffion is misplac'd, I live for her alone: Pray which should I consult-your taste, Or gratify my own? Our friendship, if you kindly cease, Your filence best fecures; Nor think I can deftroy my peace, To please a whim of your's.

ASK not the cause why sullen spring So long delays her flowers to bear; Why warbling birds forget to fing, And winter storms invert the year: Chloris is gone, and fate provides To make it fpring where the refides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair; She cast not back her pitying eye, But left her lover in despair. To figh, to languish, and to die : Ah! how can those fair eyes endure To give the wounds they will not cure!

Great god of love, why haft thou made A face that can all hearts command, That all religions can invade, And change the laws of ev'ry land? Where thou had'ft plac'd fuch pow'r before, Thou should'st have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes, Adoring crowds before her fall: She can restore the dead from tombs. And ev'ry life but mine recal: I only am by love defign'd

To be the victim for mankind.

- 237 AS I faw fair Chloe walk alone, The feather'd fnow came foftly down, Like fove descending from his tower. To court her in a filver shower : The wanton flakes flew to her breafts, As little birds into their nefts; But being overcome with whiteness there, For grief diffolv'd into a tear: Thence flowing down her garments hem, To deck her, froze into a gem.

- 238 -ADVISE your friend, grave man of art, I find a ffrange, unufual fmart, 'Tis here-fierce fymptoms at my heart.

Tis pleasure, pain, a mix'd degree, My pulse examine, here's your fee; What think you can my fickness be? A lover !- 'tis my cafe, too fure! O-ease me straight-I'll not endure ; Prescribe, I'll follow close the cure.

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But if the (spite of speech or pen)
Prove coy, or false with other men,
Ah, doctor !-what expedient then?

A rope.

AS lately, at a rural fair,
I ey'd around the beauties there,
With top-knots red, and green, and blue,
How comic was the motley crew!

The farmer's daughter baulk'd her cows, To buy of gingerbread a spouse; And kitchen Malkin pinn'd her hood, To meet her spark of flesh and blood.

The country lady cheapen'd toys, And ballad-finger strain'd her voice; Plebeian dames join nymphs of birth, As grass and slow'rs enamel earth.

The country ladies seem'd to me
Too much to mimic quality;
And milk maids charms, and aukward ways,
Could not my nicer fancy please,

But when I turn'd, and look'd again, I spy'd Miss Jenny in the train, In blooming youth and beauty gay, As fresh as any queen of May.

Of graceful mien, and high-born race, Yet humble as the village lass; Like some desert which crowns the feast, And makes amends for all the rest.

In orchard so the faunt'ring youth Surveys the fruit with gaping mouth, Where many an apple meets his taste, Which he rejects with sputt'ring haste.

But when he views the Cath'rine pear, Of tempting form, and colours rare; The luscious bait to reach he skips, And longs to have it at his lips.

AH! bright Belinda, hither fly,
And fuch a light discover,
As may the absent fun supply,
And chear the drooping lover,

Arise, my day, with speed arise, And all my forrows banish; Before the sun of thy bright eyes All gloomy terrors vanish.

No longer let me figh in vain, And curse the hoarded treasure: Why should you love to give us pain, When you were made for pleasure?

The petty pow'rs of hell destroy,
To fave's the pride of heaven;
To you the first, if you prove coy,
If kind, the last is given.

The choice then fure's not hard to make Betwixt the good and evil; Which title had you rather take, My goddess, or my devil?

Assit me ev'ry tuneful bard,
Oh, lend me all your skill,
In choicest lays that I may praise,
Dear Nanny of the hill:
Sweet Nanny, dear Nanny,
Sweet Nanny of the hill.

How gay the glitt'ring beam of morn,
That gilds the crystal rill!
But far more bright than morning light
Shines Nanny of the hill:

Dear Nanny, shines Nanny, &c.
The gayest flow'r, so fair of late,
The ev'ning damps will kill;
But av'ry day, more fresh and care

But ev'ry day, more fresh and gay, Blooms Nanny of the hill: Sweet Nanny, blooms Nanny, &c.

Old time arrests his rapid slight, And keeps his motion still, Resolv'd to spare a face so fair As Nanny's of the hill: &c.

To form my charmer, nature has
Exerted all her skill,
Wit, beauty, truth, and rosy youth,
Deek Nanny of the hill: &c.
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And now around the festive board The jovial bumpers fill; Each take his glafe to my dear lafs, Sweet Nanny of the hill: Dear Nanny, sweet Nanny, &c.

243 DEAR madam, when ladies are willing, A man must needs look like a fool; For ne, I would not give a shilling For one that can love out of rule: At leaft you should wait for our offers, Nor fnarch like old maids in daspair; If you've liv'd till these years withou proffers, Your fighs are now loft in the air.

You should leave us to guessat your Uushing; And not fpeak the marter too plain; 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing, And yours to affect a disdain. That you're in a terrible taking, By all your fond ogling I fee; But the fruit that will fall without shaking, Indeed, is too mellow for me.

- 244 LOVE's a dream of mighty treasure, Wh ch in fancy we posles; In the folly lies the pleasure, Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by passion heated, We a goddess have in chase, Like Ixion we are cheated And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover, Whom his mittress well deceives; Seeking nothing to discover, He contented lives at eafe.

But the wretch, that would be knowing What the fair-one would disguise, Labours for his own underng, Changing happy to be wife.

Y OU may fay what you will, but Belinda's too tall, And Stella's all bone, and her shape is too small;

Dear Chloe's my wish, tho' extensive her charms. Tho' the front of her flays is too wide for my arms Tis certain Miss Fanny's a sweet little dear.

And Zephyrs bring odours when Lucy is near: But Chloe's all sweetness by nature defign'd. We might call her a hogshead of double-refin'd.

When the dance then leaps my fond heart like a frog When with rapture I press her, I'm lost in a fog: I beg for a kifs, while my vows I renew, And imbibe half a pint of ambrofial dew.

She frequently mentions young Strepbon the beau, But why should I reckon my rival a foe? E'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me pain ; We both shall find more than our arms will contain

I've oft over-heard the ill-natur'd expression, That beauty fo bulky must pall in possession: In his notion the critic is furely mifled, Love's fi me by her fat will be constantly fed.

Some nymphs have angelical sweetnese and grace, But Cbloe has rather a cherubim's face : She's always good-humour'd facetious, and free, And only gives pain when the fits on my knee.

I start not, as timorous fribbles have done, At the substance of three or four females in one; First balance her weight with his majesty's coin, Then let the dear ponderous charmer be mine.

- 246 -GODDESS of ease, leave Lethe's brink, Obsequious to the muse and me; For once endure the pain to think, O fwest Infentibility! Sifter of peace and indolence, Bring, mufe, bring numbers foft and flow, Elaborately void of fense, And fweetly thoughtlefs let them flow, And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some cowslip-painted mead, There let me doze away dull hours; And under me let Flora spread A lofa of her luftest flowers;

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Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe
Forth from behind the neighb'ring pine
While murmurs of the fiream beneath
Still flow in unifon with thine, &c.
For thee, O Idleness, the woes
Of life we patiently endure;
Thou art the source whence labour flows,
We shun thee but to make thee sure;

For who would bear war's toil and wafte,
Or who the thund'ring of the fea,
But to be idle at the last,
And find a pleasing end in thee?
And find, &c.

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WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be feen, And the meadows their beauty have loft; When nature's difrob'd of her mantle of green,

And the streams are fast bound by the frost.

- 247

While the peafent inactive flands shiv'ring with
As bleak the winds northerly blow, [cold,
And the innocent flock run for ease to the fold,
With their fleeces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
And they send forth their breath like a steam;
And the neat looking dairy maid sees she must thaw
Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream.

When the sweet country maiden as fresh as a rose, As she carelessly trips, often stides, And the rustics saugh loud, if by falling she shews All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lass for company join'd, In a croud round the embers are met, Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind, And of ghosts till they're all in a sweat.

Heav'n grant in this feason it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
I may theither in safety retire!

Where in neatness and quiet, & free from surprise, We may live and no hardships endure; Nor feel any turbulent passions arise, But such as each other may cure.

THE new-flown birds, the shepherds sing,
And welcome in the May;
Come, Passoiella, now the spring
Makes ev'ry landscape gay;
Wide-spreading trees their leasy shade
O'er half the plain extend,
Or in restecting sountains play'd
Their quiv'ring branches bend,
Their quiv'ring branches bend.
Come, taste the season in its prime,

Ome, tafte the lealon in its prime,
And blefs the rising years
Oh! how my foul grows fick of time,
Till thou, my love, appear.

Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
Warm in thy beauty's shine,

When thy dear flocks shall feed and play, And intermix mith mine, &c.

For thee, of doves a milk-white pair
In filken band I hold;
For thee a firstling lambkin fair
I keep within the fold:

If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
Or tender lambkins pleafe,
My spotless heart without deceit
He offer'd up with these,
Be offer'd up with these.

WHERE is pleasure, tell me where,
What can touch my breast with joy?
All around the spacious sphere,
Let my muse her search employ.

Wealth, thy shining store produce, Heap'd in golden mountains rife; Thee let senseless misers chuse,

hee let senseless misers chuse, Thou can'st ne er allure my eyes.

Honour, let thy chariot roll,
Deck'd with titles, pageants, arms;
Thou may'ft charm th' ambitious foul,
But for me thou haft no charms.
R 2

Ruddy

Ruddy Bacchus, try thy pow'r, Gaily laugh affride thy tun; Thee let frantic bards adore, Pleasure thou for me hast none.

Only Delia, gentle fair, Can the precious boon bestow: Give, ye pow'rs, O give me her! She's the all I ask below.

GO plaintive founds! and to the fair,
My fecret wounds impart,
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
Each motion in my heart:
But she, methinks, is list'ning now
To some enchanting strain;
The smile that triumphs o'er her brow
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive founds! yet, yet delay, Howe'er my love repine; Let that gay minute pass away, The next perhaps is thine.

Yes, plaintive founds! no longer croft, Your grief shall foon be o'er; Her cheek, undimpled now, has lost The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive founds! the now is yours,
"Tis now your time to move;

Effay to foften all her powers, And be that foftness, love.

Cease, plaintive sounds! your task is done; That anxious tender air

Proves o'er her heart the conquest won; I see you melting there.

Return ye smiles, return again, Return each sprightly grace; I yield up to your charming reign All that enchanting face.

I take no outward shew amis, Rove where you will, her eyes; Still let her smiles each shepherd bless, Southe but hear my sights. THOU rifing fun, whose gladsome ray invites my fair to rural play, Dispel the mist, and clear the skies, And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I fure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost bough,
Alost in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid? What woods conceal my fleeping maid? Up by the roots enrag'd I'll tear The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies, Or on the raven's pinions rise! Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay, And wast a lover on his way,

My blifs too long my pride denies, Apace the wasting summer slies; Nor yet the wintery blasts I fear, Not storms or nights shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare? Oh! love has stronger setters far:
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love inchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breaft; When thoughts perplex, the first are best; Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay; Away to Orra, haste away.

You meaner beauties of the night,
Who poorly fatisfy our eyes,
More with your number than your light,
Like common people of the fkies;
What are you when the moon doth rife?

Your violets, that first appear,
By your fine purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the rose is blown?

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You warbling chanters of the wood,
Who fill our ears with nature's lays,
Thinking your paffion's understood
By meaner accents: what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice doth raise?

You glorious trifles of the east,
Whose estimation fancies raise,
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
Of glitt'ring geme; what is your praise,
When the bright di'mond shews his rays?

So when my princess shall be seen
In beauty of her sace and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen;
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

The rose, the vi'let, the whole spring, Unto her breath for sweetness run; The di'mond's darken'd in the ring; If she appears, the moon's undone, As in the presence of the sun.

WHEN the bright god of day
Drove to westward each ray,
And the ev'ning was charming and clear;
The swallows amain,
Nimbly skim o'er the plain,
And our shadows like giants appear.

In a jaffamine bow'r,
When the bean was in flow'r,
And zephyr breath'd odours around;
Lovely Sylvia was fat,
With a fong and fpinnet,
To charm all the grove with the found.

"Rofy bowers" fhe fung,
While the harmony rung,
And the birds they all fluttering firive;
Th' industrious bees,
From the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with the fweets to their hive.

The gay god of love, As he rang'd o'er the grove, By zephyr conducted along;
As she touch'd o'er the strings,
He beat time with his wings,
And echo repeated the song.

O ye rovers beware,
How you venture too near,
Love doubly is arm'd for to wound;
Your fare you can't fhun,
And you're furly undone,
If you rafhly approach near the found.

I'M in love with twenty,
I'm in love with twenty,
And could adore
As many more,
For nothing's like a plenty.
Variety is charming,
Variety is charming,
For conftancy
Is not for me,
So ladies you have warning.

He that has but one love, Looks as poor As any boor,

Or like a man with one glove. Variety, &c.

Not the fine regalia
Of eastern kings,
The poet fings,

But oh! the fine feraglio. Variety, &c.

Girls grow old and ugly, And can't inspire The same defire,

As when they're young and fmugly. Variety, &c.

Why has Cupid pinions,
If not to fly

Through all the fky, An fee his favourite minions.

Love was born of beauty, And when she goes,

The urchin khows, To follow is his duty. Variety, &c.

Variety, &c.

By love too long deprived of rest,
Fell tyrant of the human breast;
His vassal long, and worn with pain,
Indignant, late I spurned the chain:
In verse, in prose I sung, and swore
No charms should ever enslave me more;
Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
Again should force one tender sigh.
Then freedom's praise inspired my tongue,

With freedom's praise infoir d my tongue,
With freedom's praise the vallies rung;
And ev'ry night, and ev'ry day,
My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay:
My cares are gone, my forrows cease,
My breast regains its wonted peace;
And joy and hope returning, prove
That reason is too strong for love.

Such was my boaft, but ah! how vain, How short was reason's vaunted reign! The firm resolve I form'd ere while, How weak! oppos'd to Clara's smile: Chang'd is the stain; the vallies round With freedom's praise no more resound; But ev'ry night and ev'ry day

My sull heart pours the alter'd lay.

SOME fing in praise of a friend or a glass,
The theme of my song is my favourite loss:
For her I relinquish my friend and the bowl,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

In friendship, 'tis true, many pleasures we prove; But what are all these to the raptures of love: For Chloe I leave both the friend and the bowl, For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

The bottle I love, and a friend I admire; But Cbloe enjoys ev'ry wish and desire; Her wit, youth, and beauty, my passions controul, For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

Then Cblee, dear Cblee, shall bless me for life, I'll yield ev'ry joy to a virtuous wife; For her I relinquish my friends and the bowl, For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

TIS a maxim I hold, whilft Ilive to pursue,
Not a thing to defer, which to-day I can do:
This piece of good council attend to, I pray,
For while the sun shines is the time to make hay,
Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove,
In her ear gently pour the soft poison of love:
With kiffes and presses your rapture convey,
For while the sun shines is the time to make hay,
If Chloe is kind and gives ear to your plaint,
Declare your whole sentiments free from restraint:
Entorce your petition, and make no delay,
For while the sun shines is the time to make hay,
But should you the present occasion let pass,

A Choir of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To chuse a may-lady to govern the year; [green,
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in
The garland was giv'n, and Phillis was queen;
But Phillis refus'd it, and sighing did say,
I'll wear not a garland while Pan is away.

The world may with justice proclaim you an as:

The fun may not shine, and you cannot make hay;

Then briskly attack her, if longer you stay,

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore, The graces are banish'd, and love is no more: The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires, Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires; And vows that himself and his mother will mourn, Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more; For we will perform what the deity swore: But if you dare think of deserving our charms, Away with your sheep-hooks and talk of your arms: The laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn, When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx, return.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear merconary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

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My heart, a victim to thine eyes, Should I at once deliver, Say, would the angry fair one prize The gift, who flights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy, My rivals give—and let 'em: If gems, or gold, impart a joy, I'll give them—when I get 'em.

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Or rose bud more in fashion; Such short liv'd offerings but d sclose A transitory passion:

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere, than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

I Toss and tumble through the night,
And wish th' approaching day,
Thinking when darkness yields to tight,
I'll banish care away:
But when the glorious sun doth rise,
And chears all nature round,
All thought of pleasure in me dies,
My cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy mind
Bereaves me of my rest;
My thoughts are to all pleasure blind,
With care I'm still opprest:
But had I her within my breast
Who gives me so much pain,
My raptur'd soul would be at rest,
And softest joys regain.

I'd envy not the god of war,

Bles'd with fair Venus' charms,

Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter,

In fair Alcmena's arms:

Paris with Helen's beauty bleit,
Would be a jest to me;
It of her charms I were possest,
Thrice happier I would be.

But fince the gods do not ordain
Such happy fate for me,
I dare not 'gainst their will repine,
Who rule my destiny.
With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,
And cherish still my soul;
Whene'r I think of my lost fair,
I'll drown her in the bowl.

When youth mature to manhood grew,
Soon beauty touch'd my heart;
From vein to vein love's light'ning flew,
With pleafing, painful fmart:
My bosom dear content for sook,
And sooth'd the soft dejection;
The melting eye, the speaking look,
Prov'd love and sweet affection.

Unus'd to arts which win the fair,
What could a shepherd do?
And to submit to sad despair,
Was not the way to woo.
At length I told the lovely maid,
I hop'd we'd no objection
To talk (while round her sambkins play'd)
Of love and sweet affection.

A blush my Cbloe's cheek bedeck'd, A blush devoid of guile,

"And what from me can you expect?"
She answer'd with a smile.

"How many nymphs have been betray'd,
"Through want of calm reflexion!

"Then don't my peace of mind invade "With love and fweet affection."

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,
In wedlock's bands let's join;
My kids, my kine, my herds, my cot,
My soul itself is thine.
To church I led the charming fair,
To Hymen's kind protection;
And now life's dearest joys we share,

With love and sweet affection,

FAREWEL,

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FAREWEL, Ianthe, faithless maid,
Source of my grief and pain;
Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,
And fan'd love's kindling flame;
Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,
To Corydon's rich heir,
Who with gay vestments did adorn
Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.

Adieu, my native foil; ye voles,
High woods, and tufted hills:
Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,
Clear ftreams and cryffal rills:
Adieu; ye bring into my mind
Those paff, those happy days,
When Ipbis found Ianthe kind,
And pleasure ftrew'd his ways.

Ere dawn my homely steps I'll bend,
Where distant mountains rise,
In hopes that reason there may fend
That aid she here denies;
That time and absence may esface
Her image from my breast,
Which, while she there maintains a place,
Can never tast of restr.

Who has e're been at Baldock must needs know At the sign of the Horse, at the foot of the hill, Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the Without all distinction promiscuously go. [beau, Where the grave, &c.

This man of the mill has a daughter so fair, With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air, That once on the ever-green bank as I stood, I d swore she was Venus just sprung from the slood. That once, &c.

But looking again, I perceiv'd my mistake; For Venus, though fair, has the looks of a rake, While nothing but virtue and modesty fill The more beautiful looks of the maid of the mill. While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,
To enliven that mass which he model'd of clay:
Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes
Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the skies.
Had Polly, &c.

Sinc first I beheld the dear lass of the mill, I can never be quiet; but do what I will, All day and all night I figh, and think still I shall die if I have not the lass of the mill.

- 264 No more of my Harriet, of Polly no more, Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me before; Myself for a slave to gay Venus I've sold, And have barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold: I throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks, And will fing of my lass with the golden locks. Tho' o'er her white forehead the gilt treffes flow, Like the rays of the fun on a hillock of fnow; Such, painters of old, drew the queen of the fair, Tis the tafte of the antients, 'tis claffical hair; And tho' witlings may scoff, and tho' raillery mocks, Yet I'll fing of my lafs with the golden locks ffight, Than the fwain, in the brook, he's more dear to my Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white; Her lips are like rubies, all rubies above, Which are fit for the labour or language of love. At the Park in the Mall, at the play in the box, My lass bears the belle with her golden locks. Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow, Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe; She shall ease my fond heart, or shall sooth my fost While thousands of rivals are fighing in vain. [pain, Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the While I have the lass with the golden locks. [fox,

- 265 -

HAD I but the wings of a dove,
Enraptur'd I'd hasten away;
And quickly repair to my love,
Whose beauties enliven the day,
Bring soon from the hamlets again,
Ye gods, her I ask for my wise;
Without her I'm ever in pain,
And relish no pleasure in life,

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Wha The The Ah! cruel decree of hard fate,

To keep me so long from my fair;
Come, pity my desolate state,

And banish all thoughts of despair.

With her, oh! what scenes I enjoy

Of mirth and good-humour all day:
Such blessings as never will cloy,

Nor cease till our souls leave the clay.

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AH! Chloe, thou treasure, thou joy of my breast Since I parced from thee I'm a stranger to rest: I sty to the grove, there to languish and mourn, There sigh for my charmer, and long to return: The fields all around me are smiling and gay; But they smile all in vain, for Chloe's away: The fields and the groves can afford me no ease, But bring me my Chloe, a desert will please, But bring me my Chloe, &c.

No virgin I fee that my bosom alarms, I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms; In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye, These are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry: [thron'd, These looks, where bright love, like the sun, sits en-And smiling, distuses his insuence round: 'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer amaz'd; Thus view'd thee with wonder & lov'd while I gaz'd, Thus view'd thee, &c.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my fight, It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night:
But, now my hard fortune, remov' from my fair,
In secret I languish, a prey to dispair:
But absence and torment abate not my slame.
My Cbloe's still charming, my passion the same;
O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
Then absence would please me, for I should be blest,
Then absence would please me, &c

O Would'st thou know what facred charms,
This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
This destin'd heart, &c.
What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree,
The maid that's made for love and me,
The maid that's made, &c.

Who joys to hear the figh fincere, Who melts to fee the tender tear, Who melts, &c.
From each ungentle passion free, O be the maid tha 's mate for me, O be the maid, &c.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows, Who feels the blessings she bestows, Who feels, &c.
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Be such the maid that's made for me,

Whose simple thoughts devoid of art, Are all the natives of her heart, Are all, &c.

Be fuch the mid, &c.

A gentle train from fallhood free, Be such the maid that's made for me, Be such the maid, &c.

Avaunt, ye light coquets, retire
Where flatt'ring fops around admire,
Where flatt'ring, &c.
Unmov'd your tinfel charms I fee,
More genuine beauties are for me,
More genuine, &c.

Spring renewing all things gay,
Nature's dictates all obey:
In each creature we may fee
The effect of love's decree.
Thus their flate, fuch the fate;
Do not, Polly, flay too late,
Do not, Polly, flay too late.

Look around, and see them play;
A!l are wanton while they may:
Why should precious time be lost?
After summer comes a frost:
All pursue nature's due;
Let us, Polly, do so too,
Let us, Polly, do so too.

Flowers all around us blowing, Herbs on ev'ry meadow lowing:

Birds

Birds on ev'ry branch are wooing; Turtles all around are cooing: Hark! they coo; fee, they woo; Let us, Polly, do fo too, Let us, Polly, do fo too.

Hark! how kind that swain and lass, Yonder fitting on the grass; See, how earnestly he sues, While she, blushing, can't resuse; See you two, how they woo; Let us, Polly, do so too, Let us, Polly, do so too.

Mark that cloud above the plain; See, it feems to threa en rain: Herds and flocks do run together, Seeking shelter from the weather. Fear not you, I'll be true, Let us, therefore, do so too,

Let us, &c.

FOR ever fortune, with thou prove An unrelenting foe to love?
And when we meet a mutual heart, Come in between, and bid us part;
Bid us figh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish, the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the pride of life is gone?

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow;
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to be rude.
For once, O fortune, hear my pray'r
And I absolve thy suture care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

ATTEND, ye ever-tuneful swains,
That in melodious, soothing strains,
Of Chloe sing, or Phillis;
Tho' weak my skill, tho' rude my verse,
Upbraid me not, while I rehearse
The charms of Polly Willis.

Tho' languid I, and poor in thought,
No fimile shall here be brought
From roses, pinks, or lilies:
Some meaner beauties they may hit;
But sure no simile can sit
The charms of Polly Willis.

A fimile to match her hair,
Her lovely forehead, high and fair,
Beyond my greatest skill is;
How then, ye gods! can be express'd
The eyes, the lips, the heaving breast,
Of charming Polly Willis.

She's not like Venus on the flood,
Or as she once on Ida stood,
Nor mortal Amaryllis:
Frame all that's lovely, bright, and fair,
Of pleasing shape, and killing air,
And that is Polly Willis.

Tho' time her charms may wear away,
(All beauty must in time decay)
Yet in her pow'r there still is
A charm which shall her life endure;
I mean, the spotless mind and pure
Of charming Polly Willis.

As May in all her youthful drefs,
So gay my love did once appear;
A fpring of charms adorn'd her face,
The rose and lily flourish'd there:
Thus, while th' enjoyment was but young,
Each night new pleasures did create;
Ambrosial words dropp'd from her tongue
And am'rous Cupids round her wait.

But, as the fun to west declines,
The eastern sky does color grow,
And all his radiant looks resigns
To the pale moon that rules below;
So love, while in her blooming hour,
My Chloe was all kind and gay;
But when possession nipp'd that flow'r,
Her charms, like autumn, droop'd away.

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As on Tay's banks I wander'd in fearch of my fair, How smooth was the stream! and how soft was the To nothing but thee such a scene I compare; [air! And thee it resembles, dear Jenny.

The deep crystal wave was a type of thy face,
(I thought it so clear it might serve for thy glass,)
And the curls, if there were, for thy dimples might
I vow 'twas the picture of Jenny. [pass:

Methought it took in all the charms of thy mind, To virtue, to love, and to pity inclin'd, The tender, foft passions that feel no rude wind; For calm is the bosom of Jenny.

All pleas'd with the prospect, I wish'd the bright maid Cou'd have seen her dear self in this mirror display'd; 'Twas like her when last the dear girl I survey'd:

Like none it cou'd be but my Jenny.

But fudden a tempest, I ne'er saw before,
Made the billows arise, and the sea foam and roar;
Ithought that I scarcely was safe on the shore:
Ah, me! even then it was Jenny.

The same dreadful fight, when to spleen you're in-When to me you are cross, and to others are kind: But never, dear girl, raise this storm in your mind 'Twill kill me, believe me deary Jenny.

BEFORE I faw Clarinda's face
My heart was blithe and gay,
Free as the wind, or feather'd race
That hop from spray to spray.

But now dejected I appear, Clarinda proves unkind, I fighing drop the filent tear, But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearse, When I the fair have found; On e'vry tree appears my verse That to her praise resounds.

But the ungrateful shuns my fight, My faithful love distains; My vows and tears her fcorn excite, Another happy reigns.

Ah, Thyrfis, though my looks betray
I envy your fuccess;
Yet love to friendship shall give way,
I cannot wish it less.

BANISH'D by your fevere command,
I make an awful, fad retreat,
To fome more hospitable land;
But shall I then my fair forget?

No, there I'll charm the lift'ning throng,
With repetitions of your name;
My passion tell in plaintive song,
And sadly pensive soothe my slame.

With inbred fighs, the grateful swains My tale will beg me to renew; Sweetly appear'd, beguile their pains, Transported when I speak of you.

But should some curious youth demand,
Why from my beauteous theme I stray?
With what confusion should I stand!
What wou'd my charmer have me say?

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he, The youth that fondly fits by thee; And tees, and hears thee, all the while, Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my foul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd, a subtle flame Ran quick thro' all my vital frame; O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung, My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs where chill'd, My blood with gentle horrows thrill'd; My feeble pulse forgot to play, I fainted, funk, and dy'd away. 276 .

THY fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar love;
I feel the soft resistles shame
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.
For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood to trdes impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transport whelm my soul.
My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing numbers to complain;
My tongue some secret magic tries,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care, And ever drop the filent tear, Unheard I mourn, unknown I figh, Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

YES, fairest proof of beauty's power, Dear idol of my panting heart; Nature points this my fatal houer; And I have liv'd; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no figh, nor shed a tear,
Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed;
That nothing may disturb thy life
Content I nasten to the dead.

Yet when some better fated youth
Shall with his amorous parly move thee,
Reflect one moment on his truth,
Who dying thus persists to love thee.

- 278 -

IN vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may wast him over,
Alas! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love?

Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those which I sustain
From slighted vows and cold distain?
Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose;
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once mors in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold distain.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears, Aw'd by a thousand tender fears, I would approach, but dare not move; Tell me my heart if this be love? Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear No other voice but her's can hear; No other wit but her's approve; Tell me my heart if this be love? If the some othe swain commend, Tho' I was once his fondest friend, His instant enemy I prove; Tell me my heart if this be love? When she is absent, I no more Delight in all that pleas'd before, The clearest spring, the shadiest grove; Tell me my heart if this be love; When fond of power, of beauty vain. Her nets the spreads for every swain. I strove to hate, but vainly strove; Tell me my heart if this be love? - 280

IF ever thou did'it joy to bind
Two hearts in equal passion join'd,
O son of Venus! hear me now.
And bid Florella bless my vow.
If any bliss reserv'd for me
Thou in the leaves of fate should see,
If any white propitious hour,
Pregnant with hearded joys in store;

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Now, now the mighty treasure give, In her for whom alone I live; In sterling love pay all the furn, And I'll absolve the fates to come.

In all the pride of full-blown charms Yield her, relenting, to my arms; Her bosom touch with soft defires, And let her feel what she inspires.

But, Cupid, if thine aid be vain The dear reluctant maid to gain, If still with cold averted eyes She dash my hopes, and scorn my fighs;

O! grant ('tis all I ask of thee)
That I no more may change than she;
But still with duteous seal love on,
When every gleam of hope is gone.

Leave me then alone to languish,
Think not time can heal my anguish,
Pity the woes which I endure,
But never, never grant a cure.

Let Damon urge his claim,
He feels the passion void of art,
The pure, the constant stame.

Their fenfual love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous shell,
But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
Destroys the transfent fire;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,
Your mind improves with years;
As when the bloffoms fade away,
The rip'ning fruit appears.

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my fuit,
And blefs the future hour.
That Damon, who can tafte the fruit,
May gather ev'ry flow'r!

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me, what meant my throbbing breast?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
If love thou art, then farewel rest!

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair, Tho' hopeless of a warm return, Yet kill me not with cold despair, But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
Those gentle smiles did first create;
And, tho you cannot love again,
In pity, oh! forbear to hate.

TIS not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight;
Nor those fair heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light;
'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face;
Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind
Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white As new shorn sheep, equal and fair; Nor even that gentle smile, the heart's delight, With which no smile could e'er compare; 'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so sine, Those breasts that swell to meet my love; That easy sloping waist, that form divine, Nor ought below, nor ought above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
By nature's finest pencil wrought,
To shame the fresh blown rose, and blooming peach,
And mock the happiest painter's thought:
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
So kindly answering my desire;
That grace with which you look, & speak, & move,
That thus have set my foul on fire.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd firain. The lift'ning weetch forgot his pain;

With art divine the lyre she strung,
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.
For while she struck the quiv'ring wire
The eager breast was all on five;
And when she join'd the vocal lay
The captive soul was charm'd away.
But had she added still to these
Thy softer, chaster, power to please;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;
She ne'er had pin'd beneath distain,
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;
Despair had ne'er her soul posses.
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

WHEN charming Teraminta fings, Each new air new passion brings; New I refolve, and now I fear; Now I triumph, now despair; Frolie now, now faint I grow; Now I freeze, and now I glow. The panting Zebyrs round us play, And trembling on her lips would tray: Now would liften, now would kife, Trembling with divided blifs; Till, by her breaft repula'd, they fly, And in low pleafing murmurs die. Nor do I alk that the would give By some new note, the pow'r to live; I would, expiring with the found, Die on the lips that gave the wound.

My dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And hencyes, she did enslave me:
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Wounding pleasures, killing blisses,
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses;
Angels listen when the speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

LET the ambitious favour find
In courts and empty noise,
Whilst greater love does fill my mind
With thent real joys,

Let fools and knaves grow rich and great,
And the world think 'em wife,
Whilft I lie dying at her feet,
And all that world defpife.

Let conquering kings new trophies raise,
And melt in court delights,
Her eyes can give me brighter days,
Her arms much softer nights.

I' ROM all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented, I had been too blest
If love and you had let me rest:
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes
I fear'd no griess, but then I found no joys.
Amidst a thousand kind desires
Which beauty moves, and love inspires,
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear.

Yet I'll defy the worst of harms,
Such are your charms,
Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

COME all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled
By cruel beauty's pride;
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his forrows hide;

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All At dis But hand in hand around me move, Singing the faddeft tales of love; And fee, when your complaints ye join, If all your wrongs can equal mine. The happiest mortal once was I.

My heart no forrows knew; Pity the pain with which I die,

But ask not whence it grew:
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as heaven whose stamp she bears,
Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

FAIR, and foft, and gay, and young, All charm ! the play'd, the danc'd, the fung, There was no way to 'scape the dart, No care could guard the lover's heart. Ah! why cry'd I, and dropt a tear, Adorning, yet despairing e'er To have her to myfelf alone) Was fo much fweetness made for one? But growing bolder, in her ear I in foft numbers told my care: She heard, and rais'd me from her feet, And feem'd to glow with equal heat. Like heaven's, too mighty to express, My joys could but be known by guess! Ah! fool, faid I, what have I done, To wish her her made for more than one? But long I had not been in view, Before her eyes their beams withdrew; Ere I had reckon'd half her charms She funk into another's arms. But the that once could faithlefe be. Will favour him no more than me s He too will find himfelf undone. And that the was not made for one:

W HEN your beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the fky;
At diffance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fear,
So ftrangely you dazzie my eye!

ed

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in bluffes thro every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your
Then I know you're a woman again. [heart,

There's a passion and pride
In our sex she reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, would I do;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But yet be a woman to you.

ON Be widera's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, fighing, dying;
The cold regardless maid to move
With unavailing prayers I sue;
You first have taught me how to love,
Ah! teach me to be happy too.

But she, alas! unkindly wife,
To all my fighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondness to improve;
If to be happy you should learn,
You quickly would forget to love.

To fay how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour

May lose the joys we now do taste:
The blessed that immortal be
From change of love are only free.

Then fince we mortal lovers are,

Afk not how long our love will daft;
But while it does, let us take car:

Fach minute be with pleasure pasts.

Were it not madness to deny

To live, because we're sure to die?

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love A ftranger to that mind, Which pity and effects can move; Which can be just and kind?

L

Is it because you fear to have
The ills that love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by fome degree of woe
We every blifs must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain,

Y E little loves that round her wait
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As Celia on her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whifper—Strephen dies.
If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair diffains to love,
Smile and fay 'tis all a lie,
And haughty Strephen forms to dies

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
That Chlor's false and common;
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very woman;
As such I lik'd, as such eares'd,
She still was constant when posses'd,
She could do more for no man.

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing?

Perhaps the fancied you the man;
And what care I one farthing?

You think the's falle, I'm fure the's kind,
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

CHLOE's the wonder of her fex,
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might fuch killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!

But nature graciously inclin'd
With liberal hand to please us.
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundless bent to ease us.

VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which paint the blooming fair;
Give me the nymph whose snow is spread
Not o'er her face, but hair,

Of smoother cheeks the winning grace
With open force defice;
But in the wrinkles of her face
Cupid in ambush lies.

If naked eyes fet hearts on blaze,
And am'rous warmth inspire;
Thro' glass, who darts her painted rays,
Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rivals, nor the train of years, My peace or blifs deftroy; Alive, she gives no jealous fears, And dead, she crowns my joy.

ASPASIA rolls her sparkling eyes,
And every bosom feels her power;
The Indians thus view Phaebus rise,
And gaze in rapture, and adore.
Quick to the soul the piercing splendo's dirt,
Fire every vein, and melt the coldest heart.

Afpafia speaks; the listening croud
Drink in the found with greedy ears;
Mute are the giddy and the loud,
And self-admiring folly hears.
Her wit secures the conquests of her sage;
Points every charm, and brightens every grace.

Aspassa moves; her well-tun'd limber Glide stately with harmonious ease; Now thro' the many dance she swims, Like a tall bark o'er summer seas; Twas thus Eneas knew the queen of love, Majestic moving thro' the golden grove.

To doat on one to beavenly fair;

For in my humble flate forgot;

Each charm but side to my despair.

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The tuneful fwain thus faintly warbling lies, Looks on his mate, and while he fings, he dies.

DELIA I lov'd, a winning fair.

Delia was all her Strepbon's care,

Yet oft would the her doubts display,
Left Strepbon should her heart betray.

Long did I urge my fuit, and found My wishes likely to be crown'd, Sorrow and care were far away, I thought not Delia could betray.

But Poridel the maid had feen, Had dane'd with her upon the green, Alas! he stole her heart away, She fear'd not he cou'd e'er betray.

Adieu to peace, my joys are fled, A gloom o'er all my days is spread, Adieu ye nymphs, so fair and gay, I find you smile but to betray.

Farewell my crook, my pipe alone I keep to tell the woods my moan, inceffant whilft I figh and fay, Alas! that Delia could betray!

CAN a heart that is burfting with grief,
Find ease by relating its woe,
Can my bosom e'er hope for relief,
While my forrows continue to flow.
Alas! though no succour be near,
From sighing I cannot refrain,
And a tear still enforcing a tear,
My eye-lids incessantly strain.

My eye-lids inceffantly strain.

Oh! could I these torments now quit,
Could I chase but her form from my mind,
But why should I wish to forget,
That once she was gentle and kind:
That fate in the play-day of youth,
To my nonage should be so severe,
To cause me to love her with truth,

To cause me, also, to despoir.

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Oh! whence are the moments of biffs,
We spent where the eglantines grow,
Or where the sweet innocent kiss,
She then was so kind to bestow.
Gone, gone, I shall prove them no more,
With my blossoms of hope are they sied,
That hope I was fond to adore,
Now blassed, now wither'd, and dead.

WHILE you my fair one, fure to please, Smile with a grace and talk with ease, Each look has charms, each word has art, To fire my eyes, and melt my heart; That heart which now by turns must prove, The hopes and fears that wait on love.

In vain to check the flame I try,
Or flop a figh when you are by;
My books, which once were all my joy.
I read no more, for now they cloy;
The pains, the griefs, which now I feel,
No herb can cure, no balm can heat.

From field to field, from grove to grove, To vent my fighs and griefs I rove, Thus loft in thought like birds I flray, Who knows not to their nefts the way; So deep the wounds of love are made, No herb nor balm can give me aid.

No more the gay scenes of delight,
No more the soft transports of ease,
Give pleasure to Damon's sond sight,
Nor aught that is charming can please.
His flocks let them wander aftray,
And traverse the dangerous shores;
Nor Damon will drive them away,
He's absent from her he adores.

Dire absence how great are thy fears,
They pieces the soft bosoms that part;
Of him who's in love, and reveres
The nymph that has felen his heart.

But hence all ye doubts now ratire, Retreat to the darkest recess; Let me burn with love's hottest fire, And taste all the pleasures of bliss.

Pair Phillis again once return,
My cottage as usual adorn;
Ah! how will my pession then burn,
When Damon is not left forlorn;
Then all the soft pleasures of love,
The pleasures most grateful to me,
Within my fond bosom will rove,
More bless can a mortal e'er be.

WHEN gentle Celia first I knew,
A breast so good, so kind, so true,
Reason and tase approv'd;
Pleas'd to indulge so pure a slame,
I call'd it by too soft a name,
And fondly thought I lov'd.

104

Till Chloris came, with fast furprize
I felt the lightning of her eyes
'Thro' all my fenfes run;
All glowing with refiftless charms,
She fill'd my breast with new alarms,
I saw, and was undone.

O Celia! dear unhappy maid,
Forbear the weakness to upbraid
Which ought your foorn to move :
I know this beauty false and vain,
I know the triumphs in my pain,
Yet fill I feet I love.

Thy gentle smiles no more can please,
Nor can thy sostest friendship ease
The torments I endure;
Think what that wounded breast must feel
Which truth and kindness cannot heal,
Nor e'en thy pity cure.

Oft shall I curse my iron chain, And wish again thy milder reign With long and vain regret; All that I can, to thee I give, And could I fill to reason live, I were thy captive yet.

But passion's wild impetuous sea Hurries me far from peace and thee, 'Twere vain to struggle more:

Thus the poor failer flumbering lies.
While swelling tides around him rife,
And push his bark from shore.

In vain he spreads his helpless arms, His pitying friends with fond alarms In vain deplore his state; Still far and farther from the coast, On the high surge his bark is tost, And foundering yields to fate.

AT Cynthia's feet I figh'd, I pray'd,
And wept; yet all the while
The cruel unrelenting maid
Scarce paid me with a fmile.

Such foolish timorous arts as these Wanted the power to charm;
They were too innocent to please,
They were too cold to warm.

Refolv'd, I rofe, and foftly preft The lilies of her neck; With longing eager lips 1 kift The rofes of her cheek.

Charm'd with this boleness, the relents,
And burne with equal fire;
To all my wither the confents,
And crowns my fierce define.

With heat like this Pygmalion mov'd

His flatue's icy charms;

Thus warm'd the marble virgin lov'd,

And melted to his arms.

As the Thamer' filent ftream crept pensive along,
And the wind murmur' dfolemn the willows among;
On a green turf complaining, a fwain by reclin'd,
And wept to the river, and figh'd to the wind. In

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Emp T In vain, he cry'd, nature has waken'd the spring, In vain blooms the vilet, the minimales sing:

To an ear full of forrow no beauties appear,

Each zephyr's a figh, and each dew-drop's a tear.

In vain my Selanda has graces to move

The fairest to envy, the wifest to love; and
Her presence namone gives delight to the eye, The since without her to live, is more pain than to die.

Oh! that Solanda his pinions wou'd over me spread,
And paint but her image in dreams in her stead;
The beautiful vision wou'd soften my pain:
But sleep's a relief I solicit in vain.

[care,
The wretch thus, like me, his heart loaden with
Is deluded by hope, and undone by despair;
His pain ever waking, denies him repose,
And the moments but vary to vary his woes.

AH! Chloris, could I now but fit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain!
When I this drawing did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my reft away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection press,
So love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And enter'd in my breast.

My paffion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart:
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a beauty, the
Employ'd the utmost of her art;
To make a lover, he.

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ALL my past life is mine as more. The flying hours are goney	I vew'd to the
Like transitory dreams giv's o'er,	Freelran dis
The time that is to come is not;	Rus Police Button of
The present moment's oil my lot, And that as fast so it is gos, Phillis, is only thine.	Alian to a
Then talk not of inconfiancy, False hearts, and broken vows; If I, by miracle, can be This live-long minute true to thee 'Tis all that heaven allows.	n exposed land. So to the second land.
As Celia in her garden fitray'd, Secure, nor dream'd of harm, A bee approach'd the lovely maid, And refled on her arm.	
The curious infect thither flew, To tafte the tempting bloom; But with a thousand sweets in view It found a sudden doom.	em e beban
Her nimble hand of life bereav'd. The darling little thing; But first her snowy arm receiv'd, And felt the painful sting.	Prevention in the property of the property of the property of the Burgons covers
Once only could that fling furprize Once be injurious founds. Not so the darts of Celia's eyes,  They never cease to wound.	Figure Const.
Oh! would the short-liv'd burning. The nymph to pity move, And teach her to regard the heart. She fires with endless love!	
By the fide of a grove at the foot Where whisper'd the beech, and the rill;	of a hill, where murmur'd I vow'd

I vow'd to the muse my time and my care, in Since nothing could win me the smiles of my fair. Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung, [tongue: And Delia's lov'd name scare escap'd from my But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear, I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear. With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd, Allusive to none but the symph' I addr'd! And the more I with study my fancy resin'd, The deeper impression she made on my mind. So long as of nature the charms I pursue, I still must my Delia's dear image renew: The graces have yielded with Delia to rove, And the muses are all in alliance with love.

BRING, Phabus, from Parnassian bow'rs,
A chaplet of poetic flow're

That far out bloom the May;
Bring verse so smooth, and thought so free,
And all the muses heraldry,
To blazon fenny Grey.

Observe you almond's rich persume, Preventing spring with early bloom, In ruddy tints how gay! Thus foremost of the blushing fair, With such a blithsome, buxom air, Blooms lovely Jenny Grey.

The merry, chirping, plumy throng,
The bushes and the twigs among,
That pipe the sylvan lay,
All hush'd at her delightful voice,
In filent extasy rejoice,
And study Jenny Grey.

Ye balmy odour-breathing gales,
That lightly sweep the green-rob'd vales,
And in each rose bush play;
I know you all, you're errant cheats,
And steal your more than nat'ral sweets
From lovely Jenny Grey,

Pomone, and that goddels bright,
The florids and the maids delight.
In vain their charme display;
The luscious nectarine, juicy peach
In richness not in sweetness reach
The lips of Jenny Grey.
To the sweet knot of graces thr
The immortal bonds of bards agr
A tuneful tax to pay;
There yet remains a matchless worth,
There yet remains a lovelier fourth,
And she is Jenny Grey,

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CAN, then, a look create a thought
Which time can pe'er remove?
Yes, foolish heart, again thou'rt caught,
Again thou bleed'st for love.

She fees the conquest of her eyes,
Nor heals the wound she gave;
She smiles, whene're his blushes rise,
And, fighing, shuns her slave.

Then fwain, be bold, and still adore her, Sill her flying charms purfue; Love and int'rest both implore her, Pleading night and day for you!

COME, Laura, and meet your fond swain,
Ere Phebus declines to the west,
Nor let me still languish in pain;
Your presence alone makes me blest.
When absent no pleasure I feet,
My passions but sicken and die,
No power my tortures, my tortures can heal,
Unless my dear Laura is by.

Then hafte to you jeffamine grove,
Enjoy what no language can tell,
'Tis the feat of contentment and love,
Where peace and tranquility dwell;
There Cupid our hearts thall unite,
There Hymen his altar thall raife,
The mufes fweet fongs thall indite,
And charm the whole grove with their lays.

O think with such pleasures as these.

How time will glide swiftly away,
Each striving the other to please,
Dull winter shall smile as the May;
No happiness either will taste,
But what we both jointly approve;
Then hither, dear charmer, O haste,
And bless a fond swain with your love.

COME, Clio, come, and with thee bring The little loves on downy wing! Hafte thee from the realms above; Hafte, and let us fing of love.

And lo! to join the sm'rous theme, Light tripping o'er the verdant clod, Comes the laughter loving dame, And the mischief making god,

And with them come the graces three, And the muse of comic glee, While, behind, to close the rear, See Hymen, fastron-rob'd, appear,

Hail! fair Venus, beauty's queen;
All-subduing Cupid, hail!
Haste, and take thy arrows keen.

And Chloe's flinty breaft official,

For lo! of every charm poffett

To captivate the feeling breaft,

Her youthful heart slate with pride,

She dares thy matchless power deride.

And while thy golden pointed dark
Unnotic'd, unregarded flies,
She bends the most obtarate means,
And scatters love from both her eyes.

Then hafte and light thy sender fire,
And a'l her foul with tolle inspire;
Far off each stubborn passion drive:
Yes, let her burn thus barn affice.

Come hafte, my Phillis, hafte away
To yonder verdant grove,
Where birds fing sweetly on each foray
The melodies of love.

Where frisky lambking sport and play Around the flow'ry green; Dress'd in dame nature's bright array, Which yields a lovely scene.

Where the clear murm'ring rivers run,
In foft and cooling fireams,
Secluded from the scorching sun,
And Colin writes his themes.
O I there my fair-one, let us rove,
And taste the sweets of life;
Like turtle-doves let's alway love,

CELIA, hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the mifer's treasure;
Still the vain possessor,
What are riches without pleasure?
Endless pains the mifer takes
To increase his heaps of money;
Lab'ring bees his pattern makes,
Yet he fears to taste his honey.

And banish care and strife.

Views with aching eyes his store,

Trembling, lest he chance to lose it;

Pining still for want of more,

Tho' the wretch wants pow'r to use it.

Celia thus, with endless ares,

Spends her days, her charms improving,

Lab'ring still o conquer hearts,
Yet ne'er tastes the sweets of loving.

Views with pride her thepe and face, Fancying still she's under twenty; Age brings wrinkles on apace,

While the starves with all her plenty.
Soon or late they both will find,
Time, their dol, from them sever;
He must leave his gold behind,
Lock'd within his grave for ever.

Celia's fate will fill be worfe.

When her fading charma deceive her; WIS Claim defire will be her enris.

When no mortal will relieve her.

Coba,

Celia, hoard thy charms no more, Beauty's like the miler's treasure, Taste a little of thy store; What is beauty without pleasure?

DEAR Nancy fir'd my artless breast,
I ne'er saw girl so clever;
I sometimes thought she'd make me blest,
And sometimes fancy'd never:
Whene er I told my am'rous tale,
With sighs oft intervening,
Your suit she'd cry, won't, here prevail,
I cannot tell your meaning.

The wife remark, a man in love
Looks wond'rous foft and filly:
The truth coy Nancy made me prove,
For, oh! her heart was chilly:
To balls and plays the us'd to range,
Her company fill feen in;
But thill 'twas firange,' 'twas mighty firange,
She could not not tell my meaning.

I love you Nancy, oft I'd cry,
Without you, can't be eafy;
Oh! shall I hive, or shall I die,
Pray tell me which will please you?
By all means live! the fair replies,
The possion wants a weaning;
Declare yourse f without disguite,
I cannot tell your meaning.

Oh! now, I thought's the lucky time;
Although so long I've tarry'd,
I hope, I answer'd, 'tis no crime,
To say, I'd fain he marry'd.
She gave her hand, nor seem'd to slight
The love there was no screening;
And now we live in sweet delight,
Vers'd in each other's meaning.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kifs but in the cup, And I'll look not for wine: The thirst that from my soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I wou'd not change for thine.

I fent thee late a roly wreathe,
Not so much honering thee;
As giving it a hope that there
It would not wither'd be:
But thou thereon didft only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee,

FAIR Semira, lovely maid, Ceafe in pity to upbraid My oppress'd but constant heart; Full sufficient are the woes, Which my cruel stars oppose; Heav'n, alas! has done it's part.

EveRY nymph and mepherd, bring
Tribute to the queen of May;
Rifle for her brows the spring,
Make her as the season gay;
Teach her then, from every flower,
How to use the seeting hour.

Now the fair Narciffus blows
With his sweetness now delights;
By his fide the maiden fole
With her artless bloth invites:
Such, so fragrant and solgar,
Is the blooming queen of May.

Soon the fair Narriffer dies,
Soon he drops has languid head;
From the rose has purple dies,
None inviting to her bed;

None inviting to headed:
Such, the now to freet and gay,
Soon shall be the queen of May.

The thou set a rural queen,

By the fuffrage of the fwains,

Beauty, like the vernal green,

In thy fhrine not long remains:

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Blefs, then, quickly blefs the youth, Who deferves thy love and truth.

WHEN madam, the her day is done,
New passions will imbibe,
In hopes to get a little fun,
She gives a little bribe.
When Missis kept by locks and keys
From all the lovefick tribe;
To give her swain a little ease,
She gives a little bribe.

When now and then my Lord thinks fit,
'Mongst friends to jest and gibe,
To raise the laugh at little wit,
He gives a little bribe.
When'er we plan our ways and means
To make the folks subscribe,
We guess which way their virtue leans,
And give a little bribe.

Slighting the finest dress attentive to merit,
He likes only those who can jig about with spirit.

Take me madam, I so glad am, that I'll cut a caper;
Stand first couple, make no scruple, strike up there
gut scraper;
Turn about, turn about, that's right depend on't,
Hands across, back again, & now there's an end on't.
If it should be thought that we should encore it,
Permit me to offer you lemonade before it,
Negus will make you hot, and wine is unsteady,
Your fan now will cool us both, speak when you're

Take me. Gc.

NEATEST of pretty feet, for dancing intended,

Accept of a partner who always was commended,

Go high, go low, in ev'ry state,
The sailor's heart is true,
In adverse or in prosp'roue sate,
He joins the crew.
Then toiling early, watching late,
Defends his king and country's cause.

ready.

In hopes to be when come from fea, Cheer'd with applaule.

At home when sports his welcome crown,
His wife's the liveliest of the throng;
Or when care finks his spirits down.
Her endearing smile rewards his toil, and greets
So when the nuptial knot is tied [his fav'rite song.
Our friendship closer will cement;
Each morn you'll hail my blooming bride,
And gladly share my heart's content.
I'll grasp the hand which made her mine,
To social scenes my hours resign,
While all the wonted strain shall join.

FOR me, my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;
As oft the kifs'd this gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.
Her breath, &c.

A bee within a damask rose,
Had crept the nectar'd dew to sip,
But lesser sweets the shief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's sip.

There tasting all the bloom of spring, Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May, Th' ungrateful spoiler lest his sting, And with the honey fled away.

ALL you who would with to succeed with a lass,
Learn how the affair's to be done;
For, if you stand fooiing, and shy, like an ass,
You'll loofe her as sure as a gun.

With whining, and fighing, and vows, and all that As far as you pleafe you may run; She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat, But jilt you, as fure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddes, is fine!

But, mark you the consequence, mum;
The baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and flout,
And no opportunity fluin:
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry
But mum—she's as sure as a gun.

[out;

IF the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises our spirits, and charms the ear;
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,
Press her,
Caress her,
With blisses,
And kisses,
Dissolves us in pleasure, and soft repose.

NEVER till now I knew love's fmart, Guess who it was that fiele my heart, 'Twas only you, if you'll believe me. 'Twas only you, &c.

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r, Heavy has pass'd each anxious hour, If not with you, if you'll believe me. If not with you, &c.

Honor and wealth no jeys can bring, Nor I be happy, tho' a king, If not with you, if you'll be leve me, If not with you, &c.

When from this world I'm call'd away, For you alone I'd wish to stay, For you alone, if you'll believe me, For you alone, &c.

Grave on my tomb, where'er I am laid, Here lies one who lov'd but one maid, That's only you, if you'll believe me. That's only you, &c.

FORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to pleafe, Forgive a wond'ring youth's defire: Those charms, those virtues, when he sees, How can he see, and not admire!

While each the other fill improves;
The fairest face, the noblest mind;
Not with the proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves you not, is blind.

GRAVE fops my envy now beger, Who did my pity move; They, by the right of wanting wit, Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools; because they are
By their defect secure
From slavery and toil of war,
Which all the rest endure.

So I, who suffer cold neglect
And wounds from Celia's eyes,
Begin extremely to respect
These fools that seem so wise.

'Tis true, they fondly fet their hearts
On things of no delight;
To pass all day for men of parts,
These pass alone at night.

But Celia never breaks their reft; Such fervants the difdains: And fo the tops are fully bleft, While I endure the chains.

GREAT Love! I own thy pow'r fupreme,
My mind has felt the dart;
No more the transitory flame
Plays lambient round my heart.

Bright Nancy's charms the bosom fire,
That erit was wont to rove;
And sense and beauty now conspire
To light an ardent love.

Then wonder not to hear me vow That I can change no more; Since the has all Heav'n can beltow, Or fighing fwains adore.

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Thus nature, foe to flatt'ry's ftrain,
Inftructs the bufy bee
To range the produce of the plain,
And ev'ry fhrub and tree;
Till lighting on the bloomy rofe,
Where each fweet effence joins,
(Like me) he warmeft wish the shows,
To live where beauty shines.

How happy a lover's life passes,
When beauty returns figh for figh!
He looks upon all men as asses,
Who have not some girl in their eye.

With heart full as light as a feather, He trips to the terras or parks; Where swains croud impatient tegether, And maidens look out for their sparks.

What sweet palpitation arises,
When Chloe appears full in view;
Her smiles at more value he prizes,
Than misers the mines of Peru.

Tho' swift-winged time, as they're walking, Soon parts them, alas! by his flight; By reflection he still hears her talking, And absent he keeps her in fight.

Whenever abroad he regales him, And Bachus calls out for his lass; His love for his Chloe ne'er fails him, Her name gives a zest to his glass.

No other amusements he prizes, Than those that from Chloe arise, She's first in his thoughts when he rises, And last when he closes his eyes.

Then let not ambition diffress us,
Or fortune's fantaffical chace;
Love only with Cbloe can bless us,
And give all we want to embrace.

Thus

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry fwain,
Pil tell how Peggy grieves me,

Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and fighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day the smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I ment not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shews distain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom's fair in May.
It's sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hears my ffraine,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn dispair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonly wilds I'll wander,

How sweetly smells the simmer green!
Sweet taste the peach and cherry:
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But finest colours, fruits and slowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightfome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in confort chanting;
But if my Christy tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with extasses rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman;
But, dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother;
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For sear she love another.

Thus fang blate Edie by a burn,
His Christy did o'er-hear him;
She daughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wist drew near him.
She spake her favour with a look
Which left nae room to doubt her:
He wisely this white minute took,
And slang his arms about her.

My Christy!—witness, bonny stream, Sic joys frae tears arising,

I wish this may na be a dream;
O love the maist suprising!

Time was to precious now for tauk;
This point of a' his wishes

He wadna with set speeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kisses.

How happy was I,
When Delia was by;
Her presence rejoiced my heart;
No trouble I knew,
My cares were but few,
Till the time I from Delia did part.
When how sad the reverse!

With pain I rehearfe

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The disquiets my mind undergoes;
Time moves slowly on,
Content I have none;
Oh! feel for, and pity my woes.

My fair will be just,
I can't her mistrust,
Her promise is binding I'm sure;
Then why so lament?
For shame, be content
For the present, her absence endure.

The time shortly will be,
When I Delia shall see,
And with her in wedlock be join'd;
Then how happy my state,
I'll not envy the great,
But enjoy, with my fair, peace of mind.

I covet not wealth,
But a good fhare of health,
For myfelf and the girl I adore:
We'll live at our ease,
And do as we please;
Ye gods! what can mortals wish more;

How fair is my love,

As kind as the dove;

Her temper both lively and gay:

The lily, and rose,

Upon her cheeks blows,

To give her the splendor of May.

Her shape, and her mien,

Proclaim her the queen

Of beauty, of virtue, and truth;

Her eyes are like jet,

Her teeth neatly set:

Ye gods! in the prime of her youth.

Her voice, like the thrush,

That sings on the bush

When meadows look blooming and gay:

Her voice, like the thrush,
That sings on the bush
When meadows look blooming and gay;
Each nymph and each swain,
That cance on the plain,
Are charm'd with my Phillis's lay.

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She cries, don't repine,
I foon shall be thine,
And ease my fond bosom of strife;
In pleasure's sweet bow'r
We'll pass ev'ry hour,
While nature supplies us with life.

How fweet a torment 'tis to love!

And oh! how pleasent is the pain!
I would not, if I could, remove,

And now put off the amorous chain.
Tho' Chloris' eyes do give me laws,

And me of liberty beguile,
I, like a martyr, love my cause,

And on my fair tormentor smile!

Pr'ythee fend me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine:
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shou'dst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie; To find it were in vain; For thou'st a thief in ev'ry eye Wou'd steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh, love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is fuch a myftery,
I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewel care, and farewel woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as the as mine.

I Lately faw what now I fing,
Fair Lucia's hand display'd;
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
And that a sparrow play'd.

The feather'd plaything the carefs'd, And strok'd his head and wings; And while it nestled on her breast, She lisp'd the dearest things.

With chizzel bill a fpark ill-fet
He loofen'd from the rest,
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
The easier to digest.

She feiz'd his bill with wild affright,
Her diamond to defery:
Twee gone | the fight,

Twas gone! she sickn'd at the fight, Moaning her bird wou'd die.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none migh use, The curtains none might draw, The footmen went without their shoes, The streets were laid with straw.

The doctor us'd his oily art, Of firong emetic kind; Th' apothecary play'd his part, And engineer'd behind.

When physic ceas'd to spend it's store
To bring away the stone,
Dicky, like people given o'er,
Picks up, when let alone.

His eyes dispell'd their fickly dews,

He peck'd behind his wing:

Lucia recov'ring at the news,

Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile, within her beauteous breaft, Two diff'rent passions strove; When av'rice ended the contest,

And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, flutt'ring thing, Thy pains the fex difplay! Who, only to repair a ring,

Could take thy life away.

Drive av'rice from your breafts, ye fair,
Monster of foulest mien;
Ye would not let it harbour there,
Could but it's form be seen.

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It made a virgin put on guile, Truth's image break her word; A Lucia's face forbear to smile, A Venus kill her bird.

I Told my nymph, I told her true, My fields were fmall, My flocks were few; While faultering accents spoke my fear, That Flavia might not prove fincere. Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold, And vagrant sheep that left my fold: Of these the heard, yet bore to hear; And is not Flavia then fincere; How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind, The friends I lov'd became unkind: She heard, and fled a gen'rous tear; And is not Flavia then fincere? How, if the deign'd my love to blefs, My Flavia must not hope for dress: This too she heard, and smil'd to hear; And Flavia fure must be fincere. Go thear your flocks, ye jovial fwaine, Go reap the plenty of your plains; Despoil'd of all which you revere

340 -IN vain you bid your captive live, While you the means of life deny: Give me your fmiles, your wishes give To him who must without you die.

I know my Flavia's love fincere.

Shrunk from the fun's enliv'ning beam, Bid flow'rs retain their fcent and hue; It's fource dry'd up, bid flow the stream, Or me exist depriv'd of you.

I Rambled about for a twelvemonth, I vow, In fearch of a damfel for life? For roving perlex'd me, I could not tell how, So ventur'd at last on wife.

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The girls of the town, each rake must well know, Imbitters the pleasures of life, For evils on evils will constantly flow, And make us all wish for a wife. A mistress, 'tis true, who's youthful and gay, May sweeten the troubles of life, And while the is confrant, drive forrow away; But what is all this to a wife! In wedlock, alone, true pleasure we find

To glide the rough paffage thro' life, Then chuse out a lass with a delicate mind, And make the dear charmer a wife And you, O ye fair, be kind to the man

Who offers to blefs you for life; Be conftant and true, and as fond as you can; For these are the charms of a wife.

342 -LOVE never more shall give me pain, My fancy's fix'd on thee; Nor ever maid my heart shall gain, My Peggy, if thou die.

Thy beauties did fuch pleasure give, Thy love fo true to me:

Without thee I shall never live, My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast, How shall I lonly stray; In dreary dreams the nights I'll waste, In fighs the filent day.

I ne'er can so much virtue find, Nor fuch perfection fee; Then I'll renounce all woman-kind, My Peggy after thee.

No new-blown heauty fires my breaft With Cupid's raving rage; But thine, which can such sweets impart, Must all the world engage.

Twas this that, like the morning fun, Gave joy to life and me; And when it's destin'd day is done, With Peggy let me die.

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Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love.

And in such pleasures share;

You, who it's faithful slames approve,

With pity view the fair.

Reftore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from these arms,
I'm lost if Peggy die.

LOVE founds the alarm,
And fear is a flying;
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treasure
I'll bleed at each vein;
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain.

LET the grave, and the gay,
Enjoy life how they may,
My pleasures their pleasures surpass;
Go the world well or ill,
'Tis the same with me still,
If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may figh,
The courtier may lye,
And Cræsus his treasure amass;
All the joys are but vain,
That are blended with pain;
So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires,
And creates new defires,
And oft wins the lover his lass.
Or his courage prepares
To disdain the nymph's airs;
So I'll stand by my friend and my glass,
The earth sucks the rain,
The fun draws the main,

With the earth we are all in a class; Then enliven the clay, Let us live while we may,

And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine,
Only, life can refine:
We care not whate'er comes to pass
With courtiers, or great men,
There's none of us statesmen:
Come, here's to our friend and our glasse

LONG at thy altar, god of love,
I paid a double duty;
A flave to Celia's voice and wit,
To Chloe's tafte and beauty:
Fain would I fix my reftless heart,
While they, with aukward feature,
Disguis'd, in affectation's mask,
The genuine gifts of nature.

My love was fickle once, and changing,
Nor e'er would fettle in my heart,
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me, An eye then gave the fatal stroke; Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me, And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lafting anguish

For Belvider a I endure;

Hourly I figh, and hourly languish,

Nor hope to find the wonted cure:

For here the falle, inconstant lover, After a thousand beauties shown, Does new suprising charms discover, And finds variety in one.

My goddes, Lydia, heavenly fair,
As lilly sweet, as soft as air,
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
And to my love give fresh alarms.
O! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
Tho' sacred lightning from them slies;

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Shew me that foft, that modest grace, Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrofia in a kifs, That I may rival Jove in blifs; That I may mix my foul with thine, And make the pleafure all divine.

O hide thy bosom's killing white, (The milky way is not so bright) Lest you my ravish'd soul appress With beauties pomp and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood Of my kind heart the vital blood? Thou art all over endless charms; O take me dying to thy arms.

MAY the ambitious eyer find Success in crowds and noise, While gentle love does fill my mind With filent, real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
The world will think them wife,
While I lie at my Nanny's feet,
And all the world despite.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raife, And melt in court delights: Her eyes can give much brighter days, Her arms much tofter nights.

As Celia to the covert stray'd,
The bluthing fun withdrew,
And hasted down as if afraid
To see thy brighter charms display'd,
And be outshone in you.

With blushes spread the sphere;
As if to shine with double light,
And glid the star-bespangled night,
He'd borrow'd rays from her.

The glimm'ring stars which dar'd to peep, Were lost in gazing on; And look'd like stars that seem'd to weep, 'Twixt half awake and half afleep,
'Or twinkling at the fun.

The god of filence as she sung,
Stood list'ning at her feet:
The loit'ring streams attentive hung,
And mimic echo held her tongue,
Unable to repeat.

Says love, approach,—I fool obey'd

Too fure to be undone;

For 'twere as rash for me t'invade,

Those beauteous beams which round her play'd,

As Phaeton the son.

HITHER, Venus with your doves,
Hither all ye little loves;
Round me light, your wings display,
And bear a lover on his way.
Oh, could I but, like Jove of old,
Transform myself to show'ry gold;
Or in a swan my passion shroud,
Or wrap it in an orient cloud;
What locks, what bars should them impede,
Or keep me from my charming maid!

I Made love to Kate, long I figh'd for she,
Till I heard of late, she'd a mind to me:
I met her on the green, in her best array,
So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away;
Oh then we kis'd & pres'd, were we much to blame
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same

As I fonder grew, she began to prate, Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate; But then I laugh'd, & swore I lov'd her more than so For ty'd each to a rope's end, 'tis tugging to & fio: Again we kis'd & press'd, were we much to blame! Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same

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Then she sigh'd, and said, she was wond'rous sick, Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick; Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder oak, Katy lost the game, tho' she play'd in joke; For there we did, alas! what I dare not name, Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same

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IN vain I ev'ry art effay,
To pluck the venom'd fhaft away
That rankles in my heart:
Deep in the centre fix'd, and bound,
My efforts but enlarge the wound,
And fiercer make the smart.

I Love, I doat, I rave with pain,
No comfort's in my mind;
There ne'er could be a happier fwain,
Were Sylvia lefs unkind.
For when (as long her chains I've worn)
I feek relief from fmart,
She only gives me looks of fcorn;
Alas! 'twill break my heart,

My rival, rich in worldly store,
May offer heaps of gold;
But surely I a heaven adore,
Too precious to be sold.
Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize
For wealth, and not desert,
And my poor sighs and tears despise?
Alas! 'twill break my heart.

I for my blifs contend,
And plead the cause of eager love,
She coldly calls me friend.
Ah! Sylvia, thus in vain you strive
To act a healer's part;
'Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive,
Alas!——and break my heart.

When, like fome panting hov'ring dove,

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told.
For ev'ry lovely gen'rous maid
Will take my injur'd part,
And blame thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor heart.

My blifs too long my bride denies; Apace the wasting summer flies; Nor yet the wintry blass I fear; Nor storms, nor night, shall keep me here.

What may for strength, with steel compare Oh! love has fetters stronger far; By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd, But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer, then, perplex thy breast; When thoughts torment, the first are best: 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay; Away, my Jessy, haste away.

How pleafingly glided the day,
When Phillis vouchfaf'd to confefs,
Whatever young Damon could fay,
At once gave her pleafure and blifs;
But now how revers'd is the fcene,
No more the fweet maiden complains,
Your bosom by far's too ferene,
And ne'er to the lover attains.

No more the foft transports are mine,
When Phillis from Hymen was free,
When she'd on my bosom recline,
And vow that she lov'd only me;
Those galloping moments of blis,
Distraction! no more can be prov'd,
No more can I steal a sweet kiss
From her I so ardently lov'd.

When Pbillis a damfel fo fair,
Was all that I wish'd her to be,
How void was my mind of all care,
My bosom from tortures how free,
But oh! how inconstant are they,
Whom nature has form'd to be fair,
How charming, how lovely and gay,
More safely to rivet the snare.

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Kate; than so & fio: blame? he same; ous fick,

ak, e; ime, the fame DEAR Sally, whilft poetic dreams,
To flowery vales and purling streams,
Confine a happy mind;
While fome in their dear selves possess,
Of all that's good cry to be blest,
Retire and quit mankind.

May no fuch false ideal bliss,
No solitary joy like this,
My social mind deceive;
But may the world and I agree,
In short let others live for me,
Let me for others live.

So shall I see, well pleas'd at last,
My life not wholly useless past,
Or to mankind or me;
Then shall such comforts crown my end,
As those, and those alone attend,
Who love society.

WHEN lovely Phillis tunes the lyre,
I stand with rapture and admire
The nymph, who can such joy impart,
To cheer the dull and gloomy heart.

Like Orpheus who invites our ears, And lulls to rest our anxious sears, She gently strikes the trembling wires, And ev'ry breast with joy inspires.

A thousand joys my bosom feels, A thousand raptures strait reveals, Melodious sounds invite my ears, And all a scene of mirth appears.

TELL not me of your rofes and lillies,
Which tinge the fair cheeks of your Phillis,
Tell not me of the dimples and eyes,
For which fifly Corydon dies.
Let all filly Lovers go hang,
My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,
And it comes, &c.

I am rock to the handsome and pretty,
Can only be touch'd by the witty,
And beauty may ogle in vain,
The way to my heart's thro' my brain.
Let all whining lovers go hang,
We wits you must know,
Have two strings to our bow,
To return 'em their darts with a twang, twang,
And return 'em, &c. [twang

BLY'THE, blythe, as feather'd fongfters are,
More free than kings, and happier far,
As fancy leads I rove,
As beauty firikes I beauties woo,
What more can mortal wish to do,
Than lead a life of love,
Than lead a life of love.

For each sweet nymph fresh tales I find, My heart as air still unconfin'd, From joy to joy I rove, The charms which daily me delight, Renew'd in pleasing dreams by night, Makes life a life of love.

Should I be bleft a fair to find,
To love like me, for life inclin'd,
By all ye powers above,
With honour firictly I'll pursue,
And do what mortal man can do,
To make a life of love.

Affist me, all my pow'rs divine,
To forward this my grand defign,
And grant, O, mighty Jove,
That I may wed some heav'nly fair,
And shew the world (what's very rare)
A married life of love.

Could I each fault remember,
Forgetting ev'ry charm,
Soon wou'd impartial reason,
The tyrant love disarm,

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But when enrag'd I number, The failings of her mind, Love still suggests her beauty, And sees while reason's blind.

I COU'D never lustre see,
In eyes that wou'd not look on me,
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip,
Has the maid who seeks my heart,
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art,
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.
When yielding blushes, &c.

Is her hand so soft and pure,
I must press it, to be sure,
Nor can I be certain then,
Till I grateful press again,
Must I with attentive eye
Watch her heaving bosom sigh.
I will do so—when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

FRIENDSHIP is the bond of reason,
But if beauty disapprove,
Heav'n absolves all other treason,
In the heart that's true ro love.

The faith which to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I view,
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.
Friendship, &c.

Then if to one I false must be, Can I doubt which to prefer, A breach of social faith to thee, Or facrilege to love and her. Friendship, Sc.

THO' cause for suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love are too strong,
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy of blis if I'm wrong,

What heart breathing torments from jealousy flow, Ah! none but the jea lous, the jealous can know.

When bleft with the smiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore
Those smiles let another but share,
And I wonder I priz'd them no more.
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the salfer she seems, still the sonder I grow.

GENTLE maid, ah! why suspect me,
Let me serve thee, then reject me,
Gentle maid, &c.
Canst thou trust and I deceive thee,
Art thou sad and shall I grieve thee.
Canst thou, &c.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can book,
But health and good humour to make her a roath,
If strait I don't mind whether slender or fat,
Or fix foot or four we'll ne'er quarrel for that.
Wha e'er her complection I vow I don't care,
If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair.
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples shou'd fee,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

A dimple to me. Let her smile, &c.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be—faith any colour but green;
For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice only let her have two,
'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own are genteeler than black,
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only defire—she may'nt have a beard.

O HAD my love ne'er smil'd on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish,
But think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish.
To bid me hope her hand to g ain,
Breathe on a stame half perish'd,
And then with cold and fix'd disdain,
To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not worse his fate who on a wreck,
That drove as winds did blow it,
Silent had left the shatter'd deck
To find a grave below it:
Then land was cried, no more refigned,
He glow'd with joy to hear it,
Not worse his fate his woe to find,
The wreck must fink e'er near it.

AH! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd
The temper of my mind,
My heart by thee from mirth estrang'd,
Becomes like thee unkind.
By fortune favour'd, clear in same,
I once ambitious was,
And friends I had that sann'd the stame,
And gave my youth applause.
And friends, &c.

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But now my weakness all abuse,
Yet vain their taunts on me:
Friends, fortune, same itself I'd lose,
To gain one smile of thee.
Yet only thou should not despise,
My solly or my woe.
If I am mad in others eyes,
'Tis thou hast made me so.

But days like these with doubting curst,
I will not long endure,
Am I despis'd, I know the worst,
And also know my cure.
If false her vows, she dare renounce,
She instant ends my pain,
For oh! that heart must break at once,
Which cannot hate again.
For oh, &c.

THEN farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars and coat and badge farewell,
Never more at Chelfea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell.
Then farewell, &c.

But to hope and peace a ftranger,
In the battles heat I go,
Where expos'd to every danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then mayhap as homeward fleering,
With the news my mess-mates come,
Even you the flory hearing,
With a figh may cry poor Tom.

To make the most of fleeting time,
Shou'd be our best endeavour,
For love we both are in our prime,
The time is now or never.
For love, &c.

A thousand charms around you play, No girl more bright or clever, Then let us both agree to day, To-morrow will be never.

I ne'er shall be a better man,
I burn with love's high fever,
Pray now be kind, I know you can,
You must not answer never.

Whilst thus you Chloe turn aside,
You frustrate my endeavour,
That face will fade, come down that pride,
Your time is now or never.

E're for yourself or me too late, Say now you're mine for ever, I may be snatch'd by care or fate, My time is now or never.

WAFT to her ears, kind gentle breeze,
A hapless lover's lay,
Tell her while she lays at ease,
I die, I die away.

This to her tender bosom bear, And tell her all my pain, And if a spark of pity's there, Oh! fan it to a slame, Atte In Be o

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IN a neighbourly way, with an honest man's fame Unoffending, I hope to succeed, Attend if you please, if you're pleas'd with a name, Imprimis, let probity lead.

Be careful to keep on humility's fide, Nor ever lose gratitude's view; Obey not the envy of pique nor of pride, Nor pilfer from merit its due.

Be affur'd that effeem is a noble effate, Let not a fond smile make you proud; Nor rail at men merely because they are great, Be not dup'd by the roar of a croud.

Shun flattery's phrase, let not promise allure,
Nor dangle for dinners in taste;
Forget not old friends, tho' perhaps they are poor,
Nor make new acquaintance in haste.

Oh! fuffer not interest, friendship to wean,
Accept not servility's treat,
Nor filently witness iniquity's scene,
But open at once on deceit.

Remember yourself, spare the shame of your friend Nor carry your wit to excess; With spirit the cause of the absent defend, And shrink not your arm from distress.

Oppress not the low, nor be high peoples slave, Nor ever despair or be vain: Howe'er inconsistent the world may behave, Mediocrity ever maintain

His views let ambition extend o'er the state, Let avarice gluttonize wealth; No Nabobs I wish for, I wou'd not be great, I only ask humbly for Health.

How cheerful, in health, will my latter days pass, Unenvy'd, unenvying live; With the friends I have prov'd and my fav'rite lass And practife the precepts I give.

WHERE, where, dear maid, shouldst thou for-Could unhappy Damon tly, [take me,

To what other fair betake me,

Banish'd from thy love-fraught eye;

In thy breast my bliss resides,

Woe in ev'ry place besides;

Where, where, dear maid, shouldst thou forsake

Could unhappy Damon sly;

Should I thence by scorn be driv'n,

For me remains no other Heav'n.

MYRTILLA, demanding the aid of my pen,
To tell what of her were the thoughts of the men,
Infifted for once I would alter my tune,
And write panegyricks as well as lampoon:
With candour describing the woman I see,
When I steal from my glass, to Myrtilla and tea.
If the eyes sweet employ to the soul give delight,
And beauty's an object engaging to sight;

And beauty's an object engaging to fight;
How kind is my fair-one, whose studies confess,
Her aim is at nature's amendme it in dress!
Tho' oft in the structure, mistaken the plan,
She spoils what she meant should give pleasure to man

When I hear her sweet voice in its natural key, Her good-humour'd prattle is musick to me; Her kiss would soon make the dull hermit forego His cell and high views for that heaven below; But when for a trifle with anger grown bold, Her words are but discord, her kisses are cold.

Like dew to the flow'rs is love to mankind; Each fense's employment in woman we find, Unless affectation, that bane to the fair, Unfetters the heart they attempt to ensnare; Let nature the science of pleasing direct; A charm ill display'd soon becomes a defect.

My fair has nature's charms alone, From ev'ry art she's free; Her dress bespeaks her inmost mind, 'Tis all simplicity.

Without difguise, she loves fincere, Nor will she change from me; She's constant, innocent, and true, And all simplicity. Nor can I e'er ungrateful prove
To one so pure as she;
For sure no charm can e'er compare
With sweet simplicity.

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NEAR a meand'ring river's fide, A beautiful damfel I espied Her sparkling eyes and graceful mein, Made her appear like love's fair queen. Her sparkling eyes, &c.

She fat beneath a rock just by, No creature near she could descry; To screen her from the sultry heat, She chose the secret blest retreat,

But, ah! what adamantine heart, Could then refuse love's pointed dart; I thought I heard the urchin say, This is the time, make no delay.

Eager I flew, at his command, And took my charmer by the hand; The trembling fair was full of fear, And faid, "I hope no harm is near?"

I gently clasp'd her lovely waist, And swore no mortal was more chaste; Her coral lips I softly prest, And view'd her snowy throbbing breast.

The smiling god this scene survey'd, And pierc'd the kind, the blooming maid; With equal slame our hearts did burn, And love for love did each return.

No fcornful beauty e'er shall boast,
She makes me love in vain;
The man's a fool that once is cross'd,
If e'er he loves again:
To whine or pine I never can,
Nor tell her I must die;
'I is something so beneath a man,
To do it, no, no; to do it, no, no; to do it no

The doating swain with folding arms,
May hope the live-long day;
A stranger I to love's alarms,
Will laugh my time away:
Of darts, of hearts if e'er he prate,
Or heave a pensive sigh;
Must I bewail his woeful fate,
Believe me no not I.

For me the fex their toils may fet,
To catch the roving mind;
I break through ev'ry cobweb net,
Nor leave my heart behind:
Their wiles and smiles at once may meet,
And all their cunning try;
Then must I languish at their feet?
Excuse me, no not I.

A FEW Years in the days of my grannam,
(A worthy good woman as ever broke bread)
What lectures she gave, in the morning began 'em,
Nor ceas'd till she laid herself down on her bed;
She never declin'd what she once undertook,

But twisted, Persisted, Now statter'd, Now spatter'd,

And always succeeded, by Hook or by Crook.

Said she, Child, whatever your fate is hereafter,

If married, if single, if old, or if young,

In madness, in sadness, in tears, or in laughter, But follow my maxims, you cannot do wrong;

Each passion, each temper I always could brook;
When scolded,
I moulded,
When heated,
Retreated,

And manag'd my matters, by hook or by crook.

Enfnar'd by her councils, I ventur'd to marry,
And fancy'd a wife, by my grandmother's rules,

Might be taught like a spaniel to fetch and to carry,
But soon I sound out that we both had been sools;

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In vain, I show'd madam the wonderful book;
I coax'd her,
I box'd her,
But truly,
Unruly,

Wives cannot be govern'd by hook or by crook.

WOULD you a female heart inspire
With tender passion, warm desire,
Employ each soothing art:
The god of love all force distains
He only leads, in pleasing chains,
The kind consenting heart.

OF all the various flates of life, Sure wedlock is the beft, For in a faithful loving wife, A man is furely bleft.

Of all the joys this world can give, All kinds of earthly blifs, There's none can equal, as I live, The matrimonial kifs.

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How sweetly glides the time away, When fitting by his wife, The happy spouse with joy can say, Come kis me my dear life,

The worldly eares perplex and gall, And threaten rude alarms, The married man forgets them all, When in his wife's dear arms.

Not Hybla's fam'd poetic grove, With all it's fabl'd fweets, Can equal those of wedded love, Betwixt the lawful sheets.

How joyous is the happy dad,
How fwells his heart with glee,
When li tle Poll, or Sall, or Ned,
He dandles on his knee!

And now to pay me for my long, Pray, all your wishes join, That ere the time be very long, Some sweet girl may be mine: ON Etrick banks, in a fummer's night,
At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lasse, braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a'her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I slang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kis'd and clap'd her there sou lang;
My words they were na mony seck.
I said my lasse, will ye go

I faid my laffe, will ye go

To the highland hills, the Earse to learn;
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the big of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomy Law;
Chear up your heart. my bony lass,
There's gear to win we ne'er faw,

All day when we have wrought enough, When winter, frosts, and snaw begin; Soon as the sun gaes west the loch, At night when you sit down to spin,

I'll ferew my pipes, and play a spring:
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my fummer shield.
Then far frae a' their scornful din,
That make the kindly heart their sport;
W'll laugh and kis, and dance and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short

OFT had I laugh'd at female pow'r,
And slighted Venus' chain,
Then chearful sped each fleeting hour,
Unknown to eating pain:
By stoic rules severely taught
To scorn bright beauty's charms,
Sage wisdom sway'd each rising thought,
And woo'd me to her arms.

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Till Sylvia, heavenly Sylvia, came, Sweet pleasure play'd around; Her lucid eyes shot forth a flame That hardest hearts would wound. O charmer, cease that ardent gaze, Nor rob me of my rest! Such lightning from those eyelids plays, It burns my tortur'd breast. Deluded swains, who, vainly proud, Assume gay freedom's air, And boastful scorn the prostrate crowd That sigh before the fair! If once fair Sylvia you should meet, And view her here'nly mein;

Pious Selinda goes to pray'rs,
If I but ask the favour:
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

To love converted, at her feet,

You'll hug the pleasing chain.

Wou'd I were free from this restraint, Or else had hopes to win her; Wou'd she could make of me a saint, Or I of her a sinner.

PHILLIS, I pray, what did I fay?
That I did not adore you?
I durft not fue, as others do,
Or talk of love before you.

Should I make known my flame, you'd frown,
No tears could e'er appeafe you;
'Tis better I fhould filent die,
Than talk for to displease you.

SINCE Emma caught my roving eye,
Since Emma fix'd my wav'ring heart,
I long to fmile, I fcorn to figh,
But nature triumphs over art.
If fuch the hapters moments prove,
Ah! who would give his heart to love?

If frowns and fighs, and cold difdain,
Be meet return for love like mine;
If cruel Emma fcoffs my pain,
And archly wonders why I pine.

If fuch, &c.
But should the lovely girl relent;
Oh!—when I wish, and figh, and vow,
Should she with blushes smile consent,
And heart for heart, well pleas'd, bestow;
Should such the blissful moments prove,

Who would not give his heart to love?

SHALL I, like an hermit, dwell
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be?
Were her tresses angel gold:

Were her treffes angel gold;
If a firanger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And, with a little more ado,
Work them into brocelets tou;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good-manners sake;
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste be?

No; the must be perfect snow, In effect as well as show, Warming but as snow-balls do, Not like fire, by burning too: But Sauc Shor

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But when she by change hath got To her heart a second lot; Then, if others share with me, Farewel her, whate'er she be.

WHEN you meet a lovely creature,
Neat in limb and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good-nature;
Prove as kind again to she.
Happy mortal! to possess her,
In your bosom warm and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
And be as fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.
Nothing's tough enough to bind her;
Then agog when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

W HILST I gaze on Chloe, trembling, Straight her eyes my fate declare; When the fmiles, I fear diffembling, When the frowns, I then despair.

Jealous of some rival lover,

If a wandering look she gives;
Fain I would resolve to leave her,
But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my passion, Or the torments I endure? I'll disclose my inclination; Aweful distance yields no cure.

Sure it is not in her nature,

To be cruel to her flave;

She is too divine a creature,

To deffroy what what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination
Warms but with a gentle heat;
Never mounts to raging passion:
Love's a torment, if too great.

When the storm is once blown over, Soon the ocean quiet grows; But a constant, faithful lover, Seldom meets with true repose.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn;
When sky-larks tun'd their carrols sweet,
To hail the god of light and heat;
Philander, from his downy bed,
To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,
Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,
I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love, that balmy fleep denies, Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes, Which (that a kifs fhe might obtain) She artfully had clos'd again: He funk, thus caught in beauty's trap, Like Pbæbus into Thetis' lap, And near forgot that his defign Was but to be her Valentine.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone; Pbilander, charming youth, be gone! For this time, to your vows sincere, Make virtue, not your love, appear: No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes, (Forgive the simple fond disguise;) To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline, And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden sled,
Fair honour govern'd in it's stead,
And both agreed, ere setting sun,
To join two virtuous hearts in one;
Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
The sweet effects of mutual love;
And, from that hour to life's decline,
She bles'd the day of Valentine.

WHAT various colours deck the bow
That cafual fireaks the fky!
What various tints of beauty glow
Beneath my Chlor's eye! U 2

The happy mixture forms the grace
Which beauty calls her own,
And in the sky, or in the face,
It's radiance must be known.

Heav'n's pictur'd arch awhile outspread, Attract: the wond'ring fight; But soon the casual gloom is fled, Illusive, from our fight.

Thus, lovely Cblo., 'tis with thee,
Thy beauties now are gay;
Yet, ere thou read'st these lines, may see,
And vanish far away.

Then let one moral be imprest
To last till time shall fade:
The tints that glow within the breast
Immortalize the maid!

LONG time my heart had rov'd,
Inconftant as the wind;
Each girl I faw, I fwore I lov'd,
Till one my heart confin'd,
Till one my heart confin'd.

The maid was blithe was young and fair, From affectation free,

The maid was blirhe, &c.
No impersection did appear,

While she look'd kind on me, No impersection, &c.

When her my pain I told,
And all my grief confess'd,
The insolence of semale pride,
Fer cool disdain express'd,
Her cool disdain express'd,
The beauty I esteem'd before,
Appear'd deformity;
The beauty, &c.

Each charm I thought a charm no more.

She was unkind to me. Each charm, &c.

But trial, &c.

Forbear, fond youth, no more, The fex's weakness scan; 'Twas not inconstancy or pride, But trial of the man, My Te Enraptu And By how My This m Whi NEAL As And w No I Her even

When time had prov'd my flame fincere,
She own'd the fame to me;
When time, &c.
Not love slone can win the fair,
But love and conflancy.
Not love, &c.

My passion, in vain, I attempt to dissemble,
T'endeavour to hide it but makes it appear,
Enraptur'd I gaze when I touch her I tremble sear
And speak to and hear her, with fault'ring and
By how many cruel ideas tormented?
My bio d's in a ferment, it freezes, it burns:
This moment I wish what the next is repented,

While love, rage, and jealoufy rack me by turns.

NEAR the fide of a fiream there liv'd a voung As beauteous as dam'el could be. [maid And when with the laffes she frolick'd and play'd, No lambkin more blithsome than she, No lambkin more blithsome than she. Her eves were like sloes, and her bosom as white, As snow-cover'd mountains are seen:

Each charm and each grove that could passion ex-Were found in fair Kate of the green, [cite Were found in fair Kate of the green.

Young Jockey, who pip'd on the neighb'ring plain
Oft tempted the fair one abroad,

And fill as he play'd her each ravishing strain, A kife was the shepherd's reward.

Then fighing he'd praise, in soft accents of love, Her delicate shape and her mien.

And swore that no power his passion could move, His passion for Kate of the green.

The nymph oft had heard the deceits of the men, How cruel their love, and how base,

And vow'd to her lover, again, and again No fhepherd should work her disgrace:

She told him how Sufan was left in the lurch, How knavish young Colin had been,

Then talk'd of the wedding, the parson and church So prudent was Kate of the green. The

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The fwain, who in filence, had heard all her vows, [ Those eyes in your face-(O pity my case) Well pleas'd with the prospect of blifs, In transport, protested he'd make her his spouse, And feal'd her confent with a kifs. To church with their neighbours together they hied So pleafing a fight scarce was feen, A bridegroom fo happy, fo pleafing a bride, As Jockey and Kate of the green.

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IN a vale, clos'd with woodbines, where grottoes Where rivulets murmur and echos refound, abound, vow'd to the muses, my time and my care, Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair. As freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I fung, And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue; But if a smooth accent delighted my ear, could wish, unawares, that my Daphne was near. With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd, To drive from my heart the dear nymph I ador'd; But the more I with study my fancy refin'd, The deeper impression she made on my mind. Ah! whilft I the beauties of nature pursue, still must my Daphne's fair image review; The graces have chosen with Daphne to rove, Cite

> LET rakes and libertines refign'd To fenfual pleafures range! fere all the fex's charms I find, And ne'er can cool or change. et vain coquets, and prudes conceal, What most their hearts defire; With pride my passion I reveal. Oh! may it ne'er expire.

And the muses are all in alliance with love.

he fun shall cease to spread its light, The stars their orbits leave; ind fair creation fink in night, When I my dear deceive.

MY sweet pretty Mogg, you're as soft as a bog, And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten,

Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath For fofter than filk and as fair as new milk [fmitten Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is;

Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your tail, You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is, As black as the devil, as black as the devil, Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,

Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville. When dreft in your boddice, you trip like a goddefs, So nimble, fo frifky, fo nimble, fo frifky; A kisson your cheek 'tis so soft and so seek [whisky. Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like

I grunt and I pine, and I sob like a swine, Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel, No rest I can take; and asleep or awake, I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel. Your hate then give over; nor Dermot your lover So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle; Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty, Or fauff of a candle, or fauff of a candle.

My Dolly was the fairest thing, Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring; And if for fummer you would feek, 'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek; Her swelling botom, tempting ripe, Of fruitful autumn was the type: But, when my tender tale I told, I found her heart was winter cold.

HOW fweet in the woodland, with fleet houn dand To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn horn But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue, For Dapbne, fair Dapbne is loft tomy view.

Affift me, chafte Dian, the nymph to regain, More wild than the roebuck and wing'd with disdain In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as the flies, Tho' Dapbne's pursu'd, tis Myrtillo who dies.

HASTE, heav'nly nine! ye muses, haste!
At doating Strepbon's call,
And bless him with your sweetest taste,
To fing of Nancy Wall.

Tho' in the faultless form you'll find The nameless graces all: Yet greater beauties deck the mind, Of lovely Nancy Wall.

How elegantly does she move
Along this my flic ball !.
And all is grace, and all is love,
In blooming Nancy Wall.

Sublimely sweet, when'er she sings,
The meiting accen s fall,
And list'ning Cupids clap their wings,
Applauding Naney Wall.

A foul to bright, a form to fair,

For adoration call;

And reason bids us worship there.

And points to Nancy Wall.

Whilft thus divine, my fears how great,
My hope how very fmall!

If he alone is bleft by fate,
Who merits Nancy Wall.

HE, who a virgin's heart would win,
By foft approaches must begin;
Must gently sigh, must gently sigh,
And each endeav'ring art must try:
If Cupid's favour'd golden dart,
Should then transfix her yielding heart,
Each gentle look, each sympathy,
Shall echo back with sympathy.
Shall echo, &c.

But what avails a heart to gain, Unless the conquest we maintain; Implore we then the heav'nly powers, How but to keep the conquest ours; List! list! what murmurs here incline; "Fis Hymen! Mark the voice divineKnow, mortale, I aloné can prove, The strong attractive charms to love.

FOR Phillis I figh, and hourly die,
Bu not for a lip, or I languishing eye;
She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
For I am as false and as fickle as she:
We neither believe what either can say,
And neither believing, we neither betray;
'Tis civil to swear and to say things of course,
We mean not the taking for better for worse;
When present we love, when absent agree,
I think not of Phillis, nor Phillis of me:
The legend of love no couple can find.
So easy to part, and so easily join'd.

FAIR Kate I lov'd but the unkind,
My humble fuit would never mind
But treat me with feverity;
Tho' oft my cry,
For you I die,
O love again for charity.

Dear Kate, I cry'd, your taunts forbear,
A faithful paffion I declare,
With honest truth and verity,
Then with a sigh,
Begg'd she'd comply,
Doing so much for charity.

But I to stock or stone might preach,
And listen full as well would each,
So great was the disparity:
Nor e'er wou'd she,
Once grant to me,
The smallest grain of charity.

Then fay ye fair, was this not hard,
That fate should play so smart a eard,
Where was such great disparity?
Enrag'd, says I,
I will-not die,
I'll on myself have charity.

Trust me, methinks I hear you say,
Much better die another day,
To die for love's a rarity!
Let this prevail,
You've heard my tale.
Then ladies judge with charity.

- 402 LY fwift ye minutes, hafte away; Ye minutes, each a tedious day. Glide on and waft me to my love, And when the's prefent, never move. Soon to my fair one's arms I'd fly, In that retreat all care defy, Save what to please her I employ, And fure that's far the fweetest joy. With her o'er flow'ry hills I'd ffray, With her chace down the fummer's day, And till night's shadows bid adieu, In dreams the former fun renew. The longest life, thus fpent, would feem, When'er 'twas past, so short a dream. Her image only could recall A sense that I had liv'd at all.

FOLLOW a shadow, still it slies you,
Seem to fly, it will pursue,
So court a mistress, she denies you,
Let her alone, and she'll court you;
Let her alone, and she'll court you;
Let her alone, and she'll court you.
Say, are not women truly then
Stil'd but shadows of us men?
Say, &c.

At morn; and ev'ning shades are longest, At noon they're short, or none; So men at weakest, they are strongest, But grant us perfect, they're unknown. Say, Sc.

COME hope, thou queen of endless smiles, whose aid the woes of life beguiles;

With thee I'll rove, with thee I'll reft, Amidft thy sweet enchantments bleft.

I feel! I feel thy gladsome ray!

Dawn on my soul like rising day;

My heart no more shall feel its care,

For joyful hope inhabits there.

CAN lovely Delia fill perfift
To fly pursuing love,
To fly pursuing love?
Can she my passion fill resist,
And always scornful prove?
And always scornful prove?

With fighs and tears I told my tale, And did it oft repeat; But fighs and tears will not avail, She all my hopes defeat.

Pity my fate, ye pow'rs above, Relax the fair one's heart, And grant that Delia may in love With Corydon bear a part.

No more, ye swains, no more upbraid, A youth, by love unhappy made; Your rural sports are all in vain, To soo he my care, or ease my pain. Nor shade of trees, nor sweets of slow's, Can e'er redeem my happy hours; When ease forsakes the tortur'd mind, What pleasure can a lover find?

Yet, if again you wish to see
Your Damon still restor'd and free,
Go try to move the cruel fair,
And gain the scornful Celia's ear.
But, oh! forbear with too much art
To touch that dear resentless heart,
Less rivals to my sears ye prove,
And jealousy succeed to love.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre;
Chie feems inclin'd to reft;
Fill her foul with fond defire;
Softest notes will footh her breast.
Pleasing dreams affist in love;
Let them all propitious prove!

On the mosty bank she lies;
Nature's verdant, velvet bed;
Beauteous slowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyre wast their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

To ease his heart, and own his flame, Blithe Jocky to y ung Jenny came, But tho' she lik'd him patfing weel, She careless turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol, And prais'd her fingers, long and fmall, Unufual joy her heart did feel; But ftill she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waist He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd, To kis her hand he down did kneel: But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel,

With gentle voice she bid him rise; He bles'd her neck, her lips, and eyes: Her fondness he could scarce conceal; Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

'Till bolder grown, so close he press'd, His wanton thought she quickly guess'd, Then push'd him from her rock and reel, And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.

At last when she began to chide, He swore he meant her for his bride: "Twas then her love she did reveal, And slung away her spinning wheel.

Ar St. Of the by the mill, There lives a lovely lafe; Oh! had I her good will,
How gaily life would pass!
No bold intruding care
My bliss should e'er destroy.
Her smiles would gild despair,
And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural fcene,
Her artless beauties charm:
Likethem with joy ferene,
Our wishing hearts they warm:
Her wit, with sweetness crown'd,
Steals every sense away;
The list'ning swains around
Forget the short'ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth and eafe,
Without her taffeless are.
She gives them power to please,
And makes them worth our care;
Is there, ye fates, a bliss
Reserved my future share,
Indulgent hear my wish,
And grant it all in her.

THE patriot in the fenate burns, Harangues on ev'ry thing by turns; Religion, liberty, and laws, His much lov'd country's facred cause!

By place or penfron well apply'd, The premier gains him on his fide, His country's ardent love is o'er? The f cred cause inflames no more.

Long did my heart secure defy
The shafts of many a brilliant eye;
And still it's liberty could boast
At ease, while toast reign'd after toast.

Now, Hymen, if you wish to gain This heart, defended long in vain; My pension be Eliza's charms! My place, for life, her faithful arms!

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THE pleasures of a lady's smiles
How false, and yet how fair!
In ev'ry charm there lies a dart,
In ev'ry glance a snare,

How they recal the youthful mind From ev'ry glorious aim, Fill the foft breaft with racks and fears, And blaft the buds of fame!

Bound in the fetters of the fair, In vain we firive to move; In vain we form the great refolve, When all the foul is love.

Yet, O bright angel, smile on me, Your beauties I adore; No other bliss I ask be ow; Nor can the skies give more.

I IS a maxim I hold, whilft I live to purfue, Not a thing to defer, which to-day I can do: This piece of good counsel attend to, I pray, For while the fun fines is the time to make hav. Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove, In her eargently pour the fost poison of love: With kiffes and preffes your rapture convey, For while the fun shines is the time to make hay. If Chloe is kind, and gives ear to your plaint, Declare your whole sentiments free from restraint. Enforce your petition, and make no delay, For while the fun thines is the time to make hay. But should you the present occasion let pass, The world may with justice proclaim you an ass: Then brifkly attack her. if longer you flay, The fun may not shine, and you cannot make hay.

THERE is one dark and fullen hour,
Which f te decrees our lives fhould know,
Elfe we should slight the almighty power,
Wrap'd in the joys we find below:
"Tis past, dear Cynthia, now let frowns be gone,
A long, long pennance I have done
For crimes, clas ! to me unknows.

THE

In each foft hour of filent night
Your image in my dream appears;
I grasp the soul of my delight,
Slumber in joys, but wake in tears:
Ah! faithless, charming saint, what will you do?
Let me not think I am, by you
Lov'd less for being true

TELL me not I my time mispend,
Tis time lost to reprove me;
Pursue thou thine, I have my end,
So Chloris only prize me.

Tell me not other's flocks are full, Mine poor, let them despise thee Who more abound in milk and wool, So Chloris only prize me.

Tire others' easier ears with these Unappertaining stories; He never seels the world's disease, Who cares not for her glories.

For pity, thou that wifer art,
Whose thoughts lie wide of mine,
Let me alone with my own heart,
And I'll ne'er envy thine,

Nor blame him, whoe'er blames my wit, That feeks no higher prize, Than in unenvy'd flades to fit, And fing of Chloris' eyes.

VENUS, beauteous queen of love,
In whom the charms and graces blend;
Liften from th' Idalian grove;
O liften, and my fuit befriend!

For, lo! the maid upon whose cheek
Thou deign'st the matchless charms to show'r,
The vermeil bloom, and dimple sleek,
Now defies the am'rous pow'r.

Then bid the god of foft defires
Aim at her cruel breaft a dart;
Bid him light there his tender fires,
Such fires as play round Strephen's heast.

Yes,

Yes, let the nymph devoted burn, Let her confess thy boundless reign, That dares thy dove-like pow'r to spurn, Thy pleasing yoke and flow'ry chain.

WHEN I awake with painful brow,
Ere the cock begins to crow;
Toffing, tumbling in my bed,
Aching heart and aching head;
Pond'ring over human ills,
Cruel bailiffs, taylors bills;
Flush and pamthrown up at loo:
When these sorrows strike my view,

And to stop the gushing tear, Wipe it with the pillow-bier.

But when sportive ev'ning comes, Routs, ridottos, balls, and drums, Casinos here, festinos there, Mirth and pastime ev'ry where; Seated by a sprightly lass. Smiling with the smiling glass: When these pleasures are my lot, Taylors, bailiss, all forgot,

Careless then, what may befal, Thus I shake my sides at all.

Then, again, when I peruse,
O'er my tea the morning news,
Dismal tales of plunder'd houses,
Wanton wives and cuckoid spouses;
When I read of money lent
At sixteen and half per cent,

But if e're the mussin's gone,
Simp'ring, enters honest John,
Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,
Waiting in a chaise and four,"
Instant vanish all my cares,
Swift I scamper down the stairs,

And laugh
So may this indulgent throng,
Who now smiling grace my fong,

Never more cry oh ! oh ! la! But join with me in ha! ha! ha!

HER hair is like a golden clew, Drawn from Minerwa's loom; Her lips carnations drooping dew, Her breath is a perfume.

Her brow is like the mountain fnow, Gilt by the morning beam; Her cheeks like living rofes glow, Her eyes like azure ftream.

Adien! my friend, be me forgot, And from thy mind defac'd; But may that happiness be thine, Which I can never taste.

CONSIDER, fair Sylvia, ere wedlock you choose
That nothing but death can the bondage unloose;
As fancy directs you may now sport and play,
And class a new lover with ev'ry new day;
But then one alone all your beauty obtains,
And who'd give their freedom to rattle in chains?
And who'd give, &c.

Six months I have lov'd 'tis too foon to believe In man, so precarious and prone to deceive; First judge well my temper, my humour, and parts. For joining of hands often separates hearts; And would you so soon be the joke of the plains? 'Tis madmen alone can be happy in chains, 'Tis.madmen, &c.

All Colin is worth, shall, sweet Sylvia, be thine, My lambkins, my cottage, my kids, and my kine, But if you reject a proposal so kind, In troth we must wait till we're both of a mind, And when I perceive no objection remains, I'll marry, and joyfully rattle my chains.

I'll marry, &c.

TELL me when, inconfrant rover,
When my nightly plaints shall cease;
When shall I, your follies over,
Welcome love, and joy, and peace?

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Longest nights of dark December,
Still return of morning bring;
Leafeless boughs exclaim—remember,
We shall bloom again in spring.
Tell me when, Sc.

Tho' the feaman's weeping dear
Views east winds wast him o'er the main;
Hope shall brighten in the tear,
The west may wast him back again.
Tell me when, Sc.

My Jeany and I have toil'd
The live-long summer's day,
Till we were almost spoil'd,
At making of the hay.
Her kerchy was of Holland clear,
Tied to her bonny brow;
whisper'd something in her ear;
But what is that to you?
Her stockings were of kersey gree

Her stockings were of kersey green,
And tight as ony silk;
D, sic a leg was never seen!
Her skin was white as milk.
Her hair was black as ane could wish,
And sweet, sweet was her mou!
The yeary daintily can kiss;
But what is that to you?

To make my Jeany fair:
To make my Jeany fair:
There is not benison like mine,
I have amaist not care.
It when another swain, my fair,
Shall say, you're fair to view:
It Jeany whisper in his ear,
Pray what is that to you?"

WAS not Belinda's face, the fair, erarched brow, or auburn hair,
Her sweetly graceful mien;
or yet her cheeks ete nal glow,
hat first disturb'd my rest—ah l no,
"Twas something that's unseen.

The sweets her fairy form that deck,
The grace that moulds her taper neck,
Her bosom soft and sheen,
That proudly mocks December's snow,
Not all my heart could win—ah! no;
I die for what's unseen.

You tell me, and you tell me true,
Her scarlet lip, her eyes of blue,
The velvet of the skin:
The force of these full well I know;
But these disturb not me—ah! no,
I sigh for what's unseen.

What the her charms are heavenly bright,
The endless source of sweet delight,
The envy of a queen;
The vulgar see them and adore,
My bosom bleeds for something more,

'Tis that, whose peerless mystick charms
Give me a thousand fond alarms,
And pleases all mankind;
Whose beams divine would gild a court,
Give splendour to a crown—in short
That something is—her mind,

The fomething that's unicen.

With Phillis I fought out the woodbine alcove,
And press'd the dear maid to my breast;
I spoke in her ear half the rale of my love,
And I bid her imagine the rest.

Lord, Sir! (faid the damsel, and blushing she spoke,)
I know not what 'tis you would say:
I am told that you men with us virgins will joke;
Are you now, or in earnest, or play?

In earnest, my dear, (I with rapture replied;)
Your bliss shall I seek throughout lifes
Permit me to-morrow to call you my bride,
And you'll see, how I'll boast of my wife.

The damfel confented, the bargain was made!

Our life is the picture of love;

And I fill blefs the moment I got the dear maid

To confent in the woodbine alcove, WHEN

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WHEN Molly imiles beneath her cow, I feel my heart I can't tell how; When Molly is on Sunday dreft, On Sunday I can take no reft. What can I do on working-days? I leave my work on her to gaze. What shall I fay? at sermons I Forget the text, when Molly's by.

Good mafter curate, teach me how To mind your preaching and my plough; And if for this you'll raise a spell, A good fat goose shall thank you well.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know:
Rand m chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
'Tis madness all in me to grieve;
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live?

If 1 for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mizeila's cries,
Ask not me the reason why,
Seek the ridd e in the skies.

WITH Phæbus 1 often arose,
To feast on the charms of the spring,
The fragrance to smell of the rose,
Or listen to hear the birds sing:
When linnets exalted their strains,
The music enchanted my ear;
My eyes too were bles'd on the plains,
With various sweet blooms of the year.

When Chloe shone smiling so gay,

I there fix'd the scene of delight;

My thoughts the engross'd all the day,

I saw her in dreams all the night:

Still musing on Chloe I walk'd,

My harvest no more in my thought:

Of nothing but Chloe I talk'd;
Her smiles were the harvest I sought;
No longer the warblers could please;
No longer the roses look'd gay;
For music, and sweetness, and ease,
Were lost, if my love was away:
I tun'd to her beau ies my lays,
I study'd each art that could move;
She took the kind tribute of praise,
And paid it with fondness and love.

WHILE her charms my thoughts employ,
All is rapture, all is joy;
When the speaks, how sweet to hear;
Modest, graceful, and sincere;
In her lovely shape and face,
Center ev'ry charm and grace;
Sure never nymph was half so tair.

Not the idle, giddy, vain,
Nor the wanton flirting train,
Did my cautious heart enfoare?
Not their artful fubile wiles,
Nor their foft deluding fmiles,
Charming Fanny triumphs there.

With Phabe, wherever I go,
The gay ones thus fing of my love:
On her cheek what a delicate glow!
Hark! she speaks like a seraph above.

See her eyes how delightful they feem!

Brighter far than the brightest of spars!

When they deign on poor mortals to beam;

'Fore heaven they rival the stars!

The red coral imported from far,

The rich balfam the honey-bee fips,

It were folly for us to compare

To the colour and taffe of her lips!

That the merits these praises, I own;
That her form is compleatly defign'd,
Will, I think, be refuted by none;
But the wants the rare gifts of the mind.

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What are eyes, lips, or cheeks, or a mien!
What is all that the schools can impart!
What's the finest complexion e'er seen!
If the graces are not in the heart!

Lovely Phabe, henceforward be wife,
Ah! pr'yther coquette it no more,
Or your shepherd will surely despise,
Tho' the sops of the town may adore.

I Have rambled, I own it, whole years up & down, And figh'd o'er each beautiful nymph of the town; Such fancies have plagu'd me, that oft in my fife I've been ready to fart at the name of a wife.

But asham'd of my fears that have oft broke my rest, And wearied with roving, both cloy'd and unblest; I'll try to be happy the rest of my life, And venture, tho' late, yet at last on a wife.

Then farewel the jilt, and the foolish, and bold, I quit you with pleasure before I grow old; One girl of my heart I will take to for life, And enough, of all conscience, I hold, is one wife.

I'll fearch the town over this fair-one to find, Nor fickle, nor jealous, nor vain, nor unkind; Whose wit and good humour may hold out for life; And then, if she'll have me, I'll make her my wife.

'Tis time that the follies of life had an end, And foon, nay this instant, I'm ready to mend: What wonder there'll be at so akter'd a life! If you're wise, you, like me, will resolve on a wife.

If pure the springs of he fountain,
As purely the river will flow,
If noxious the stream from the mountain,
It possons the valley below:
So of vice, or of virtue possess,
The throne makes the nation,
Thro' ev'ry gradation,
Or wretched, or blest.

N vain I feek to calm to reft the heart that flutters in my breaft! I feel my foul with fears oppress'd,
Yet know not whence they flow !
How anxious is the lover's fate!
Ten thousand doubts perplex his state:
Fond hopes of future bliss create
But certain present woe.

IN tuneful numbers let me tell
The inward joys I find,
Now, freed from care, I know full well
My lov'd Prudentia's kind!

Her charms, nor less her virtue, shew
Each beauty of the mind;
And few among the fex I know,
possess a heart so kind.

Bate adulation's fawning fons,

The droft of all mankind,

While in her thoughts differement runs,

Will never find her kind.

Once, happy, in a bleft abode,
With her, and fuch, confign'd,
On fancy's pleafing wings I rode,
And found my charmer kind.

Can fordid wealth or grandeur bring Those pleasures of the mind, Which flow from that delightful spting,

A fair-one true and kind?

In friendship's social band, 'tis true,
A fund of joys I find;

But what are such, when plac'd in view,

IF wine and music have the pow'r
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Pheebus every string emplore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ
To make my Chlor's absence light,
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sarraws of this live-lang night.
X

But the to-morrow will feturn;

Venus, be thou to-morrow great,

Thy myrtles frew, thy odours born,

And meet thy fav rite nymph in ffate.

Kind goddess, to no other pow ri

Let us to-morrow's bleffings own;

The darling loves that guide the hours,

And all the day be thing alone.

433

In Lincoln Fields there fives a lafe,
Who for a beauty fain would pale,
And once I thought her fo, alas!
But now the cafe is after d;
For the to me has prov'd unkind,
Her vows were nothing more than wind
And now, ye gods! no charms I find
In pretty Betly Norton.

A lady's maid, oh! she would be,
To make her lady's slope and tea,
Or else to dress her rough toupee,
With all the skill she can, Sir:
Now Jobn the sootman, is her swain,
And him she never will give pain;
Yet me she treats with cold disdain;
Ah! cruel Betsy Norton.

Though oft fogether we have firay'd,
And many times have toy'd and play'd;
But, oh! thou falle, deceiving maid,
To love, and then to flight me!
Was ever fuch a trick as this,
To rob me of fuch heav aly blifs,
That I experienced from each kifs
Of the fweet Befy Noton.

But now, my dearest girl, farewel,
No more my tender tale I'll tell,
But where you go I wish you well,
My little dainty doxey.
May you enjoy content of mind,
And ev'ry other blessing had;
But since you are to me unkind,
Addeu, sweet Bessy Norton.

I See it, Mira, know it well,
That love has reach'd your heart;
For what your tongue denies to tell,
Your willing eyer impart.
When Damon wreftles on the green,
Your looks your paffion prove,
For in your eyes is plainly feen
The partial joy of love.

234

When Sukey gave her fifty hand
To Domon of the vale,
Say, could you then your fears command?
Did not your cheeks turn pale?
Ceale then, dear maid, to tense the youth,
But plainly own your flame;
For love confifts of honest trath,
And will itself processin.

LOVELY maid, now cease to languish,
Yield not thus thy mind to woe;
Look behind the clouds of anguish,
Chearing beams of comfort glow.

Let enliv'ning Hope elate thee, Hope that points to fairer skies; Think the transient ills that wait thee, Are but bleffings in difguife

Be not by diffress dejected;
Shrink not from affliction's hand:
Falsehood is from truth detected
By the kind enchantress wand.

Sage instructress, she shall train thee; Steady virtue teach the heart; Sharp, but short-liv'd pains, await thee; Endless blessings to impart

LOVE's a pleasing noble passion, Kindly sent us from above, And the growing out of fashion, What can equal arties love?

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What the' moderns difregard it,

I like them will never prove:

Diffimulation!—I difeard it;

Nought can please like artless love.

When a lover fues for favour,
And with oaths would pity move,
Trust not, Delia, such behaviour,
'Tis devoid of artists love.

'Tis defign'd but to deceive you,
When he fwears to pow'rs above;
Of your peace he would bereave you,
Think not, then, 'tis artlefs love.

When a lover mildly proffers
You his hand—his truth to prove,
Then, you may accept his offers,
For they come from artless love.

What on earth can give fuch pleasure!
What so soon our cares remove!
What can be so great a treasure
As sincere and areless love!

LOVELY nymph! oh, ceafe to grieve me;
Ceafe to wound my tender heart;
For your frowns—you may believe me—
Prove the cause of all my smart.

Deign! O Sylvia, to reward me; With compassion view your swain; Do not cruelly diseard me; Quickly ease me of my pain.

Would you, Sylvia, would you render Your adorer greatly bleff; Of his heart accept the tender, Then you'll fee his tortur'd breaft,

LET coxcombs boaft of painted belies,
Whose cheeks with roses vie;
Their pleasing bloom will soon be o'er,
Will wither, pine, and die.

Yet, ere that roly feafon's gone, Or we time's patience try; Ye powers divine, a lover hear, He sues for Betjey Guy.

To win this fair, this fav rice maid,
I'll each endearment try:
Say, will a faithful heart enchant
My lovely Betfey Guy.

As oft with her I cross the mead, See, see! (the virgina cry) How happy youthful Collin seems, Since biest with Beefey Guy.

The shepherds all admire the maid.

The nymphs to please her try;

Ask for the pride of Chelmer's banks,

They point to Betsey Guy.

Matilda's Polydore was bleft;
Yet not to bleft as I,
When walking round you flow'ry mead
With pretty Betfey Guy.

Let kings enjoy that pomp and flate

For which vain mortals figh;

Content I'd in a defert live

With charming Bessey Guy.

No other blifs on earth I afk, With her I'd live and die; Ye gods! take all your favours back, Or give me Betsey Guy.

WHEN first Vanessa's plooming face
Supriz'd my dazzled fight;
I wish'd, I figh'd, view'd ev'ry grace
With wonder and delight.

In fuch an heav'oly form, I cry'd,
Sure all perfections meet!
I thought her constant, free from pride,
Fair, virtuous, and different.

But foon my judgment falle I find,
Pride fwell'd her footnful break;
Say, was the conftant?—as the wind:
But was the not the reft?

Can godlike virtue be her guide, Who turns with every wind? Or can discretion reign, where pride Unbounded sways the mind?

Can she lay claim to beauty's pow'r,
Whose face is all her boast?
Alas! Vanessa is no more:
As soon as sound she's lost.

Inion thus his arms had caft
Around his fleeting fair;
His fancy'd June prov'd, at laft,
Delufive, empty sir.

WHEN the dear cause of all my pain
Is absent from my fight,
Music, and books, and friends, in vain
Attempt to give delight.

So, the a thousand flars by night Heav'n's castopy adorn, If the fair moon's superior light Re wanting, fill we mourn.

WHY fleeps my foul! My love, arise!

Heav'n now wakes with all its eyes;
All nature's up to gaze on you,

Her sole delight and glory too:

Awake to hear thy lover's lay;

Arise, my fair, and come away.

The filent moon full-orb'd now reigns, And filver flews the hills and plains, That tragrant yield their rich perfume; Conspiring, all invite to come; Then why, my love, is this delay! Arise, my fair, and come away.

The flowers fend forth their choicest sweets, No sun disturbs with sultry heats; These, alone, are hours to prove All the joys of peace and love.
No longer, then, my bliss delay; But rise, my fair, and come away.

For, Nancy, when thou are not near, In vain do all these sweets appear;

No powerful charms can they impart, To please the sense, or ease my heart : In pity, then, no longer stay; But rise, my fair, and come away.

THE happy moments now are near, When Delia promis'd to be here; Calm fillness rules, no sephyrs move, The hour is soft, and calls to love.

But hark! there's music, 'tis her voice,
'Tis Delia sings—ye birds rejoice:
Hush every breeze, let nothing move,
For dearest Delia sings of love.

Come, let the fost enchant ng scene, These many walks for ever green; Let this light excluding grove. Incline my fair to hear of love.

Gupid is jealous of his pow'r;
O come then, this is Hymen's hour:
If Delia does my claim approve,
This is the hour for joy and love.

THO', Flavia, to my warm defire You mean no kind return; Yet fill with undiminish'd fire, You wish to see me burn.

Averse my anguish to remove, You think it wond'rous right, That I love on, for ever love, And you for ever slight.

But you and I shall ne'er agree,
So, gentle nymph, adieu;
Since you no pleasure have for me.
I'll have no pain for you.

F Arewell all the joys which of late I possess [bless, When with Sylvia's bright presence and sight I was How swift fled the hours, undisturbed with care, ; No fears durst intrude, when along with my fair.

Her cheeks were like rofes, her shape like the pine Her person and action were furely divine; To To The Hor Ah

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To her person alone were not graces consin'd,
Tho' lovely her body, more charming her mind.
How short-liv'd is beauty! how frail is our state!
Ah, who can foresee the intentions of fate!
The roses are wither'd, insipid they lie!
Ah, who can be safe, when such beauty must die!
Possessing her, life would have been worth my care,
But now 'tis a burden I scarcely can bear:
A dungeon would please me, possessing my fair;
In a palace unhappy, if absent from her.
By her looks I was chear'd, and with eager delight
Could gaze at her beauty, from morning ti'l night,
But since fate was cruel enough to deprive
My life of its comfort, why should I survive?

THE last time I came o'er the moor
I left my love behind me;
Ye pow'rs what pain do I endure,
When fost ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid
In fit retreat for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay
Gazing and chaftly sporting,
We kis'd and promis'd time away,
'Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings when she was nigh me,
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

In all my foul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since the excels in enery grace,
In her my love thall center;
Sooner the feas thall center;
Their waves the Alpa thall cover,
On Gazuland ice thall roles grow,
Before I ceate to lover her.

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The next time I go o'er the moor, the fall a lover find me, And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me;
Then Hymen's facred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

THINK, my faireft, how delay,
Danger every moment brings,
Time flies fwift, and will away,
Time that's ever on the wing;
Doubting and fuspence at best,
Lovers late repentance cost,
Let us, cager to be blest,
Seize occasion ere 'ris lost.

T IS woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts,
Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by night we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms,
For suits of lave, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

BEHOLD my love the rofy morn
With ruffet mantle spread,
Again the infant tendrils shoot
On ev'ry lawn and mead,

In ev'ry thrub wife nature view, Her various laws display'd, See daifies, cowflips, violets too In diff'rent suits array'd.

What hoary winter once had cropp'd,
And chill'd with sipping cold,
Sol's influence revives again
With rays of burnish'd gold,
The early lack that hails the morn,
See lofty tow'ring flies,
Hark bow he tunes his throat to love,
And reads the vaulted skies.

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The shepherd with his sleecy care,
With wanton kidlings play,
Then stroaks his dog—poor fellow cries,
And pats the head of Tray;
Poor Tray is pleas'd and wags his tail
He knows no other pride,
Then watch his master while he sleeps,
Or taddle by his side.

Let us embrace those sylvan scenes
And imitate the r bliss;
To prove my vows and truth sincere,
I'll seal them with a kiss.
Then bless'd with Silvia shall I prove,
Each wish, each ardent sigh,
And spring will twenty times appear,
More sweet, if she comply.

BEHOLD, from many a hostile shore,
And all the dangers of the main,
Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
Your faithful Tom's return'd again;
Returns, and with him brings a heart,
That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
How sweet to tread our native soil,
With conquest to return at last,
And deck our sweethearts with the spoil!
No one to beauty should pretend,
But such as dare its rights defend.

AND has she then fail'd in her faith?

The beautiful maid I adore!

Shall I never again hear her voice,

Nor fee her lov'd form any more.

Ah Selima, c uel you prove,

Yet fure my hard fate you'll bewail;

I could not prefume you would love,

Yet pity I hop'd might prevail.

A moment my forrows subside,
Revenge stalks along in my fight;
Dread spectre! how couldst thou intrude,
Begone to the realms of black night.

Since hatred atone I inspire.

Life henceforth is not worth my care;

Death now is my only defire,

I give myself up to despair.

CHLORIS, yourfelf you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he us'd to foar so high,

Had echo, with fo fweet a grace,

Narciffus' loud complaints return'd;

Not for reflection of his face,

But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

CORINNA cost me many a pray'r,

Ere I her heart could gain,

But she ten thousand more should hear

To take that heart again.

Despair I thought the greatest curse,
But to my cost I find
Corinna's constancy still worse,
Most cruel when too kind.

How blindly then does Cupid carve,
How ill divide the joy;
Who does at first his lovers starve,
And then with plenty cloy!

CUPID, instruct an amorous swain
Some way to tell the nymph his pain,
To common youths unknown;
To talk of sighs, and flames, and darts,
Of bleeding wounds and burning hearts,
Are methods vulgar grown.

What need'ft thou tell ! (the god reply'd)
That love the shepherd cannot hide,
The nymph will quickly find;

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When Phabus does his beams display, To tell men gravely that 'tis day, Is to suppose them blind.

CHLOE brifk and gay appears,
On purpose to invite;
Yet, when I press her, the, in tears,
Denies her sole delight.

Whilft Celia, feeming fly and coy, To all her favours grants; And fecretly receives that joy, Which others think fle wants,

I would, but fear I never shall, With either fair agree; For Celia will be kind to all, But Chloe won't to me.

CYNTHIA frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet she's vex'd if I give over;
Much she fears I should undo her,
But much more to lose her lover.
Thus in doubting she refuses,
And not winning, thus she loses.

Pr'ythee, Cynthia, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you,
Then, too late, defire will find you.
When the power does forfake you.
Think, oh! think, the fad condition,
To be paft, yet wish fruition.

BURST clouds and tempests roar, Ye rains in torrents pour, To quench this raging slame, Let awful thunder roll, And dreadful Boreas howl, When I repeat her name,

May Sol forget to rife,
Nor vifit more the fkies,
Till I Lucinda find:
In vain shall I implore
Kind heav'n to restore,
My love her peaceful mind.

Y OUNG Arabella, mama's care, And ripe to be a bride, Had charms a monarch might enfnare, But beauty mixt with pride. And still to blast that happiness, Her pride each lover cool'd; The number of her flaves was left, And lefs the tyrant rul'd. Her fifter Charlotte, tho' not blefs'd, With beauty's potent spell, The virtues of the mind posses'd, And bore away the belle : Knights, Earls, and Dukes, like fummer-flies, Around the maiden flew; They press'd to tell ten thousand lies, As men are apt to do.

Fond Celadon address'd the fair,
Resolv'd no time to lose;
A youth with such a shape and air,
What semale could resuse!
Like all the rest, he own'd his stame,
His artless stame alone;
The blushing maid consess'd the same,
The priest soon made them one.

Poor Arabella vex'd to find
Her fifter made a wife,
Pretends to rail at all mankind,
And praise a fingle life.
Ye virgins, Charlotte's plan pursue,
Shun Arabella's fate,
Accept the man that's worthy you,
Before it is too late.

PHOEBUS, meaner themes diddining,
To the lyrist's call repair,
And the strings to rapture straining,
Come and praise the British fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
Born to conquer and to spare,
Were not gallant, were not glorious,
Till commanded by the fair,

All the works of worth or merit, Which the fons of art prepare, Have no pleasure life, or spirit, But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion, But if you for truth declare. Worth and manhood are the fashion, Favour'd by the British fair.

Y OU tell me my Chlae inconftant is grown, That her rofes and lilies are not all her own; Well let it be so, 'tis the same thing to me, For trifles like these we will ne'er disagree. Or from art or from nature I care not I vow, While peace and good humour do smile on her brow Or from art, &c.

I remember the time when my Chloe was known, Superior to most, and inferior to none. Beauty like flowers on a hot fummer's day, No fooner in bloom but it falls to decay : And though the be falle, while to me its unknown, I'll keep, kifs, and love her, for what she hasdone.

DHEPHERDS, I have loft my love, Have you feen my Anna? Pride of ev'ry shady grove, Upon the banks of Banna. I for her my home forfook, Near you miffy mountain; Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, Greenwood shade and fountain.

Never shall I fee them more, Until her returning ; All the joys of life are o'er, From gladness chang'd to mourning. Whither is my charmer flown; Shepherds, tell me whither? Ah! woe for me, perhaps the's gone, For ever, and for ever.

WHAT is Chler to me, or Lydia the fair ? Their beauties with thine, I cannot compare; What's Lydia's clear fkin, or Chloe's bright eyes? When Delia is near, their charms I despile.

You fay I'm inconflant, and fain would perswade, I profes the same passion to ev'ry maid; The fault is your own, would you leave your referve Each fair I'd relinguish, thy love to deferve.

T'other day, now for inftance, you vow'd in the grove You'd meet your fond thepherd, and lift to his love; My passions wound high, your promise you fail'd, Chance brought the young Chloe, & Chloe prevail'd.

Laft Thursday at wake, you declar'd on the green. You'd dance with your fhepherd, as foon as 'twas But before I arriv'd, you chose to depart, [e'en; I gave Lydia my hand, but thou hadt my heart.

But Delia is haughty, and Delia is coy, And Delia ere long, my flame will deftroy; Then confider ye fair, while love ye deride, The flaves you enfnare, may be freed by your pride.

WHO upon the oozy beach, Can count the num'rous fands that lie; Or distinctly reckon each

Transparent orb that that study the sky? As their multitude betray.

And frustrate all attempts to tell; So 'tis impossible to fay, How much I love, I love fo well.

ON thy banks, gentle Stour, when I breath'd the foft To Chloe's fweet accents attentive fat mute; Thute, The To her voice with what transport I swell'd the flow Or return'd dying measures in echoes again; [strain, Little Cupid beat time, and the graces around Taught with even divisions to vary the sound.

From my Chlor remov'd, when I bid it complain. Or warble smooth numbers to footh love-fick pain, How much alter'd it feems, as the rifing notes flow, Or the foft falling strains, how infipidly stow ! I will play them no more-for 'tis her her voice alone Must enrapture my soul to enliven its tone,

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- 464 -WAS ever poor fellow fo plagu'd with a vixen? Lawns Madge don't provoke me, but mind what I fay You've chole a wrong parfon for playing your tricks So pack up your alls and be trudging away ; [on, You'd better be quiet,

And not breed a riot ; 5'blood must I stand prating with you here all day? I've got other matters to mind;

May hap you may think me an afs; But to the contrary you'll find:

A fine piece of work by the mass!

W HILST other men fing of their goddeffes bright, Who darken the day, and enliven the night: ling of a woman, but such flesh and blood! One touch of her finger would do your heart good. full ten times a day to her chamber I come Totell her my paffion, but can't, I'm ftruck dumb; pride. Ah, faith, I'm firusk dumb with love and furprize, And my tongue falls affeep at the fight of her eyes. Her little dog Pompey's my rival I fee, the fmiles upon him though the frowns upon me; Oh! then my dear Charlotte abuse not your charms,

> WHILE the bee flies from bloffom to bloffom, and And my Jeffy looks buxom and gay; et me hang on her neck, and tafte from her lips, All the sweets of an April day.

But instead of your lap-dog, take me to your arms.

The shepherd his flock, the rustic his plough. The farmer with joy views his hay, And Jeffy, my charmer, when milking her cow, Sings the sweets of an April day.

ike fnow-drops with innocent sweetness array'd, As blithfome and chearful as May. My Jeffy, the pride of all the gay mead, Sing the sweet of an April day.

emember, dear Jeffy, and use well your pow'r, Your role-buds then pluck while you may; and guiltless enjoy all the sweets of this hour, For youth's but an April day.

WHAT exquifite pleafure! This fweet treasure From me they shall never Sever: e sterie In thee, in thee, My charmer I fee: I'll figh, and carefs thee, I'll kifs thee, and prefs thee. Thus, thus, to my bosom, for ever and ever. W

WHEN Placinda's beauties appear, How enchanting then is her air ! Such a fine shape and fize, Such lips, teeth, and eyes ! So many pointed darts who can bear! Then her temper, fo good, and fo fweet: Such her carriage and elegant wit; Whate'er the does or fays

We all in transports gaze, Like young fquires in the opera-pit.

But to cut off all hopes of retreat, There's Eliza to captivate; The mighty Heroules

With two fuch foes as thefe Must have look'd for a total defeat.

W HEN Fanny blooming fair First caught my ravish'd fight, Pleas'd with her shape and air, I felt a stronge delight : Whilst eagerly I gaz'd, Admiring ev'ry part. And ev'ry feature prais'd, She stole into my heart, In her bewitching eyes Ten thousand loves appear; There Cupid basking lies, His shafts are hourded there.

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Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roles newly blowner

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all express
The beauteous queen of love:
What flames my nerves invade,
Whan I behold the breaft
Of that too-charming maid
Rife, fuing to be press?

Venus round Fanny's waift,
Has her own Ceffus bound,
There guardian Cupids grace,
And dance the circle round.
How happy must he be
Who shall her some unlose!
That bliss to all, but me,
May heaven and she resuse!

Come thou rosy disapled boy,
Source of every heart-felt joy;
Leave the blissful bow'rs awhile,
Papbos, and the Cyprian ille;
Visit Britain's rocky shore,
Britons, too, thy pow'r adore;
Britons, hardy, bold and free,
Own thy laws, and yield to thee s
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Come, thau rosy dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
This is thine and Hymen's day;
Bid her thy soft bandage wear,
Bid her for love's rites grepare;
Let the nymphs, with many a flow'r,
Deck the facred nuptial bow'r,
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen, too, be there:
This is thine and Hymen's day;
Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love we live,
Love alone can pleasure give;
Pow'r, and pomp, and tinsel state,
Idle pageants of the great;
Crowns and scepters, envelond things,
And the pride of eastern kings,
Are but child sh, empty toys,
When compar'd to love's sweat joys.
Love alone can pleasure give;
Only while we love we live.

Cupid, thou waggift, artful boy,
What have I done to excite thy hate?
Oh! ever arm'd with cruelty,
Thus to precipitate my fate.
I faw. I lov'd, I am undone.

I faw, I lov'd, I am undone,
She at each vifit feems more coy,
You urchin! fneering at my moan,
Half promife blift, and balf deay.

The wound you give, admits no cure, Till time has thaw'd her frozen heart, Jonny can life or death enfure,

Jenny! my foul's far dearer part.
With equal force once twang the bow,
Transfix the charmer, let her bleed;
The feeds of love fecurely fow,
And clear the foil of ev'ry weed.

Were I, thro' fome flerce tyrant's hate, Condemn'd to racks, the fmiling fair Could blunt the keenest dart of fate, And from the dying chace despair.

If pray'rs and tears are fill in vain,
Think not (proud chit) I dread your pow'r;
Know, that to truckle I difdain,
Or fhrink, tho' all thy thunders roar.

If I must die, the frome begin,
For I'm a man unus'd to fear;
By Jenny's hand wyeck all thy spleen,
I die content, to die by her.

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Sweet Of All fo SEE As I SEE! she wakes! Sabina wakes!
And now the fun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn, that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united day they give,

But different fates e'er night fulfil a live!

How many by his warmsh will live!

How many will her coldness kill!

SLEEP thou balm of human woe, Quit, O quit my charming maid; To fome wretched mertal go, Who may want thy lenient aid.

See where anguish and despair
For thy kind assistance cries;
Thither, sleep, with speed repair,
And relieve their weary'd eyes.

Thus, kind god of fost repose,
Praised shall thou ever be;
When they wake, by songs of those,
While they sleep, with voice of me.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damafk rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as winds when Zepbyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole, Or as the dial to the tun, Conflant as gliding waters roll,

Whose swelling tides obey the moon; From every other charmer free, My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues,
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
Of verdant spring, her notes renews;
All follow what they most admire,
At I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her besuteous face,
And vary as the feafons rife;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' aproach of autumn sties:
No change on love the feafons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.
Devouring time, with feafons pace.

Devouring time, with flealing pace,
Makes lofty takes and codars bow;
And marble towers, and walls of brafe,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, deftroying far and wide,
Love from the foul can ne er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart.

The gentle godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding heart,

To mingle with the bleft above; Whete, known to all his kindred train, He finds a lafting reft from pain.

Love, and his fifter fair, the fool,

Twin-born, together came:

Love will the universe control,

When dying seasons lose their name;

Divine abodes shall own his power,

When time and death shall be no more.

SWEET bud! to Laura's bosom go,
And live beneath her eye;
There, in the sun of beauty blow,
Or taste of heaven and die.

Sweet earnest of the blooming year!
Whose dawning beauties speak
The budding blush of summer near,
The summer on her cheek!

Best emblem of the nymph I love, Resembling beauty's morn, To Laura's bosom haste, and prove One rose without a thorn.

THE fluggish morn, as yet undrost, My Phillis broke from out her east, As if she'd made her choice to run With Venus, usher to the sun:

The trees like yeomen of her guard, And ferving more for pomp than ward, Bank'd on each fide with loyal duty, Wave branches to inclose her beauty.

The waken'd earth in odours rife,
To be her morning facrifice;
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raife up their drowfy heads;
And he that for their dolour feeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where rofes mix no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.

These miracles had crampt the sun,
Who thinking that his kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizal'd locks,
To see what saint his lustre mocks:
The trembling leaves through which he play'd,
Dappling the walk with light and shade,
Like lattice windows give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye:

But what religious palfy's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their blis,
And that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves with shiv'ring awe.
Phillis perceives (and less ther stay
Would wed December unto May)
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But less the sun her curate light.

HE summer was o'er, my flocks were all shorn, My meadows were mow'd, & I'd hous'd all my cosn; Fair Phillida's cottage was just in my view, A wooing I went—I had nought else to do.

On Flora's soft sofa together we sat,
And spent some long hours in amorous chat; I told her I loy'd her, and hop'd she lov'd too,
Then kis'd her sweet lips—I had nought else to do.
She hung down her head, and with blushes reply'd,
I'll love you, but first you must make me your bride;
Without hesitation, I made her a vow
To make her my wise—I had nought else to do.

To the village in quest of a priest did we roam, By fortune's decree the grave don was at home; I gave him a fee to make one of us two, He marry'd us then—he had nought else to do.

E'er fince we've been happy, with peace & content, Nor tatted the forrows of those who repent; Our neighbours all round us we love, and 'tis true, Each other beside—when we've nought else to do.

With Phabus the toil of the day we begin,
I shepherd my flock, while she fits down to spin;
Our cares thus domestick, we'll eager pursue,
And ever will love—when we've nought else to do.

'T WAS in that feason of the year, When all things gay and sweet appear, That Colin with the morning ray, Arose and sung his rural lay, Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung, The hills and dales wish Nanny rung, While Roslin Castle heard the swain, And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring With rapture warms, awake and fing; Awake and join the vocal throng, Who hail the morning with a song! To Nanny raise the chearful lay; Oh! bid her taste and come away, In sweetest smiles herself adorn, And add new graces to the morn.

O hark! my love, on ev'ry spray,
Each seather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song,
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come while the muse this wreath shall twine,
Around that modest brow of thine;
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O! hither hafte, and with thee bring That beauty blooming like the fpring; Those graces that divinely shine, And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

ODDS my life, fearch England over,
And you match her in her flation;
I'll be bound to fly the nation:
And be fure as well I love her.

Do but feel my heart a beating, Still her pretty name repeating, Here's the work 'tis always ar, Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.

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When she makes the music tinkle, What on yearth can swee er be? Then her little eyes so twinkle 'Tis a feast to hear and see.

OH! where shall I wander? how shall I reveal? How conquer my shame, or my passion conceal? Tho' she's not to blame, yet unhappy, I prove All the jealousies, fears, and the tortures of love: My proud heart to subdue, in vain has each maid The various allurements of beauty display'd; Still blythesome and free, have I travers'd the plain Nor found in their smiles either pleasure or pain.

But now all the charms of indiff'rence are o'er,
Quite vanquish'd by love, I can triumph no more;
But pensive and sad I steal forth to the grove,
While my flocks on the mountains neglectfully rove:
But why this delay to unbosom my grief,
Where only my anguish can hope for relief?
And ah! would my Florida smile, I foresee
Such sweets in her bondage, 'twere pain to be free.

NOW the fnow-drops lifts their heads, Cowflips rife from golden beds, Silver lilies paint the grove, Welcome May, and love.

Now the bee, on filver wings, low'ry spoils unweary'd brings, Spoils that nymphs and fwains approve, Soft as May and fweet as love.

Whilst a-down the slopy hill, Trickles soft the purling rill, Balmy scents persume the grove, May unbends the soul to love.

Long the clay-cold maid denies, Nor regards her fhepherd's fighs; Now your fond petitions move, May's the season form'd for love,

On the fair that deck our isle, Let each grace and virtue smile, And our happy shepherds prove Days of ease and nights of love.

Not, Celia, that I juster am, Or truer then the rest; For I would change each hour, like them, Were it my interest.

But I am fix'd alone to thee

By every thought I have

That should you now my heart set free,

'Twould be again your slave,

All that in woman is ador'd, In thy dear felf I find; For the whole fex can but afford The handsome, and the kind.

Not to my virtue, but thy power,
This constancy is due,
When change itself can give no more
'Tis easy to be true.

My muse inspire me to impart
In humble ardent firsin,
To tell the anguish of my heart
To her that gives me pain.

"Tis Delia is the lovely maid;
Alas I thou charming fair,
Behold thy Damon scekes thy aid,
To ease his pain and care.

For thou alone can give relief,
Or anguish most severe;
Thy matchless charms are all my grief,
Until you prove fincere.

I Tell thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve,
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I should my earliest off'ring give;
I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,
And I should all my oaths and vows renew;
But, to be plain, I never would be true.
For by our weak and weary truth, I find,

Love heats to centre in a point affign'd, But runs with joy the circle of the mind: Then let us never chain what should be free, But for the relief of either sex agree; Since women love to change, and so do we.

IF the quick spirit of your eye,
Now languish, and anon must die;
It every sweet and every grace
Must sly from that forsaken sace;
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or if that golden fleece must grow
For ever free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauty ever fade;
Then, Celia, fear not to bestow
What still being gather'd, still must grow,

Thus either time his fickle brings In vain, or else in vain his wings.

LET the declining damask rose,
With envious grief look pale;
The summer bloom more freely grows
In Fanny of the dale.

Is there a fweet that decks the field, Or fcents the morning gale, Can such a vernal fragrance yield, As Fanny of the dale? The painted bells, at court rever'd, Look lifeless, cold, and stale: How faint their beauties, when compar'd With Fanny of the dale.

The willow binds Pastora's brows,

Her fond advances fail:

For Damon pours his warmest vows

To Fanny of the dale.

Might honest truth, at last, succeed, And artless love prevail; Thrice happy cou'd he tune his reed With Fanny of the dale!

LET poets tell of shape and air,
Of faces, beauteous, lovely, fair,
There's nought on earth that can compare
With half the charms of Nelly.
The lily, nor the rose so sweet,
So fair, so fragrant, nor so neat;
Nought in creation's so compleat
As is my lovely Nelly.

How happy will that mortal be,
His days will pass from mis'ry free,
Whom gracious heaven shall bless with thee,
My ever blooming Nelly.
Then, whilst those charms adorn your face,
With ev'ry blooming, youthful grace,
Remember beauty never stays,

When old-age comes, my Nelly.

Then take a lover to your arms,

Whom vigorous, you'hful fpirit warms,

Who's worthy to posses those charms

Which now adorn my Nelly.

If fuch a fwain you e'er can find,
Posses'd of such a form and mind,
He is by heaven itself design'd
To bless my charming Nelly.
That search was vain you soon would prove;
For should you tho' the whole world sove,
You'd find none worthy of the love
Of charming, beauteous Nelly.

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Phillis smil'd, as well she might;

Now, said she, our throne may tremble,

Men our province now invade, Men take up our royal trade;

Men, e'en men, do now diffemble, In the dust our empire's laid.

Tutor'd by the wife and grave, Loth I was to be a flave; Miftress sounded arbitrary? So I chose to hide my flame, Friendship, a discreeter name; But the scorns one jot to vary;

She will love, or nothing, claim.

Be a lover, or pretend,
Rather than the warmest friend;
Friendship of another kind is
Sweedish coin of gross allay,
A cart-load will scarce defray;
Love, one grain is worth the Indies,

Only love is current pay.

My Sylvia is the blitheft lass
That ever trod the downy grass,
Or grac'd the rural plain;
Her modest air, and gentle mien,
More sweet, more fair, than beauty's queen,
Are prais'd by ev'ry swain.

Her fparkling eyes, like diamonds bright; Each winning charm does there unite With features fair and gay; Her voice is fofter than the thrush,

That fweetly warbles on the bufh, And hails return of day.

As makes her all divine,

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Her breath exceeds the balmy gales,
Whose fraggrance fweetens all the vales,
Where sweets with sweets combine;
Her cheeks the roses far excel,
Such virtues in her bosom dwell,

Each rising morn I press'd the fair
To listen to my fervent prayer,
A pray'r devoid of art:
With pleasing smiles she sooth'd my pains;
And Sylvia, now, in triumph reigns
The goddess of my heart.

My Nancy quits the rural plain, And kindly feeks her faithful fwain; Who, 'midft the din of war's alarms. His much-lov'd country calls to arms.

Of old, when heroes fally'd forth, To refcue innocence and worth, The fair-one's image in the heart, Could vigour to their nerves impart:

Then what superior laurels, now, Must grace the happy soldier's brow; Blest with her presence in the field, To whom alone his heart can yield!

My roving heart has oft, with pride, Diffolv'd love's filken chains; The wanton deity defy'd, And fcorn'd his sharpest pains.

But from thy form, refiftlefs, ftream
Such charms as must controul;
In thee the faire features beam,
The noblest, brightest foul.

Pleas'd in thy converse all the day, Life's sand unheeded runs; With thee I'd hail the rising ray, And talk down summer's sums.

Our loves congenial fill the same, With equal force shall shine, No cloy'd desires shall damp the slame Which friendship will refine.

W HEN Chloe we ply, We swear we shall die, Her eyes do our hearts fo inthrall;
But 'tis for her pelf,
And not for her felf;
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The maidens are coy,
They'll pish! and they'll sie!
And swear if you're rude, they will call;
But whisper so low,
You may easily know,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

My dear, the wives cry,
If ever you die,
To marry again I ne'er shall;
But in less than a year,
Will make it appear,
'Tie all artifice, artifice all.

In maters of flate,
And party debate,
For church and for justice we bawl;
But If you'll attend,
You'll find in the end,
Tis all artifice, artifice all,

The non-cons will rant
In their pulpits, and cant,
And the honest conformists will maul;
In holy disguise
They lift up their eyes;
Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The lawyers, you know,
To Westminster go,
And plead for their fees in the hall;
For their clients they'll wrangle,
And make such a jangle!
'Tis all artisice, artisice all.

The wretch that attends,
And on courtiers depends,
His fortune he'll find to be fmall;
For their actions declare,
Their words are but air;
Tis all artifice, artifice all.

YE gods that round fair Celia wait,
From her bright eyes to bring our fate,
Bear to the nymph my foftest fighs,
And tell her, her adorer dies;
But if that won't her pity move,
And she, proud thing, disdains to love,
Then let her know, 'tis all a lye,
For haughty Strepbon scorns to die.

YE gentle gales that fan the sir,
And wanton in the shady grove,
Oh! whisper to my absent fair,
My secret pain and endless love.

When at the fultry heat of day
She'll feek fome shady cool retreat,
Throw spicy odours in her way,
And scatter roses at her feet.

And when the fees their colours fade, And all their pride neglected lie, Let that instruct the charming maid, That sweets not gather'd timely die.

And when the lays her down to reft, Let fome auspicious virgin shew Who 'tis that love's Camilla best, And what for her I'd undergo.

YES, Fulvia is like Venus fair, Has all her bloom, and shape, and air; But still, to perfect every grace, She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore, And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore, A helmet mark'd Minerwa's mien; But smiles distinguish'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of smiles and loves, Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves, And from her zone the nymph may find Tis beauty's province to be kind. You T

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Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame, Or bid her breathe in living stone, Shall take their forms from you alone.

YOUNG Polly was the blithest maid.
That tript it o'er the plain;
But now to cruel grief's betray'd,
By Damon's cold disdain.
And till of late, was always free.
To fing the charms of liberty.

Each love-taught the pherd firove to tell.

His passion in the glade,

And vow'd her beauty did excel

Bright Venus, fairest maid.

But Polly still continu'd free

To fing the charms of liberty:

Till Damon, with with his fleecy care,
By chance pass'd by that way;
She saw—she lov'd—Ah! haples fair,
No longer is she gay;

Nor can she boast of being free To fing the charms of liberty.

For now, dejected and forlorn,
The symph is left to rove;
With Pbilomel, at eve and morn,
To moan her hopelets love.
And Polly, now, no longer free,
Laments the loss of liberty.

YOU fay she's fair; 'tis no such matter,
'Tis not her glass, but you that slatter;
And sew that beauty e'er can spy,
Which strikes the partial lover's eye.

Phabe, my council pray approve; Thank heav'n for a good man's love: All markets will not pay your price, So firike the bargain in a trice.

YE nymphs, who to the throne of love With hearts submissive bow; Who hope the mutual blifs to prove,
That crowns the nuptial vows:
Thro' caution's glafs, by reafons lent,
Oh! view your lovers clearly,
Nor think to wed, till that prefent
The man that loves you dearly.

Still blind to wifdom's ray, the rake
No focial blifs allows;
And he who long has rov'd, must make
A good-for-nothing spouse:
Nor trust the fop, tho' piteous sighs
Proclaim you've touch'd him nearly;
His own sweet charms too much he'll prize,
Nor can he love you dearly.

But when with ev'ry manly grace,

A youth of foul refin'd,
Who, doating on your form and face,
Think brighter ftill your mind:
When fuch shall for the favour sue,
Oh! yield your hand sincerely;
And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
To life's last moment, dearly.

WHY, cruel creature, why fo bent To vex a tender heart? To gold and title you relent, Love throws in vain his dart. Let glitt'ring fools in courts be great,

For pay let armies move; Reauty shou'd have no other bait, But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due;
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice, Without disguise or art, Ah, Celia! if true love's your price, Behold it in my heart.

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WAS love a fweet passion, how bless should I be; No mortal could e'er be so happy as me! But O it torments me, it tortures my breass; It rises my senses, It robs me of rest!

Long time I've been captive to Chloe's bright eyes; Her bloom and her beauty first gave the surprize: But soon as I found, by the pride of her heart. That her bloom and her beauty were govern'd by art,

I then took my leave of this prodigal dame, And frove all I could to extinguish the flame; But still on my thoughts her sweet converse remains: So love is a burden, and heavy the chains.

Then hear, O ye youths, and this maxim pursue; Let beauty ne'er sway you, nor pride e'er subdue: But place your affections where vi tue remains; Then love will be pleasing, and easy the chains.

WHEN Fanny I faw, as I tripp'd o'er the green, Fair, blooming, artlefs, and kind, Fond love in her eves, wit and fense in her mien, And warmness with modesty joyn'd.

With sudden amazement I flood,
Fast rivetted down to the place;
Her delicate shape, easy motion I view'd,
And wand'red o'er every grace,

Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty! I cry:
What raptures must dwell in her arms!
On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die.
O! Fanny how sweet are thy charms!

Whilst thus in idea my passion I sed,
Soft transports my senses invade;
Young Damon stepp'd up, with the substance he fled,
And left me to kiss the dear shade.

WHAT fate attends the blufhing rose, How swift it's beauty slies! Sweet scents at morn it does disclose, Ere eve it fades and diss. O think dear Julia, on thy charms, They, like the rofe, will fade; Then hafte, enchantrefs, to my arms, Thou fweet and lovely maid.

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Thy beauty, like a fragrant flow'r, Just emblem of the rose; Whose song st space is but an hour, Ere all it's spiendors close.

Then hafte, dear Julia, hafte away
Unto that happy land,
Where joy and mirth reign all the day,
And Cupid bears command.

Would you obtain the gentle fair,
Affume a French, fantastic air;
Oft, when the gen'rous Briton fails,
A foppish foreigner prevails.

You must teach her to dance,
As the mode is in France,
And make the best use of your feet;
Cock your hat with a grace,
All be brazen your face,
And dress most affectedly neat.

Then bow down like a beau,
Hop and turn out your toe,
Lead Miss by the hand, and leer at her;
Draw your glove with an air,
At your white flockings stare,
And simper, and ogle, and flatter.

Walk the figure of eight,
With your rump stiff and straight,
Then turn her with delicate ease;
Bow again v.ry low,
Your good-breeding to shew,
And Missy you'll perfectly please.

If these steps you pursue,
You will soon bring her too,
And rifle the child of her charms;
Her poor heart will heave high,
And she'll languish and sigh,
And caper quite into your arms.

504

WE all to conquering beauty bow,
It's pleafing power admire;
But I ne'er knew a face till now,
That cou'd like yours inspire:
Now I may say I've met with one
Amazes all mankind;
And, like men gazing on the sun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft as the tender myoing fighs,
When longing lovers meet;
Like the divining prophets wife,
Like new-blown rofes fweet;
Modeft, yet gay; referv'd, yet free;
Each happy night a bride;
A mien like awful majefty,
And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
Chaste, beautiful and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long:
Ah! were you to reward such care,
And life so long would stay,
Not fourteen, but sour hundred years,
Would seem but as one day.

Go gentle breeze, that fans the grove, And waft in fighs a lover's woes; Or through the blooming garden rove, And lodge within the damask rose; To ev'ry blushing fold made known, That Colin's fighs exceed thy own.

Beneath her crimfon foliage lie,

Till on my Delia's bosom bleft;

Then from thy silken covert fly,

And plead my cause within her breast,

But never leave that frozen part,

Unless to bring me Delia's heart.

How blithe, within my native wild,
I trod each paffing day!

When Sylviana fondly fmil'd, And lov'd her shepherd's lay.

The furze, the brake, the rugged hill,
The wild heath's yellow broom,
With her wou'd all my wishes fill;
My heart ne'er felt a gloom.

But now, remote from her I love, The fairest pastures sade; I feek the solitary grove, And turn it's winding shade.

Where gay imagination toys,
To chear my pensive mind;
With pleasing hopes my bosom joys,
And paints the maiden kind.

HUSH, ye birds, your amorous tales, Purling rills in filence move! Softly breathe, ye gentic gales, Left ye wake my flumb'ring love.

O the joy beyond expression,

That enchanting form to own!

Then to hear the soft confession,

That her heart is mine alone.

DEAR Sylvia, hear thy faithful fwain, And eafe his tortur'd breaft; Ah, hear an artlefs youth complain, And fet his heart to reft!

That virtue which illumes thy mind, That sense devoid of art; That innocence with sweetness joyn'd, Does captivate his heart,

Thou dear invader of my breaft,
How long must I repine!
How long with grief be fore oppress'd,
Ere I can call thee mine!

O deign to hear the vows I fwear, And all my fears remove; Relieve me, then, from fad despair, And bless me with thy love. The northern winds shall cease to blow, And dark shall be the skies; The purling streams shall cease to flow, And Sol forget to rise;

No more the meads shall gay appear, Nor shepherds grace the grove; If e'er my vows prove infincere, Or I forsake my love.

DID ever swain or nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so fore,
Or ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I ftay,
Or linger when the bid me run?
She only had the word to fay,
And all the with d was quickly done.
I alway think of her, but the
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taffe,
Have I not rose by break of day!
Did ever Nanny's heisers fast,
If Robin in his barn had hay!
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny loft a sheep,
I chearfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did safely keep
Within my folds in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,
"Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home,
Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear the fack, but the
Will never bear a figh of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm fure they always had the best;
Within this week her pidgeons have
Eat up a peck of peace at least;
Her little pigeons kiss, but she
Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown;
Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nanny does not love me soon!
If notelier to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron-string.

DOES the languid foul complain, Virtuous love shall chase the pain; Or if love wou'd truth attend, Honour shou'd be virtue's sciend, Glory is not half so fair

As bright virtue's rising star; Female truth, with sense combin'd, Wins and claims the gen'rous mind.

SAYS my uncle, I pray now discover
What has been the cause of your woes,
That you pine and you whine like a lover?
I've seen Molly Mogg of the rose!

O nephew! your grief is but folly,
To town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you Molly,
A Molly much better than Mogg.

The school-boy's delight is a play,
The school-master's joy is to slog;
A sop's the delight of a lady,
But mine is in sweet Molly Mogg.

Will o Wije leads the trav'ler a-gadding
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bog;
But no light can e'er fet me a-madding,
But the eyes of my sweet Molly Mogg.

For guiness in other men's breeches
Your gameffers will paum and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I paum my sweet Melly Moggs

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The heart that's half wounded is ranging.

It here and there leaps like a frog;

But my heart can never be changing,

'Tis fo fixed on sweet Molly Mogg.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,

That women, at best, are a clog;
But I'm not so easily frighted

From loving my sweet Molly Mogg.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Capid, and gives me a jog,
And I fill all my paper with writing
Of nothing but fweet Molly Mogg.

I feel I'm in love to diffraction,

My fenses are lost in a fog;

And in nothing can find satisfaction,

But in thoughts of my sweet Molly Mogg.

If I would not give up the three graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing room faces,
For a glance at my sweet Molly Mogg.

for those faces want nature and spirit, And seem as cut out of a log; Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merrit Unite in my sweet Molly Mogg.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another Eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give for my (weet Molly Mogg.

When Molly comes up with the liquor,
Then jealoufy fets me a-gog;
To be fure she's a bit for the vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mogg.

512

Weetest of pretty maids, let Cupid incline thee l'accept of a faithful heart which now I refign thee; corning all selfish ends, regardless of money, tyields only to the girl that's gen'rous and bonny.

Take me, Jenny, Let me win you, Whilst I'm in the humour;

The

I implore you,
I adore you,
What can mortal do more;
Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so syly,
Ther's my hand, and ther's my heart, which never
will beguite thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes, thy fweet lips delighting, Well polish'd thy iv'ry neck, thy round arms inviting; Oft at the milk-white churn with rapture I've feen But oh! how I figh'd, & wish'd my own arms [them, Take me Jenny, &c. [between them!

I've flore of sheep my love, and goats on the mountain And water to brew good ale, from you chrystal foun-I've, too, a presty cot, with garden and land to't, tain But all will be doubly sweet, if you put a hand to't.

Take me Jenny,
Ler me win you,
While i'm in the humour;
I implore you,
I adore you,

What can mortal do more; Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly, Ther's my hand, and ther's my heart, which never will beguile thee.

SAY not, Olinda, I despise
The faded glories of your face,
The languid vigour of your eyes,
And that once-lov'd embrace.

In vain, in vain, my constant heart
On aged wings attempts to meet,
With wonted speed, those slames you dart,
It faints, and flutters at your seet.

I blame not your decay of power,
You may have pointed beauties kill
Tho' me, alas! they wound no more;
You cannot hurt what cannot feel.

On youthful climes your beams display,
There you may cherish with your heat,
And rise the sun to gild their day,
To me, benighted, when you set.

SWAIN,

SWAIN, thy hopeless passion smother, Perjur'd Celia loves another; In his arms I saw her lying, Panting, kissing trembling, dying; There the fair deceiver swore, All she did to you before.

Oh! faid you, when she deceives me, When that constant creature leaves me, Isis' waters back shall fly, And leave their oozy channels dry; Turn, ye waters, leave your shore, Perjur'd Celia loves no more.

TIS not my Patty's sparkling eyes,
Her air, her easy grace,
Her thrilling accents, that I prize.
Or yet her blooming face.

Such charms as these in others shine, Whose beauty's all they boast; But when that beauty does decline, Their greatest power is lost.

But lovely Patty's wit refin'd,
Her sense, good-nature, ease,
Divine persections of the mind,
And firm desire to please:

Tis these that raise the maiden's same, That pomp desire and love, And kindle in my breast a slame That time can ne'er remove.

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were for sworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kiffes give again,
Seals o! love, tho teal'd in vain.
Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears;
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are like those that April wears.

But from my tender bleeding heart,
Withdraw the arrow; ease the smart;
Offend no more great angry Jove,
But pity, since you cannot love!

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THE noblest heart, like purest gold,
Resists impressions whilst 'tis cold;
But melted down in love's bright slame,
Soft and complying to the test,
It takes the image first impress,
And bears it in the faithful breast,
Through circling years the same.

Throughout the nation, Sir, find me a lass,
That's loving, engaging, and pretty;
She freely into my affection shall pass,
As sure as there's fools in the city.

And if she proves kind, Sir, why I shall prove true!

And justly esteem her my treasure;

But should she be scornful, what then shall I do?

Why, faith, I'll dismiss her with pleasure.

THE trav'llers, that through deferts ride
By conduct of some friendly star;
When clouds obscure their trusty guide,
Out of their course must wander far;

So I, with penfive care and pain,
In absence still must stray;
Till you, my star, shine out again,
And light me on my way,

TIS done, I've rais'd a rural bow'r
Deep in the twilight shade:
There blooms full many a lovely flow'r;
Ah! wou'd they never fade.

Come, then, my Lucy, haste away,
And nature's manfion view;
Screen'd from the fun's too piercing ray,
Each flower blooms for you.

At your command, thy shepherd strove To deck the shady green : You said the spot was form'd for love; I heard, and blest the scene.

Ah! let it not be bleft in vain;
But there reward my truth:
Repay thy conflant Harry's pain
With innocence and tuth.

521

'TIS now, fince I fat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,
And still I did my part.

Made my approaches, from her hand Unto her lip did rife, And did already understand The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart,
By whifp'ing in the ear.

Sol

When this did nothing, I brought down Great cannon oaths and shot A thousand thousand in the town,

A thousand thousand in the a

I then resolv'd to starve the place, By cutting off all kisses, Praising and gazing on her face, And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength, I drew all batteries in; And brought myself to lie, at length, As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do, Aud thought the place my own, The enemy lay quiet too, And smiled at all was done.

I fent to know from whence and where These hopes, and this relief? A fpy inform'd, honour was there, And did command in chief.

March, march, (quoth I) the word ftraight give, Let's lose no time, but leave her; That giant upon air will live, And hold it out for ever.

To fuch a place or camp remove
As will no fiege abide:
I hate a fool that starves her love
Only to feed her pride.

Thoughtless of all, but love and you, From place to place I range, But fill no happiness I know, No pleasure by the change.

The murm'ring, stream, the fruitful field,
The plain, the shady grove,
Alike to me, no pleasure yield,
When absent from my love.

Yet if my Delia but appears,
How chang'd is all the fcene!
Nature a gayer livery wears;
And I forgot my pain.

The murm'ring ficeam, the fruitful field,
The plain, the shady grove,
Alike to me, all pleasure yield,
When blest with her I leve.

COME my faireft, learn of me,
Learn to give and take the blifs;
Come, my love, here's none but we;
I'll instruct thee how to kifs.

Why turn from me that dear face?
Why that bluth, and downcast eye?
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
Round my neck, or round my waist;
And whilst I devour thy charms,
Let me closely be embrac'd:

Then

Then when foft ideas rife,
And the gay defires grow firong;
Let them sparkle in thy eyes,
Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling,
Look with transport on my face;
Kifs me, press mc, ev'ry thing
To endear the fond embrace.

Ev'ry tender name of love, In foft whifpers let me hear; And let fpeaking nature prove Ev'ry extacy fincere.

CELIA, too late you wou'd repent:
The offering all your flore,
Is now but like a pardon fent
To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
And grant the blis too late,
You hinder me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair, When first my court I made; But when faishoods plain appear, My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of these favours shown, Whose worth you first deface, Is melting valu'd medals down, And giving us the brass.

O! fince the thing we beg's a toy, That's priz'd by love alone, Why cannot women grant the joy, Before the love is gone?

COME, dearest Nancy! bless my eyes,
And stop the flowing tear;
In you alone the magic lies,
To animate and chear.

Not half so sweet the flow'rs display. Their variegated hue; Not all the bloom of fmiling May Can charm fo much as you.

Where'er you tread, the warblers sweet
Melodious fill the grove;
And smiling nature seems to greet
The presence of my love.

But blafted ev'ry flow'r appears,
When you forfake these plains;
No grove the feather'd stongster chears,
In sweet mellissuous strains.

Come, dearest Nancy! come and stay!
From you my joys arise;
Your face gives brightness to the day,
And lustre to the skies.

For you I figh, and waste my prime;
Then haste, and let us prove,
That rolling years, and sleeting time,
Are far too short for love.

CYPRIAN goddess, take the lyre,
Attune yourself each trembling string;
My judgment guide, my fancy fire,
With lovely Rachel's charms I fing.

Let others boaft a beauteous face,
A fhape, a neck, a graceful air;
Good-fense and prudence give her grace,
These make her more than blooming fair.

Benevolence, that heav'n born pow'r, Her words and all her actions guide; 'Tis this that claims each leifure hour, This conflitutes her only pride.

Ye fair-ones hence a truth confess,
No charms with virtue can compare a
Be cautious when the beaux adress.
When misery sues, his forrows share,

Then, like my Rachel, you will be Beyond the reach of flat ery's lore; Inconfrancy will bend the knee, And wond'ring infidels adore.

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COME, my Sylvial some and blefs and of This foot, which have soiled to dress and add In all that charms the gazer's eye, In ev'ry tint that weaks a eve. In peace we'll dwell, and placed cafe, We'll do whateyer each hell plense; Free as the fear-our fonfes soll. And fpeak a boundlefen Auent foul. Nor time shall waft our love away. Swift as the threads of life decays Each gale that flirts the hours along, with the Shall bring fresh wreather to deck our fong. From virtue's fweets, that never cloy; From rural fcenes, extatic joy! Or turn the mind-infmeling page. And learn to live a good old age. e18 COME Phabus, and the thy foft lyre; Ye mufes, come join in the fong While Celia the theme fhall infpire, The fairest of all the gay throng; The goddels of virtue and grace, The queen of all beauty and charms; 'Tis transport to gase on her face, 'Tis heaven to reft in her sems. O could I cherm Pluto's dull ears, Like Orpheus of old, with my lay, Or with Milton four up to the foheres. I then might her marita-difalay: While her charme l'attempt to rehearle. A field fo unbounded deeh sife, The subject's too great, for my verse, I fink, and am lost with surprize, Urania, my bosom inspire, My genius enlarge it's degrees, To the height that my sheme doch require,

Tho' I aim not the criticks to please.

Tis Celia, the theme of my fteain,

Could I but her favor obtain, Let envy my fonnets despise.

Whose plaudits I only can prise.

NANNY bluffer when & woo her, And, with kindly-chiding eyds. Faintly faye I half sondo her, life and a Faintly, O forbear, the cries; But her breafts when I am preffing, When to her's my line I join, Warm'd, the feems to tafte the bleffing, And her killes answer mine. LOVELY maid! fair beauty's pride,
Do not thus my blife deny; Ceafe, my tender love, to chide; Why so cruel, Dapone, why? Kindly to my with incline, Why will Daphne, faithlefe prove? Know my foul is wholly thine, And my heart is form d for love. Why, thus flight a faithful fwain, Who to love was ever true; Why thus give that bolom pain, Which fo long hath tigh o for you? WHERE the blithe bee her honey fige, In cowflip dale, in vi'let, fhade; Dear Chlor there I've kili'd thy lips, While no rude eye my blife furvey'd. Kifs, love! (you cry'd;) more kiffet give; Thy Chloe's pleasure fill increase O could our bloom for ever live. I'd never bid my Damen ceste. The tongue that spoke your shepherd blessid s What mortal could refift fuch charme! Thy bosom to my beart I prefe'd. And, panting, dy'd in Chie's arme. WITH Phillip how oft have I dray'd, O'er hill, dale, and in the green grove! How pleas'd to attend the fweet maid! To tell her how fondly I love.

OME,

My Phillis such charms does impart,
Such beauties display to the view!
From me she has stolen a heart;
A heart that will ever prove true.

She lends a kind car to my tale; With fmile the my toil does reward; And when I my pattion reveal, Her looks fully speak her regard.

What mortal more happy can be!
What cares can my bosom alarm!
While Phills, dear girl, is so free;
Possessing each power to charm.

But should she e'er slight her fond swain, And leave me her loss to deplore, Then, Lette, relieve me from pain, And let me not think of her more.

Not think of her more did I fay?

How vain such an effort would prove!

For, long as I live, I each day

Must think of her charms, and fill love.

WHILST on forbidden truit I gaze,
And look my heart away,
Behold my flar of Venus blaze,
And rife upon the day?
Fair as the purple blothing hours,
That paint the morning eye;
Or chark of evening after how'rs,
That duth the weftern fky.

I send a figh with ev'ry glance,
And drop a softer tear;
Hard fate, no farther to advance,
And yet to be so near:
So Moses, from fair Pysga's height,
The land of Canaan ey'd;
Survey'd the region of delight,
He saw, came down and dy'd.

WHEN bright Roxung treads the green, In all the pride of dress and mein; As blithe as summer's morning gay, None other beauties strike mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.
But when, disclaiming art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air;
Mild as the opining morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free and gay;
The scene improves, where'er the goes,

More sweetly smile the pink and role.

Averle to freedom, love and play,

O lovely main! propitious hear, Nor deem thy shepherd infincere; Pity a wild illustive stame, That waries objects still the same s And let heir very changes prove The never-vary'd force of love,

WHEN gentle Harriet first I saw,
Struck with a reverential awe,
I selt my bosom mov'd:
Her easy shape, her charming face:
She smil'd, and talk'd with so much grace;
I gaz'd, admir'd, and sov'd.

Up to the bufy town I flew,
And wander'd all it's pleasures thro',
In hopes to case my eare:
The busy town but mocks my pain,
It's gayest pleasures all are vain,

The labours of the learned fage,
The comic elamour of the flage,
By turns my time employ;
I relish not the fage's lore,
The flage's humours please no more,
For Harrior's all my joy.

For Harrist haunts me there.

Sometimes I try'd the jovial throng,
Sometimes the female train among,
To chace her form away:
The jovial throng, is noify, rude,
Nor other females dare intrude,
Where Harrise bears the fway.

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ince, then, nor art nor learning can,
for company of maid or man,
For want of thee atone;
come, with all thy conqu'ring charms,
come, and take me to thy arms,
For thou art all in one.

THE lily, and the blufting rofe,

To many give delight;

lut not a flow'r on earth that grows,

Is half fo bright a fight,

As lovely women,

Charming women,

Pleafing, teizing,

Heav'nly women.

ny what makes cowards brave and bold,
Or what gave poets birth;
I what makes people fond of gold,
Or pleafure dwell on earth?

But lovely women, &c.

then men are fore oppress'd with grief,
And roam in fearch of peace;
here's nought can give such sure relief,
And make their torments cease.

Such pow's bave women, &c.

hen fince the fair give fuch delight,
Aloud refound their praife;
or who can view the glorious fight,
And not their voices raife,

'To lovely women, &c.

O speak my muse, sweet Charlotte's praise, And all her charms explore; ow far beyond the seeble lays, On themes like these so foar!

her is ev'ry grace combin'd,
Divefted of all art;
nangel's form, with fense refin'd,
To captivate the heart!
temper open, mild and free,
A heart replete with truth;

Thrice happy he who gains the maid,
For wedlock to incline;
But happier I, could it be faid
That heav'n had flamp'd her mine!

THOU fetting fun, that calle my fair
To take the cool and evening air,
With joy 1 hail thy latest rays
That shew me where my Chlor strays.

O, let no clouds obscure the skies, Or noxious exhalations rife! But may sweet flow'rs uprear their heads, And roses blossom, where she treads.

Let ev'ry tenant of the grove, -Remind her youthful heart of love; And ev'ry breeze convey a figh, And whifper 'tis for her I die.

O! sweet, tormenting love, I feel
Thy wound, which reason cannot heal
Thy fire, conceal'd within my breast,
Deprives my flutt'ring heart of rest.

At ev'ry glance of Chlor's eyes,
My boafted resolution flies s
And still I'm diffident to name
My inward racks, and secret flames

While Philomela (ad complains, And pours out all her plaintive firains; I likewife mourn, in lays fincere As ever reach'd a female ear.

Thou fon of Venus, hear my pray'r,
And with the dart transfix my fair;
With her fond (wain, O I make her prove
The lasting bife of ardent love.

How happy fould I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while you thus teize me together,
To neither a word will I fay: Tol de rol, &c.

22

When the nymphs were controlling for beauty & Bright Sylvia flood foremost in eight of her claim; At court she was envy'd, and tousted at White's; At court she was envy'd, and tousted at White's. But now shall I whisper the fair-one's sad case; A cruel disease has destroy'd her sweet face; Her vermillion is chang'd to a dull settled red, And all her gay graces of beauty are fied; And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye fair, left you tslumph in vain; For Sylvia, the altered from pretty to plain, Is now more engaging, fince reason took place. Than when she posses'd the persections of face; Than when, Sc.

Convinc'd, the no more can coquette it, and teaze, Instead of tormenting, the studies to please; Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life; Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form d for a wife. Tho' spoil'd, &c.

WHEN Jeffy that'd her lovely look.
My wand'ring heart a pris ner took,
And bound it with fo firing a chain,
I ne'er expect it back again.

Then, Jeffy, treat a captive true.
With gentle usage—'tiving due's

It pants for these alones.

Then take it kindly to the breat.

And give the weary wand rer reft, And keep it near thy own.

W HEN I beheld you all divine.

And fondly thought your paffion true

I, Chloe, call'd you only mine,

And lov'd no other nymph but you.

How could I think a face to fair,

Cou'd now to falle and fickle prove.

That you who did to otten twear.

Would ever break the bonds of love?

Not you possels your wonted pow'r s

A Chloe's captive as before a surface of the claim; But go, and other hearts begoing, and touched at White's.

Tis you can kill while yet you're kind!

"Tis you can kill while yet you're kind!

WHEN first thy soft lips I but civilly press,
Eliza, how great was my bliss.
The fatal contagion can quick to my breast;

I loft my poor heart with a kifs.

And now, when supremely thus blest with your light,

I scarce can my transports restraint:

I wish, and I pant, to repeat the delight; And kiss you again and again.

In raptures I will to enjoy all those charms;
Still stealing from favour to favour.
Now, now, O ye god! let me fly to your arms,
And kiss you for ever and ever.

WHEN College hants the rural lay,
What transporte five my break,
Whene'er the first count trembling firing,
Methinks I'm more than bless,
Methinks, &c.

Where Calia is, no fordid gloom, Or flow pac'd tear em dwell; Calia can charm all these away, And care itself expel.

As once the grove the fair one trod, And tun'd the Sylvan firain. A lark to imitate her strove, But strove, alas! in vain.

Her mattin fong the ceas'd to fing, Or hail the rifing down; But bid adieu, in plaintive notes, To ev'ry mead and lawn.

To rage (poor bird) a victim (ell,

To think in vain the try'd;

Then firetch'd a wing, and dropp d the fpray,

Forfook the skies and died.

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O Beffy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny laffes;
They bigg'd a bower on you burn bray,
And thick'd it over wi' rafhes,
Fair Beffy Bell I loo'd yes treen,

And thought I ne'er could alter;

But Mary Gray's two panky cen They gar my fancy falter,

Now Beffy's hair's like a lint tap;

She smiles like a May morning,
When Pherbus starts frac Thetis' lap.

The h.ll with rays adorning;
White is her neck, safe is her hand.

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ray,

White is her neck, faft is het hand, Her waift and feet fri' genty; With ilk a grace the can command,

Her lips, O vow I they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw, Her een like di'monds glances; She's a' fae clean, redd up and braw, She kills whene'er fhe dances;

Blythe as a kid, with wit ar will, She blooming, tight and tall is; And guides her airs fae gracefu' fill;

O Joue! he's like thy Pallas.

Dear Beffy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppress us;
Our fancies jes between ye twa,
Ye are fic bonny laffes;
Wae's me, for baith I cannot get,
To ane by law we're fanted;
Then I'll draw cu's, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

OH! could the various pow'r of found Point out a lever's anguish; then wou'd the notes with life rebound, Then would they sprightly languish; Well may the sprightly fife declare Hope, and the series lute despair, low let notes with life rebound, Now let them sweetly languish.

Thus with my heart, when Delia smiles,
Soon it exults with pleasure,
But when the frowns obedient still,
I seek a softer measure:
Oh! would you with me sympathize,
Watch but the motions of her eyes,

OF thy fex the fairest,

Dapbne come my dearest!

See the opening spring invites!

Earthly sweets abounding,

Leafy woods surrounding,

Call us forth to new delight, Hark, how foftly cooling,

You male turtle wooing, Strives to charm the female dove!

She no coyness feigning, Human arts disdaining,

Whifpers thus \_\_\_ I love \_\_\_ I love

Warn'd by her example, Give my dear, a fample,

Of my heavenly joys in view? That lov'd form refigning, Show a heart inclining,

To be kind and true.

DELINDA, fure's the brightest thing That decks the earth, or breathes out air a Mild are her looks like opening fpring, And like the blooming fummer fair. But then her wit's fo very small, That all ber charms appear to lie. Like glaring colours on a wall, And firike no farther than the eye. Our eyes luxurioufly the treats. Our ears are absent from the feaft. Or e fense is surfeited with sweets. Starv'd or difguited are the reft. So have I feen, with afpect bright, And taudry ande, tulip fwell, Blooming and beauteous to the fight. Dull and infipid to the fmell.

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A COL

## A COLLECTION of PASTORAL SONGS.



## SONG 1

PORSAKEN my pipe and my crook,
Why will you folicit my lav?
No longer I fit by the brook,
And carol my forrows away:
Say, Laura, what theme first I chufe?
Your praises I must not proclaim;
And friendship's too cold for my muse,
And love I'm forbidden to name.

For I'm but a poor simple wais,
Whose slocks and whose herds are but small,
And my cottage, the neat on the plain,
Is cover'd with thatch, and that's all:
And Laura is blooming and young,
Ah! would that I too were the same;
My heart then might him to my tongue
What now I'm forbidden to name.

Yet deny'd my fond with to impart,
My wishes from you shall not swerve,
That the shepherd who sues for your heart,
By his own may your virtues deserve;
With the charms which no time can destroy,
With the worth which no breath can defame,
May you taste of that permanent joy,
Which now I'm forbidden to name.

PRE the primrose or cowssip could blow
You said that you'd surely be here;
You care not, and yet you should know
The first of the May is now near.
The cuckow has utter'd her strain,
The thrush is now heard on each spray,
And the nightingale seems to complain,
As tho' you, my dear swass, were away.
What's the spring if you keep from my sight,

What the sweets of the field and the grove!

No music can give the delight,

But the music of Colin and love:

Let winter return when it will,

Let snow and let trost too prevail,

If Colin must keep from me titl,

Why should April persume thus the gale.

But vows you have said are not wind,

Come and make the fond season more gay;

You know how it is to be kind,

Who's heart you have field away:

On wings, love his message conveys,

The season now hastes to its prime;

I can hear, and take no delays,

Fe ch up what you've lost of the time.

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DERENE is the morn, the lark leaves his neft, And fings a falute to the dawn : The fun with his folendor embroiders the eaft, And brightens he dew on the lawn: A hile the fons of debauch to indulgence give way, And flumber the prime of their hours, Let us, my dear Stella, this garden survey. And make our remarks on the flow'rs, The gay gaudy tuffp obferve in you walk, How flaunting the gross of its velt; How proud, and haw flately it flands on its falk! In beauty's divertity dreft : From the role, the carnation, the pink and the clove, What odours incellantly fpfing? The fourth warts a richer perfume to the grove, As he bruffer the leaves with his wing. Apart from the raft, in her pusple array. The violet humbly metreate it was and a In modeft concealment the peeps on the day.

Yet none can excel her in fweets:

So humble, that (though with unparallet'd grace
She might e'en a palace adorn)
She oft' in the hedge hides her innocent face,

And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So beauty, my fair one, is doubly refin'd, When modefty heightens her charms;

When meek ness, like thine, adds a gem to her mind, We long to be lock'd in her arms.

Tho' Venus herfelf from her throne should descend, And the graces await at her cast-

To thee the gay world would with preference bend, And hail thee the vi'let of all.

WHEN Strepton the rover first Phills address'd
He took her to wake and to fair;
He bought her gay sibbons to wear at her breaft,
And thus whifeer'd the nymph in the ear.

To my passion be kind, gentle pity bestow, But the maiden's reply to young Strepbon was no, Lud don't you, fud don't you keep teazing me so.

The youth, who such coyness had oftentimes seen, Ne'er heeded the maiden's reply; But returning one eve from the dance on the green,

He resolv'd t'other effort to try.

So he kife'd and he prese'd, crying pity bestow,
But the maiden reply'd pray have done Strepbon do
Lud don't you keep teazing me so.

Opposition like this so his passion enhanc'd, That without her he swore he should die, Then an offer of marriage he fairly advanc'd, And she said in a month she'd comply :

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ove,

But he begg'd her to church the next morning to go, She blufhing affented, the reason I trow Was to keep him from tessing her so.

Now fummer approaches, dull winter recedes,
Primities and of less adorn every hill,
The lade and the laffes trip o'er the green means,
Or fit by meanders flow murmuring sill. feature,
Whilst the up land, the most land the
And valley re-echoes sweet carole of love,

While Calin with Phillis repairs to the bow'r
To exchange a fweet kife, or to plight a fond your
Gay Florinel gathers each odorous flow'r
To deck with a chapter her fwain's youthful brow.
Whilft the up-land, Gr.

Fair Daphne at morn bids adieu to her cot,
And leeks the cool grot, or fecluded alcove;
Her Damon the greets at the critical spot,
His heart that leaps for joy at the light of his leve.
Whilft the up land, Se.

When Pheebus for lakes this low region of clay, And finks in loft rapture on Theris' fair breast; For the wearisome labour of rigorous day Balmy sleep has an adequate portion of rest. Whilst the up-land, &c.

WHEN winter o'erstadows the stene;
And no longer the hyacisthe blow;
Chill frost nips the leaf on the green,
And the rivulet ceases to flow.

'Till reviv'd by the breathings of spring.
All nature looks smiling and gay;
The warblers in extasy sing,
And own the soft impulse of May.

The lambkins now sport in the vale,
By the fiream that meanders along;
The wood-pidgeon telle its foft tale,
While melody echoes the song

What pain from thy coldness I've known;
When your frowns did my passion reprove;
Now you smile, May's soft saptures I'lbown,
And bless the sweet season of love.

How blitchly all the live long day,
The feather'd warblere fings
On ev'ny bush they chaunt their lay,
Or tritle on fearing wing.

Tis joy that fills the vegal race,
All unconfined and free p

We'll bless the roof free place, 124 and 1

How fweet is liberty! NYMPHS

NYMPHS and thepherds, come away, Wanton in the fweets of May;
Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
Wanton as the bounding fawne s
Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,
Nymphs and thepherds come away.

HITHER, Phabus, turn thine eyes,
Nor longer hide the day;
Give light and glory to the fun,
And blooming youth to May.

Spring implores thy gentle aid,
To rife in his ry gav;
While no rude blaff shall pierce the glade,
Or cool the warmth of May.

Flora too, invokes the pow'r Of thy regiving ray, To scatter roses ev'ry hour, And scent the breath of May,

Come and give to nature grace,

To heavy quick convey

That lovely excellence of face,

That blufh, which charms the May.

In fpring my dear shepherds, your flow rets are gay,
They breathe all their sweets in the sun-shine of May
But hang down their heads when December is near,
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The larks and the linnets that chant o'er the plains, All, all are in love while the summer remains; Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are dear, The winter of life is like that of the year.

The feafon for love, is when youth's in its prime, Ye lads and ye laffes, make use of your time; The frost of old age will too quickly appear, The winter of life is like that of the year.

In rofy bloom of ripen'd years,
To each fond flepherd known,

Young Prifey, wanton as the air,
The hamlet rul'd alone;
This Kitty faw, but yet dear truth
Each riting paffion (way'd;
And virtue—prudence' chaplet wove,
To crown the brilliant maid.

Ah! happy more than happy f.ir,
Difcretion (way'd alone;
But warring love confum'd her care,
And pluck'd off wifdom's crown:
What Prifcy was, fee Kitty is,
The role of each must fade;
When virtue once deferts her feat.
Undone's the unhappy maid.

If those who live in shepherd's bow'r,
Press not the gay and stately bed;
The new mown hay and breathing flow'r,
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who fit at shepherd's board,
Sooth not their taste with wanton art:
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a chearful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
No high and sparkling wines can boast;
With wholesome cups they chear the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Dancing on the daisy'd ground,
Have not the splendor of a court,
Yet love adorns the merry round.

HAIL Windfor! crown'd with lofty towers,
Where nature wantons at her will;
Decks ev'ry vale with fruits and flow'rs,
With waving trees adorn the hill:
Like Mars with Vanus in his arms,
Like his thy firength, like her's thy charms.
Like his thy firength, &c.
When o'er thy plains I firetch mine eyes,
Plem'd with thy prospects unconfin'd;

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A thousand scenes before me rife,

A thousand beauties charm my mind:

Tho' different each, yet each agrees,

Nor this, nor that, but all things please,

Thus Strephon views his lovely fair,
From charm to charm in raptures loft;
Yet not her face, her frape, nor air,
Nor yet her eyes transport him most:
But 'tis the heavenly finish'd whole,
With matchless grace designes his Toul.

HAIL Greenwich! crown'd with fweet delight,
Throughout thy parks display'd;
There nature's lavish charms invite
Each youth and blooming maid;
To taste the joys of rural shade,
Where nought but love and mirth invade.
Where nought, &c.

Thy ranging groves of lofty trees,
With spreading shades repel.
The heat of Phæbus sultry gays,
There feather'd songsters dwell,
In pleasing emblems of true love;
Melodious warbling through the grove.
Each rising hill new prospects yields,
And captivates the mind;
The grazing flocks, the pleasant fields.

Yield raptures unconfin d;
Fair Flora paints the verdant fcene,
And decks with fragrant fweets the green.

The filver Thames glides gently by,
With peace and plenty crown'd;
It's glitt'ing furface chear the eye,
Green offers mantling round;
With wanton wavings as it goes,
In various forms new beauty thews.

From hill to dale, from dale to grove,
Thy splendors shine around;
And, viewing each, we fully prove,
Transporting joys abound:
While extacy inspires the soul,
And praising one, we praise the whole,

How chearful along the my mead.
The daify and cowfirp appear;
The flocks as they careffely feed,
Rejoice in the fpilipy of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,

The herbage that springs from the sod,

Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,

All rise to the praise of my god.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove,
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and love.

The Lord, who fuch wonders could raife;
And fritteen defroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My foul shall be wrapt in my God.

Tis the birth-day of Phillis, hark how the birds.
Their notes are remarkably fweet; [fings]
The villagers brought all the honours of spring,
And scatter their pride at her feet.

With ribbons and rofes her lambkins are crowned, A while they respectfully, stand,

Then o'er the green lawn with a frolic they bound.
But first take a kiss from her hand,

Mongst shepherds in all the gay round of the year, This—this is their principal day;

It gave Phillis birth—and pray what can appear More lovely, more pleafingly gay:

Hark—hark! how the tabor enlishing the frents

Tis charming to foot on a daily-dreft green, And Phillis shall lead up the dance.

The fun—(and he shines in his brightest array As if on this festival proud)

In order to give us a beautiful day

Has banish'd each travelling cloud r

The priest pass'd 'long, and my shepherdess fight'd,
Sweet Phillis!—I knew what she means

We stole from the passimes. I made her my bride.

Her figh was the figh of content. DECREPT

DECREPID winter limps away!
Now youthful spring, all trim and gay,
Comes tripping o'er the sunny plain,
With health and pleasure in her train:
She comes, and lo! where'er she treads,
Soft cow slips lift their velvet heads,
With snow-drops white, and vi'le a blue,
And slow'rs of every leaf and hue.

Hail! smiling season, woo'd by thee,
Town has no longer charms for me;
Sated with folly, smoak, and noise,
I pant for calmer, purer joys,
Lead me, some sural genius, where,
The wanton, cool, and balmy air,
Fresh breathing from hill, mead and grove,
Inspires sessiony and love.

Thrice happy man, whose friendly fate, Affords a pleasant country feat; Secure retirement, and defence, From bus'ness, and impertinence, There, he may firetch beneath the shade, For ease and contemplation made, And, neither spy nor whisp'rer near, Enjoy the beauties of the year.

Ev'RY nymph and shepherd, bring
Tributes to the queen of May;
Rifle for her brows the spring;
Make her as the season gay,
Make her as the season gay.
Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,
How to use the seeting hour;
Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,
How to use the seeting hour.

Now the fair Narcissus blows,
With his sweetness now delights;
By his side, the maiden rose
With her artless blush invites,
With her, &c.
Such, so seageant, and so gay,
Is the blooming queen of May;
Such, so fragrant, &c.

Soon the fair Narcissas dies,
Soon he droops his languid head;
From the rose her purple flies,
None inviting to her bed,
None, Sc.
Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,
Soon shall be the queen of May;
Such, tho' now, Sc.

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Tho' thou art a rural queen,
By the suffrage of the swains,
Beauty, like the vernal green,
In thy shrine not long remains,
In thy, &c.
Bless, then, quickly bless the youth,
Who deserves thy love and truth;
Bless, then, quickly bless the youth,
Who deserves, &c.

HAPPY hours all hours excelling,
When retir'd from crowds and noise,
Happy is that filent dwelling,
Fill'd with felf-possessing joys.
Happy is that contented creature,

Who with fewest things is pleas'd,
And consults the voice of nature,
When of roving fancy's eas'd.
Every passion wisely moving,
Just as reason turns the seale,
Every state of life improving.
That no anxious thoughts prevail.

Happy man who thus possesses, Life with some companion dear; Joy imparted still increases, Griefs when told soon disappear.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A sew paternal acres bound,
Content to breath his native air
In his own ground;

Whose herds with milk, whose field with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

B'es'd, who can unconcern'dly find Hours, days, and years, flide foft away, In health of body, peace of mind, Quiet by day.

Sound fleep by night, fludy and eafe.

Together mix'd, fweet recreation,
And innocence, which most doth please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unfeen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

AWAKE my charmer, my Rofalind wake,
Thy shepherd, thy Paridel's here;
Come shake off thy slumber, thou queen of my heart.
And let me thy beauties severe:
Thy dearest companions of mirth are all up,
Lo! yonder they trip o'er the plain;
Oh! come, or they'll chide the neglect of thy vow,

And never believe thee again.

Oh! come, while the birds are all whiftling around, And teaching fost echo to fing:

While morning profuse of unparallel'd sweets,

Drops spice on the zephyr's wing:

Oh! now, while the sun at thy window peeps in,

And shoots his bold rays at thine eyes;

Oh! now, while thy shepherd, thy Paridel's here,

Arise, my dear Rosalind, rise.

As Amoret and Phillis fat
One evening on the plain,
And faw the charming Strephon wait
To tell the nymph his pain;
The threat ning danger to remove,
He whifper'd in her ear,
Ah! Phillis, if you would not love
The shepherd, do not hear.
None ever had so strange an art,

His passion to convey Into a tist'ning virgin' heart, And seal her soul away :

d,

Fly, fly, betimes, for fear you give Occasion for your fate, In vain, faid the, in vain I thrive, Alas! 'tis now too la e.

AGAIN the balmy zepnyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his no es to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And fhun the noon-ride heat;
My fhrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

He e freely hop from spray to spray, Or weave the mostly nest; Here rove and sing the live long day, At night here sweetly test.

Amidft this cool tra flucent rill,

That trickle down the glade,
Here bathe your p umes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone, E'er shews his ruddy face, Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone, In this sequester'd p'ace.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
Secure the linnet sings
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

You diffant woods among.

And round my friendly grotto chaunt
Thy fwee ly plantive long.

Let not the harmless red-breast fear, Domestic bird, to come And seek a sure asylum here, With one that loves his home.

Ay trees for you, ye artless tribe, Shall store of fruit preserve; th, let me thus your friendship bribe? Come feed without reserve. For you these chearies I protect,

To you these plumbs belong;

Sweet is the fruit that you have picked,

But sweeter far your song.

Let, then, this league betwixt us made, Our mutual interests guard; Mine be the gift of fruit and shades, Your songabe my reward.

AWAKE, my fair, the morning springs, The dew-drops glance around, The heifer lows, the black-bird fings, The echoing vales resound.

The fimple is gets would Stella tafte,
That breathing morning yields,
The fragrance of the flow ry wafte,
And freshness of the fields!

By uplands, and the green wood fide, We'll take our early way, And view the vally spreading wide, And op'ning with the day.

Nor uninflustive shall the scene
Unfold it's charms in vain,
The follow brown, the meadow green,
The mountain and the plain.

Each dew-drop glift'ning on the thorn,
And trembling to it's fall,
Each blush that paint the cheek of morn,
In fancy's ear shall call:

O ye in youth and beauty's pride,"
Who lightly dance along;
While laughter frolics at your fide,
And rapture tunes your fong;

What though each grace around you play,
Each beauty bloom for you,
Warm as the blush of rising day,
And sparkling as the dew;

The blush that glows so gaily now,
But glows to disappear,
And quiv'ring from the bending bough,
Soon breaks the pearly tear!

So pais the beauties of your prime, That e'en in blooming die; So, fhrinking at the blaft of time, The treach your graces fly.

Let those, my Stella, flight the firain, Who fear to find it true! Each fair of transient beauty vain,

And youth as transfent too!

With charms that win beyond the fight,
And hold the willing heart,
My Stella shall await their flight,
Nor sigh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind, And beauties still controll; The graces of the polish a mind, And beauties of the foul.

AH! whither, alas! shall I fly?
What clime shall I feek for relief?
Since Phillis no longer is nigh,
O! how shall I smother my grief?
The sweetest, the fairest was she,
So sweetly she tript o'er the plain;
But now she ne'er smiles upon me,
She's saithless—and false th her swain.

With Strephon she's gone far away,
With him is contented and high;
While I am distracted all day,
And ruin'd for want of my rest.
No heed can I take of my sheep,
They ramble and roam as they please,
For I can do nothing but weep,
Till Phillis my forrows appearse.

Dear nymph, hear thy thepherd complained.
Return and subdue allows care;
No longer togenent me with pain,
Nor drive me thus into despair:
Thy charms ever shall be my pride,
Thy smiles I will ever admire,
Then deign for to be but my bride,
And saussy all my defire.

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ALL nature loks gay,
While birds on each spray
Re-echo sweet harmony round;
The lily and rose
Their beauties disclose,
And daisies enamel the ground.

The meadows look green,
No forrows are teen,
Each garden's enraptur'd with joy;
Bright murmuring rills,
That circle the hills,
Yield pleafures that never can cloy.

The fnowy-fleec'd lambs,
Befide of their dams,
Pass merrily all the glad day;
While husbandmen sweat,
By the wonderful heat
Of Phæbus's powerful ray.

And tho' the spring's fled,
We've summer instead,
With charms that enliven the soul:
So nothing but mirth
Inhabits our earth,
From latitude—nought, to the pole.

As Jamie gay, gang'd blicke his way,
Along the banks of Tweed,
A bonny lass, as ever was,
Came ripping o'er the mead:
The hearty swain, untaught to seign,
The buxom nymph survey'd:
And full of glee, as lad could be,
Bespake the pretty maid.

Dear laffy, tell, why by thine fel
Thou haftily wand'reft here?
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
Canst tell me, laddy, where?
To town ise hie, he made reply,
Some muckle sport to see;
But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
Ife seek the ewes with thee.

She gin her hand, nor made a fland,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went:
The birds fang fweet the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
(The zenith of his pow'r)
When to a shade their steps they made,
To pass the mid-d-y hour:
The bonny lad raw'd in his plaid
The lass who scorn'd to frown;
She soon so got the ewes the saught,
And he to gang to town.

As Damon late, within the grove,
Bemoan'd his too fuccefeless love,
And eas'd (revir'd) his fecret pain,
The god of love, who wander'd near,
Chanc'd his complaint to overhear,
And thus address'd the swain:

Rife, filly shepherd, rife, (he cry'd;)
It seems you're easily deny'd,
Because the charming nymph is coy:
The tongue may learn to speak with art;
But would you know the fair-one's heart,
Consult it in her eve!

'Tis in that mirror of her foul,
The secrets of her bosom roll,
Reveal'd, without disguise, to view;
For, Damon, take it for a tru h,
You only are the favour'd youth,
And Lydia loves but you!

No more my altars then upbraid,
Nor thus invoke my need es aid!
Since faithful I have done my part:
Thy own perform with like address,
She soon shall yield, thy arms to bless,
And give thee all her heart!
A a

So spoke, sincere, the friendly god.
When streight along the flow'ry road,
The nymph with larguid beauty mov'd;
The swain with joy the moment feiz'd,
She heard his tender vows well pleas'd,
And all his wish approv'd.

With grateful pride, and gladsome air,
To Hymen's shrine he led the fair!
And made the lasting bliss secure.
Let maids no more false coldness feign,
Let faithful swains no more complain,
But boldly ask a cure!

20

As passing by a shady grove,

I heard a linnet sing,

Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love
Proclaim'd the chearful spring.

His pretty accents feem'd to flow
As if he knew no pain;
His downy threat he tun'd fo fweet,
It echo'd o'er the plain.

Ah! happy warbler, (I reply'd,)
Contented thus to be;
'Tis only harmony and love
Can be compar'd to thee;

Thus perch'd upon the spray ye stand,
The monarch of the shade;
And even sip ambrosial sweets,

That glow from ev'ry g'ade.

Did man posses but half thy blis, How joyful might he be! But man was never form'd for this, 'Tis only joy for thee.

Then farewel, pretty bird, (I faid,)
Pursue thy plaintive tale,
And let thy timeful accepts spread
All o'er the fragrant vale.

AT noon, on a fultry fummer's day,
The brighter lady of the May,

Young Chloris, innocent and gay, Sat knotting in a shade.

Each flender finger play'd it's part
With fuch activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite swain by chance came by, He saw no anger in her eye; Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh, She would have seem'd asraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twifted ball:
But ftraight gave Strepbon such a call,
As wou'd have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is't none but thee With innocence I dare be free: By so much truth and modesty No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy head upon my fap,
While thy fweet cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'ft fecurely take a nap:
When he, poor fool! obey'd.

She faw him yawn, and heard him fnore; And found him fast asleep all o'er: She figh'd, and could endure no more, But starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be;
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll trust thee with my slocks, not me:
Pursue thy grazing trade.

Go, milk thy goats, and fhear thy freep, And watch all night thy flocks to keep; Thou fhalt no more be lull'd affeep By me, mistaken maid.

As on a fummer's day,
In the green-wood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fanty mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

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And as the pasted by, With a scornful glance of her eye, What a shame, quoth she, For a swain must it be, Like a lazy loon for to lie!

And doft thou nothing heed What Pan, our god, has decreed;

What a prize to-day Shall be given away To the sweeteft shepherd's reed?

There's not a fingle fwain Of all this fruitful plain, But with hopes and fears, Now bufily prepares The bonny boon to gain. Shall another maiden shine

In brighter array than thine? Up, up, dull fwain, Tune thy pipe once again,

And make the garland mine. Alas! my love, I cried,

What avails this courtly pride? Since thy dear defert Is written in my heart, What is all the world befide?

To me thou art more gav. In this homely ruffet grey,

Than the nymph of our green, So trim and fo fheen. Or the brightest queen of May.

What tho' my fortune frown. And deny thee a filken gown ?

My own dear maid, Be content with this shade, And a shepherd all thy own.

ARISE sweet messenger of morn, With thy mild beams our fkies adorn; For long as shepherds pipe and play, This, this, shall be a holiday.

See! morn appears; a roly hue Steales foft o'er yonder orient blue ; Soon let us meet in trim array, And frolic out this holiday.

AS the plowman homeward goes, Plodding to the hamlet bound, Giant-like his fhadow grows, Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

The fleer along the meadow flrays Now the fugrow'd talk is done; And village windows blaze, Gliff'ning to the fetting fun.

Mark him from behind the hill, Streak the purple painted fky : Can the pencil's mimic fkill Copy the refulgent dye?

Where the rifing forest spreads Round the time-decaying dome; To their high-built airy beds, See the rooks returning home !

As the lark with vary'd tune, Carols to the ev'ning loud, Mark the mild, resplendent moon, Breaking through a parted cloud!

Tripping through the filken grafs, O'er the path-divided dale, See the role-complection'd lass With the well pois'd milking pail,

Linnets with unnumber'd notes. And the cuckow bird with two. Tuning fweet their mellow throats, Bids the fitting fun adieu.

BENEATH a cooling shade Young Strephon fought relief: The flow'rs around his head Pin'd, conscious of his grief.

Pond.

Fond, foolish wretch, (he cry'd)
I love and yet despair;
Pursue, tho' still deny'd
By the cool, cruel fair.

The courtier asks a place;
The sailor tempts the sea;
The miser begs increase;
Love only governs me.

Not honour, wealth, or fame, Can like fost transports move: On earth 'tis blis supreme, And he v'n is but to love.

BENEATH a bower of blooming May, Young Damon all complaining lay,
Of Chloe's cold distain;
In vain the flowers adorn'd the mead,
Neglected lay his crook and reed;
His flocks forsake the plain.

Whither, he cries, ye happy hours,
That gaily frolic'd round these bowers,
Ah! whither take your flight?
Will Chloe deign no more to hear
The ardent vows, the sighs sincere?
That gave so much delight.

Ye rapt'rous joys, that fir'd my breaft,
When by no jealous fear oppress'd,
Of happier tival's claim;
Where are ye fled! for ever gone,
Tho' ardours in my bosom burn;
My passion still the same.

The modest blush, the down-cast look,
Whene'er I of my passion spoke,
Did ev'ry fear annoy;
Chearful I tun'd my pipe all day,
My slocks delighted, sought their play;
All nature smil d with joy.

Despair now only racks my mind, My Chloe now no more is kind, But slights my ardent vows: The smiles she once bestow'd on me, The vows, that constant she would be, On Colin now bestows.

Careful I'll shun my fellow swains;
Their youthful sports, their rural games,
Can yield delight no more:
Retired to the shady grove,
That has my artless tales of love,
So often echo'd o'er;

(But now the fad reverse must know, And only echo to my woe, Since Chloe's prov'd untrue;) lone I'll seek the once-bles'd shade, Where arm in arm we oft have stray'd, Till death my pains subdue.

BLOW, ye bleak winds, around my head,
And footh my heart-corroding care,
Flash round my brows, ye lightnings red,
And blast the laurels planted there!
But may the maid, where'er she be,
Think not of my diffress nor me.

May all the traces of our love

Be ever blotted from her mind;

May from her breaft my vows remove,

And no remembrance leave behind!

But may the maid, &c.

Oh! may I ne'er behold her more,
For she has robb'd my soul of rest,
Wisdom's affistance is too poor
To calm the tempest in my breast!
But may the maid, &c.

Come, death! O come, thou friendly fleep,
And with my forrows lay me low;
And should the gentle virgin weep,
Nor sharp, nor lasting be her woe:
But may she think, where er she be,
No more of my distress nor me.

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COME, thou queen of penfive air, . In thy fable footed car, By two mournful turtles drawn; Let me meet thee on you lawn. With decent veftments wrapt around, And thy brows with cypress bound ! Quickly come, thou fober dame, And thy musing poet claim. Bear me where thou lov'ft to rove, In the deep, dark, folemn grove; Where on banks of velvet green, Peace with filence ftill is feen; And leifure at the fultry noon On flow'ry carpet flings him down, There, fweet queen I I'll fing thy pleafures In enthusiaftic measures. And found thy praifes thro' the vale. Responsive to the hollow gale; The murm'ring rills shall spread it round,

COME haste thee, my Phillis, I pray,
And let us repair to the grove;
Where nightingales, chearful and gay,
Attune their sweet accents of love s
So soft is the sound of their song,
'Twill surely delight you, my fair;
Then haste thee, dear charmer, along,
And straight to the grove let's repair.
For something I have to impart,

And grottos the wild notes rebound.

For fomething I have to impart,
That labours quite hard in my breaft;
So ardent and flerce is the fmart,
It tobs me of peace and of reft:
'Tis love, that fond passion, I sware,
By all that is honest and true;
And thou are the fource of my care,
I sigh and I languish for you.

Then come, dearest Phillis, I pray,
And ease all your Doriland's pain;
Ah! let him be chearful and gay,
Nor longer implore you in vain.

OME.

But let honest freedom invite,
For virtue's the path I pursue;
And may happiness ever unite
With those that are constant and true,

FILL, O goddess! fill my breast;
Rise on brightest colours drest,
And with thy image make me blest:
Fairest of celestial birth,
Enliv'ner of the sons of earth,
Source of slowing joy and mirth,
Enraptur'd let me hear the song,
Warbi'd from thy syren tongue;
Painting pleasure ever young.
Soul of bliss! O deign to smile;
Thou can'st sable cares beguile,
And vanquish misery and toil.

When disappointment hovers round, When malice vents the poison'd sound, Erect thy crest, and heal my wound.

Tis thine, to chear the face of woe, To bid the tears forget to flow, And, bluft'ring adverse blafts to blow.

When ill-requited lovers pour Their wailing to the midnight hour, Thy balm is prevalent to cure.

Tho' Chloe fairer than the fkies, With angry frowns should meet our fighs, Thou canst insure us half our prize.

O come, bright Hope! possess my soul; For every reign without controll.

And animate and warm the whole.

Devoid of thee, all teems with gloom; Tis thou that giv'ft to bear each doom, In hoary age, and youth's gay bloom.

With thee on wings sublime we foar, To seek th' irremeable shore; And dare futurity explore.

Aaz

YE shepherds to chearful and gay, Whofe flocks never carelefsly roam; Should Corydon's happen to fliay, Oh! call the poor wanderers home. Allow me to mufe and to figh, Nor talk of the change that ye find; None once was fo watchful as 1: I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have frove With the torture of doubt and defire ; What it is, to admire and to love. And to leave her we love and admire, Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn. And the damps of each ev'ning repel; Alas! I am faint and forlorn: I have bade my dear Phillis farewel.

Since Phillis vouchfaf'd me a look, I never once dreamt of my vine; May I lose both my pipe and my crook, If I knew of a kid that was mine. I priz'd every hour that went by, Beyond all that had pleas'd me before: But now they are paft, and I figh; And I grieve that I priz'd 'em no more.

But why do I langnish in vain; Why wander thus penfively here? Oh! why did I come from the plain, Where I fed on the imiles of my dear? They tell me, my favourite maid, The pride of that valley, is flown; Alas! where with her I have fray'd. I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego, What anguish I felt at my heart! Yet I thought, but it might not be fo. 'Twas with pain that she faw me depart. She gaz d as I flowly withdrew; The path Icould hardly difcern; So iweetly the bade me'adieu, I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day, To vifit some far-diffant fhrine, If he bear but a relique away, Is happy, nor heard to repine. Thus widely remov'd from the fair, Where my vows, my devotion, I owe, Soft hope is the reliek I bear, And my folace wherever I go.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees, Whose murmur invites one to fleep? My grottos are thaded with trees, And my hills are white over with sheep. I seldom have met with with a loss, Such a health do my fountains bestow; My fountains ail border'd with moss, Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there feen, But with tendrils of woodbine is bound; Not a beech's more beautiful green, But a sweet-briar entwines it around. Not my fields, in the prime of the year, More charms than my cattle unfold: Not a brook that is limpid and clear, But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think the might like to retire To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear; Not a shrub that I heard her admire, But I hafted and planted it there. Oh how fudden the jeffamine ftrove With the lilack to render it gay! Already it calls for my love, To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves, What firams of wild melody flow? How the nightingales warble their loves From thickets of roles that blow! And when her bright form shall appear, Each bird fhall harmoniquely join In a concert fo foft and fo clear, As may not be fond to refign.

I ha

I have found out a gift for my fair; I have found where the wood-pigeons breed: But let me that plunder forbear.

She will fay 'twas a barbarous deed: For te ne'er could be true fhe averr'd, Who could rob a poor bird of its young: And I lov'd her the more, when I heard Such tenderness fails from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold How that pity was due to a dove; That it ever attended the bold, And the call'd it the fifter of love: But her words fuch a pleasure convey, So much her fweet accents adore, Let her speak, and whatever the fay, Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain Unmov'd when her Corydon fighs! Will a nymph that is fond of the plain, These plains and this valley despise? Dear regions of filence and thade! Soft scenes of contentment and ease! Where I could have pleafingly ftray'd, If ought, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phillida ftray? And where are her grots and her bow'rs? Are the groves and the valleys as gay, And the shepherds as gentle as ours? The groves may perhaps be as fair, And the face of the valleys as fine; The fwains may in manners compare, But their love is not equal to mine.

W HY will you my paffion reprove? Why term it a folly to grieve? Ere I shew you the charms of my love, She is fairer than you can believe. With her mien the enamours the brave; With her wit she engages the free; With her modefty pleases the brave; She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

I ha

O you that have been of her train. Come and join in my amorous lays; could lay down my life for the Swain That will fing but a fong in her praise. When he fings, may the nymphs of the town Come trooping, and liften the while; Nay on him let not Pbillida frown; But I cannot allow her to imile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance Any favour with Phillis to find. O how, with one trivial glance, Might she ruin the peace of my mind! In ringlets the dreffes his hair, And his crook is bestudded around; And his pipe—oh may Phillis beware Of a magic there is in the found.

Tis his in mock passion to glow; 'Tis his in fmooth tales to unfold, How her face is as bright as the fnow, And her bosom, be fure, is as cold: How the nightingales labour the strain, With the notes of his charmer to vie; How they vary their accents in vain, Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays, And pillages every fweet; Then, fuiting the wreath to his lays, He throws it at Phillis's feet. O Phillis, he whifpers, more fair, More sweet than the jeffamin's flow'r! What are pinks, in a morn, to compare? What is eglantine, after a show'r?

Then the lily no longer is white; Then the role is depriv'd of its bloom; Then the violets die with despite, And the woodbines give up their perfume, Thus glide the foft numbers along, And he fancies no fhepherd his peer; Yet I never should envy the song,

Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound, So Phillis the trophy despile; Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd, So they shine not in Phillis's eyes. The language that flows from the heart Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue; Yet may she beware of his art, Or sure I must envy the fong.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do, but to stray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair and my passion begun;
She smil'd, and I could not but love;
She is faithlese, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps is was plain to foreier,
That a nymph fo compleat would be fought,
By a fwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can infpire:
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admise
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose,
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The fweets of a dew-sprinled role,
The sound of a murmuring stream.
The peace which from solitude stows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such desight,
As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods, fpread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I sty;
I would hide with the beasts of the chace;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How he smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was saithless, and I am undone!

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray,
And slocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heat of day;

When from a hazel's artless bower
Soft warbled Strepbon's tongue;
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

Les fops with fickle falshood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove:

But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Espan's dale:
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank, the maid Diffus'd her lovely beams; And every fining glance display'd The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
That float on Auon's tide;
Bright as the water lily sprung
And glittering nearits fide.

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Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom,

Her eye all mild to view;

The little halcyon's asure plume

Was never half so blue.

Her sh ape was like the reed, so sleek, So taper, strait, and fair; Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek, How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd

This peerless bud I found,

And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd

To sence her heauties round.

That nature in so lone dell
Should form a nymph so sweet!
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring seet!

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride, But the would ne'er incline; Prove to your equals true, the cry'd, As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth
I class d the constant fair;
To her alone I give my youth,
And yow my, future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove, Or I these charms forego, The stream that saw our tender love, That stream shall cease to slow.

COME, the pherds, we'll follow the hearfe,
And fee our lov'd Corydon laid:
Tho' forrow may blemith the verfe,
Yet let the fad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain:
In truth, he was gentle and kind;
He mark'a in his elegant firain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted you trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure sha'l cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring,
Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equal'd his song?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's stute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

THE virgin when fosten'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows,
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above;
We shephesds who dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.
From the west as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zepbyr caresses the pine.
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine:
The pinks by the rivulet's side,
That borders the vernal alcove;
Bend downwards to kiss the soft tide,

For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
If the lark and the linnet now fing,
Their mutic is taught them by May:
The flock-dove reclufe with her mate,
Conceals her fond blift in the grove;
And murmuring fleems to repeat,
That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
Ye virgins be sportive and gay;
Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds, in tune,
For music must welcome the day:
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove;
Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find,
That May is the mother of love.

FOR fafety, my flocks, feek the plain,
Shun the woods, lest the wolf should pursue,
I think of nought but Celemens,
I cannot give one thought to you.

Ah me! so extreme's my despair, My charge I no longer can keep; Of myself I cannot take care, How can I take care of my sheep?

Secure, though you range o'er the green, No refuge I find from my pain; The cruel, unkind Celamene Pursues me throughout with distain.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and As wilder'd and wearied I roam, [bare, A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair, And leads me o'er lawns to my home: [crown'd, Yellow sheaves from rich Geres her cottage had Green rushes were strew'd on the floor; Her casement sweet wood hines crapt wantonly round And deck'd the fod seats at her door.

We fat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cult'd me the best,
Whilst thrown off my guard by some glances she cast,
Love Si y stole into my breast,

I told my fost wishes, she sweetly seply'd,
(Ye virgins, her choice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,

And if on the banks, by the stream. Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep, Her image still sostens my dream.

Together we range o'er the flow rifing hills,

Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And mark out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;

The cottager Peace is well known for her fire, And shepherds have nam'd her-Content.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream
A shepherd for saken was laid;
And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head:
The wind, that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sighdid reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! filly swain that I was,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd;
When first I behald that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk d, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smis'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sunga.
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How feelish was I to believe

How foolish was I to believe

She could doat on fo lowly a clown;

Or that her fond heart would not grieve

To forsake the fine folks of the town!

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To think that a beauty fo gay
So kind and fo constant would prove,
To be clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love!
What tho' I have skill to complain,
Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd?
What tho' when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy tair one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who forrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid:
Tho' through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If, whilft my hard fate I fuftain,
In her breaft and pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And fee me laid low in the ground;
The laft humble boon that I crave,
Is to fhade me with cyprefs and yew;
And when she looks down on the grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at e'ery fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
Whilst Colin, torgotten and gone,
No more shall be heard of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green.

3

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
. With arms acros, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind:
the tuneful pipe all broken lay,
looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
My Chice is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceafe your firains;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why should you your song soebear?
Your mates delight your song to hear,
But Chloe mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy flood.

Dejected as the lonely dove,

Sweet founds broke gently through the wood.

I feel the found; my heart-tirings move:

'Twas not the nightingale that fung;

No, 'tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue,

Hark, hark, what says my love!

How foolish is the nymph, she cries, Who trifles with her lover's pain! Nature still speaks in woman's eyes, Our artful lips were made to feign. O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,' Twas not my heart thy love deny'd, Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he feiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
And hasty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone; thou simple swain,
Then had'st thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

'lis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That fwell'd thy lip and rofy cheek;
Think not thy skill in long defam'd,
That lip should other ple sures seek.
Much, much thy music I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Nuch more to hear thee speak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis I fear is ever gone;
Lait night with Delia's dog he play'd,
Love, by fuch trifles first comes on.
Nwo now, dear shepherd, come away,
Mytongue would now my heart obey,
Ah'Coloe, thou art won!

That

The youth step?'d forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing Chloe lay;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her lace,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
At last in broken words, the cry'd,
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
Byt I am lost to-day!

The defening shepherd. Pair

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
Their tural sports and jocund strains;
Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow!
He lost his crook, he lest his slocks,
And wandering thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymehs and shepherds round him came, His grief some pity, others blame,

The fatal cause all kindly seek; He mingled his concern with theirs, He gave them back their friendly tears, He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda came amongst the rest, And she too kind concern exprest

And ask'd the reason of his woe; She ask'd, but with an air and mien I hat made it easily foreseen She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he faid,
While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,

But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain,
You are the cause of all my care;
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand tormenta vex my heart,
I love and I despair.

Too much Alexis have I heard,
'Tis what I thought. 'tis what I fear'd,
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd;
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain;
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

Said on the banks by the fiream
I've pip'd for the fhepherds too long:
Oh grant me. ye muses, a theme,
Where glory may brighten my song!
But Pan bids me stick to my strain,
Nor lessons too losty rehears;
Ambition besits not a swain,
And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,
Looks saded to Phillis's bloom;
And the breeze from the bean-slower bed
To her breath's but a feeble persume:
The dew drop so limpid and gay,
That loose on the violet lies,
Tho' brighten'd by Phæbus's ray,
Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride
Its fairness with her's to compare;
And foolishly thought (till I cry'd)
The flow'ret was equally fair.
How, Corydon, could you mistake?
Your fault be with forrow confest;
You said the white swans on the lake
For softness might rival her breast.

While thus I went on in her praife,
My Phillis pass'd sportive along:
Ye poets, I covet no bays,
She smil'd—a reward for my song!
I find the god Pan's in the right,
No same's like the sair one's applause!
And Cupid must crown with delight
The shepherd that sings in his cause.

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FAREWEL, ye love-enchanting shades,
And ev'ry vernal grove;
Adieu, ye moss, woods and glades,
Your paths no more I rove!

No orient blushes now arise,
To tinge the spangled dawn;
No soaring pinions reach the skies,
To hail the infant dawn.

The shepherd now his crook forsakes,
His pipes and sleecy care;
No mattins warble from the brakes,
Or rend the gloomy air.

Fair Phillis, hear the direful truth,
To natures laws attend;
Triumph not o'er thy gen'rous youth,
Or mourn the fatal end.

Depend not on thy fading charms,
Or their united pow'r;
Resign them to Amintor's arms,
And bless the happy hour.

Then shall life's spring glide on serene, Nor ruffling tempests reign; So shall you prove love's happy queen, And bless a faithful swain.

FLOW, murm'ring river, flow;
Whilst on thy borders grow
Gay Flora's richest pride:
And since thy bounty teeds
The neighb'ring verdant meads,
In ceaseless trinklings glide.

Upon the whisp'ring stream,
May faithful lovers dream,
Whilst sings the humming-bee;
Or let th' impassion'd swain
Most sweetly there complain,
Or pipe in tuneful glee.

Upon thy banks I'll fray,
To lull my cares away,
There shun the noontide beam:

WEL

Fair quiet here I find, This toothes my thoughtful mind; I thank thee, gentle stream.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close to a grove,
To hide from the heat of the day;
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the sweet violets lay:
A young lambkin, it seems, had been stole from it's

A voung lambkin, it feems, had been stole from it's ('Twix Cupid and Hymen a plot) [dam, That Corydonnight, as he fearch d for his lamb, Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps
He faw the fair nymph with surprize;
Ye gods, if so killing, he cry d, while she sleeps,
I'm lost if she opens her eyes;

To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I'll homeward my lambkin to trace.
But in vain honest Corydon strove to depart,

But in vain honest Corydon strove to depart For love held him fast to the place.

Cease, cease, pretty birds, what a chirping you keep, I think you too loud on the spray;

Don't you fee, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep, You li wake her as fure as 'tis day.

How dare that fond butterfly touch the fweet maid ! Her cheeks he missakes for the rose:

I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid My boldness would break her repose.

Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile, Kind shepherd, said she, you mistake;

I laid myfelf down for to reft me awhile, But truft me I've long been awake.

The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow, He plac'd himself down by her side;

And manag'd the matter, I cannot rell how, But yesterday made her his bride.

HAIL, young spring, the earth adorning,
Drive old winter far away;
Call the rosy-singer'd morning,
Deck the sun in radiance gay,

Bb

Flora,

Flora, bring thy sweetest treasure; Zephyrs, wast thy sofiest gale; Chant, ye birds, the song of pleasure; Echo, tell it thro' the vale.

Leafless, tuneless, unendearing,
Mourn'd the long-deserted grove;
But, sweet spring, at thy appearing,
All is harmony and love.

How sweet the freshing gales of spring!

Each blushing morn how gay!

The tuneful lark begins to sing,

As soon as dawn of day.

Then next Aurora's golden ray
Comes glancing o'er the plains;
To hail the warblers plaintive lay,
And rouze the flurdy swains;

Who from their cots to toil repair, Regardless of all firife; Unknowing, and unknown to care, Is fure the shepherds life.

He toils, he carols, all the day;
At eve, then home he bends;
Charm'd with the birds on every spray,
As to his cottage tends.

His cottage teems with infants dear,
That's who'esome, clean, and near;
His wife—his bed—his all is there,
To make his joys compleat.

With these he sits a welcome guest, So happy and so gay; Till twilight points the hour of rest, They then it's call obey.

HAIL, then fource of thought divine!
Award folitude be mine:
Let me, from the world feeluded,
By no glitt'ring joys deluded,
Earthly pleasures all despise,
Hoping for eternal joys.

Let me wander o'er the plaine,
Where perpetual fi'ence reigns;
Whilft I, at the c'ose of even,
View the blue bespangl'd heav'n;
Let me then my God adore,
Mark his works, and own his pow'rs

When the blushing morn has spread Dewy fragrance o'er the mead; When the newly-risen sun Has his daily task begun, Teach me then, in tuneful lays, To chant my great Creator's proise.

When my peaceful life is spent, Free from care and discontent, Let me, O my God! when thou Call'st me from this world below, With hope of heav'nly pleasures blest, In gentle slumbers tank to rest.

HAVE ye seen the morning sky, When the dawn prevails on high, When, anon, some purple ray, G ves a sample of the day; When, anon, the lark on wing, Strives to soar, and strains to sing?

Have ye feen th' ethereal blue,
Gently shedding fiver dew,
Spangling o'er the filent green,
While the nightingale, unsten,
so the moon and stars full bright,
Lonesome chants the hymn of night?
Have ye feen the broider'd May,
A'l her scented blooms display,
Breezes opening every hour,
This and that expecting flower,
While he mingling bods protong,
From each both, the vernal song?

Have ye leen the damask rose Her unfully'd blush disclose; Or the lily's dewy bell, in her glossy white excel; Judg Sinc Sinc To : HA Flow See :

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Or a garden wary'd o'er With a thousand glories more?

By the beauties these display,
Morning, evening, night, or day;
By the ideasures these excite,
Endless sources of delight!
Judge by them the joys I find,
Since my Rosalind was kind;
Since she did herself resign
To my yows, for ever mine.

HARK! the birds begin their lay, Flowrets deck the robe of May: See the little lambkins bound, Playful, o'er the clover-ground; While the heifers sportive low Where the yellow cowslips blow.

Now the nymphs and swains advance O'er the lawn in perfect dance; Garlands from the hawthorn bough Grace the happy shepherd's brow; While the lasses, in array, Wait upon the queen of May.

Innotence, content and love,
Fill the meadows and the grove;
Mirth that never wears a frown,
Health with sweetness all her own;
Labour puts on pleasure's smile,
And pale care forgets his toil.

Ah! what pleasures shepherds know! Monarchs cannot such bestow; Love improves each happy hour, Grandeur has not such in store.

Learn, ambition, learn from hence, Happiness is innocence.

ANTHE the lovely, the joy of the plain,
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;
She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair;
Their pleasure was equal, and equal their care;
No time or enjoyment their dotage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain:
Some envy'd the nymph; but more envy'd the swain, some swore 'twou'd be pity their loves to invade;
That the lovers alone for each other were made:
But all, all consented that none ever knew
A nymph yet so kind, or a shepherd so true.
Love saw them with pleasure, and vow'd to take care
Of the faithful the tender, the innocent pair:
What either did want he bid either to move;
But they wanted nothing but ever to love: [do,
Said 'twas all that to please them his god-head could
That they still might be kind, and still might be true.

IMMORTAL powers, convey me where No tumultuous throngs appear; Far from flatt'ry, far from care, Let me breathe the rural air.

Bear me to some shady grove, Blest retreat of peace and love; Where, secure, the warbling choir From the busy world retire.

Where nature's beauties deck the ground, Thousand beauteous flowers abound: Still, to make the scene more sair, Let lovely Delia meet me there.

Delia's presence will improve The vernal beauty of the grove; Give each flower a pleasing dye, Brighter azure to the sky.

Venus, to complete my joy, Hither fend thy sportive boy; And, in this propitious hour, Let my Delia own his power.

Roseate health, fair peace, gay pleasure, Happiness, and balmy leisure; When my Delia's heart possessing, Ever biest, and ever biessing.

In the barn the tenant cock, Close to partlet perch'd on high, Brisk'y crows the shepherd's clock!

And proclaims the morning nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows nurs'd by night retire;
And the peeping fun-besm, now,
Paints with gold the village foire.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's fight.

From the clay-built cottage ridge,

See the chatt'ring fwallow fpring;

Darting through the one arch'd bridge,

Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock, See the filver stream distil Sweet refreshment for the flock, When 'tis sun-drove from the hill.

Plowmen for the promis'd corn,
Ripening o'er the banks of Tweed,
Anxious hear the huntiman's horn,
Soften's by the shepherd's reed.

Sweet, oh! sweet, the warbling throng, On the white emblossom'd spray! All in music, mirth and song, At the jocund dawn of days

LET letter'd bards fing lotty ftrains,
Ot Pindus' mount, of Latian plains;
I most delight, at rising day,
Along the Kentish lawns to stray;
There, whilst the birds are wrapt in tune,
To breathe the sweets of rosy June.

Or far about the hills to trace, And fing my country's fertile face; Her p ppin-trees in filver bloom, Her curling hops, her golden broom; Of shelter, where at sultry noon The rustic shuns the heat of June. Of ample orchards, halesome streams, Where sishes sport in sunny beams; Of distant meads, where slocks are seen, Like argent spots on purest green, Where (while he crops the vernal boon) The mower sings of rosy June.

To fing of clover's purple dye, Grateful to the wond'ring eye; Of pea-blown vallies, wheat-clad fields, Brighter scenes than Tempe yields. Ah! how gay, by midnight moon, Are scenes like these in rosy June.

And fill to fing, in Doric strains,
Of low-roof'd cots, where quiet reigns;
Of rustic lads, by honour fram'd,
Of sylvan maids, for beauty fam'd,
Whose loves will never cloy so soon,
But ever last as fresh as June.

And (more than many a realm can boast)
To sing our sea girt happy coast,
Where, big with commerce, ev'ry tide
The sleets of distant nations glide.
To themes like these my flute I tune,
Whilst roses deck the month of June.

LAST Midsummer morn, as I ftray'd thro' the grow Young Dolly I met by the way; I told her, her charms had subdu'd me with love, And caus'd her awhile for to stay.

Silly Damon, she cry'd, what would you be at?
Your fooling give over, I pray;

For all your fond wooing, your cooing and chat, No longer shall make me delay.

Then I press'd her hand close, saying, can you den A sayour so trissing as this?

But still she rejected, and cry'd out, O fye! When I eagerly stole a sweet kiss.

With rapture I gaz'd on her delicate charms, (For I could not refift it, I vow) Then classing her lovingly in my fond arms,

Said she, I must go to my cow.

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Then away o'er the plain together we went,

Till come to a cool river's fide,

Where we tarry'd awhile, till I gain'd her confent

For ever to be my true bride.

Adieu, then ye troubles and plagues of this life,
With Dolly I fure shall be bleft;
For when that kind a rovidence makes her my wife
We'll lull all our cares into rest.

Lo! what dreary, darksome morning, Ushers in the rising day; Plæbus, from the west returning, Dimly gleams a trembling ray.

Now no more the lark, high-foaring, Chaunts her sweetly-thrilling strain; Far away she hastes, exploring Some more hospitable plain.

Flocks of sparrows, pertly hopping, Here and there collect a grain; While the sweet domesfic robin, For the city quits the plain.

Birds of ev'ry fong and pinion, Own flern winter's rigid reign; And for fummer's fost dominion Silent figh, but figh in vain.

Some in pensive notes repining, On the snow-embossed spray, For their absent partners pining, Sigh their little lives away.

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Now no more is heard refounding, Up you cliff, the bufy mill; Winter's trigid arms furrounding, Lock the fweetly-tinkling rill,

Lo! how all our scenes of pleasure, Cloth'd in spotles liveries lie, Where nymphs and swains, in frolick measure, Tript and sung so merrily.

Ah! how oft, at eve, refounding
Mufick flole from yonder hill,
Which (fickly fogs and mifts forrounding)
Now breeds damps and vapours chill,

But hark! in yonder vale, gay moving, Breathes the far-refounding horn; Whilst the jovial sportsmen roving, Hail, with shouts, the rising morn.

NO more the festive train I'll join:
Adieu! ye rural sports, adieu!
For what, alas! have griefs like mine
With pastimes or delights to do!
Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove,
But I am all despair and love.

Ah, well a day! how chang'd am I!
When late I feiz'd the rural reed,
So foft my firains, the herds hard by
Scood gazing, and forgot to feed;
But now my firains no longer move,
They're discord all, despair, and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,
The fairest once upon the lea;
No swain to guide, no dog to keep,
Unshorn'd they stray, nor mark'd by me:
The shepherds moura to see them rove;
They ask the cause, I answer love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes

With tears of anguish to o'e:flow;

Tis that which fill'd my breast with fighs,

And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe;

And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe; Love has occasion'd all my fmart, Difpers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

Now gilded groves, with verdure clad, Reflect bright Piebus' golden beams, While his ce estial glories stame Down the transfucent silver streams,

Lo! as Aurora onward moves,

His fleecy flocks the thepherd swain

Drives from their folds in jovial glee,

And whitens all the verdant plain. In yonder gay, ename.'d mead,

The starling plumes his golden winge, Then tow'ring up the azure height, He mounts sublime and soaring sings.

B b 3

Nymph

Nymph of the wave, sweet Naiad hear, While thy clear water's bank along, With careless steps I pleasing stray, And warble forth my youthful song.

Here could I ever, ever rove,
And quit the world's contentious scene;
What joy, with innocence and truth,
To wrap me in your charming green!
But fate and tortune, adverse, call,
And snatch me to the busy throng;
Adieu, then! rural sweets adieu!
And cease, thou dear, deluding song.

Now the woodland choirifts fing,
Beauty takes her radient sphere,
Love adorns the smiling spring,
Love and beauty gild the year:
Seize the minutes as they fly,
Jocund hours and seftive round;
Innocence, with virgin eye,
Comes with rural chaplets crown'd.

Awful virtue keeps her state
In the cot, or on the throne;
Liberty enjoys her mate,
As fair honour holds the zone:
Love and beauty, on the wing,
Sweep the globe, and conquer all;
Poet, hero, fage, and king,
At their shrine submissive fall.

Where should honour love to dwell,
But in freedom's happy isle?
Virtue here enjoys a cell
More than in a tyrant's smile:
Where should beauty fix her reign,
But on love that pow'r defies?
Innocence shall crown the scene
Where ambition droops and dies.

SEE Nerissa, the young and the fair,
Far away from her Corylas flies,
Though the Zephyrs float fost on the sir,
And mild teatons illumine the skies:

To the haunts of the great ones the ftrays; She despites our meads and our flow'rs; She will liften no more to our lays; She has left the sweet shade of our bow'rs.

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Yet at eve have the nymphs of the plains
Oft join'd our gay dances among,
And the Dryads, in murmuring strains,
Through the woodlands have echo'd our fongs
E'en Pan must have own'd that our verse
Had exceeded the chief of the grove;
E'en with Pan might we dare to rehearse,
When the theme was Nerissa and love.

But alas! till the fair one return,

No foft music shall glad the dull scene;
The nymphs and the Dryads shall mourn,
For their goddess has quitted the green.
But sad Corylas chief shall complain,
By the lark, by the thrush on the spray,
Shall invoke the dear goddess again,
Whose presence enlivers the May.

ON ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each ftream,
Dear confcious scenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme:
The hills, the groves, the ftreams remain,
But Damon there I feek in vain.

Now to the mostly cave I sty,
Where to my cave I oft have sung,
Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
As o'er the airy steep they hung;
The mostly cave, the goats remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling vale I pass,
And sigh to see the well-known shade;
I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
Where love and Damon fondly play'd:
The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

From kill, from dale, each charm is fled, Groves, flocks, and fountains, pleafe no mor Each flow'r in pity droops its head, All nature does my loss deplore: All, all reproach the faithless swain, Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

g

o mon

To sheepshear, my boys! pipe and tabor strike up!
Let's lose not a moment, but put round the cup!
Our wood is all hous'd, and our toil now is o'er;
Our barn is well stock'd, & we'll dance on the stoor.
Come, neighbours! with hearts & with voices in tune
No time's like our festival sheepshear in June;
For only with daylight our frolick shall cease:
Here's liquor and mirth! and success to the sleece!

THE lass of Pattie's mill,
So bonny, blythe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill
Hath stole my heart away:
When tedding of the hay
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth
To press them with his haund:
Thro' all my spirits ran
An extaly of bliss,

When I tuch sweetness fand Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,

She me to love beguil'd, I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I all the wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Infur'd long life and health,
And pleafures at my will
I'd promife and fulfil,

That none but bonny file, The lass of Pattie's mill, Should share the same with me.

YE nymphs of the plain who once faw me fo gay, You ask why in forrow I spend the whole day: 'Tis love, cruel love, that my peace did betray:

Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.
The bloom which once grac'd, has deferted this cheek
My eyes no more sparkle, my tongue can scarce speak
My heart too so flutters, I fear it will break:

Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.
Ye lovers fo true, that attend on my bier,

And think that my fortune has prov'd too fevere; Ah! curb not the figh, nor refuse the kind tear;

Then firew all the place round with willow.

Erect me a tomb, and engrave on its fide,

"Here lies a poor maiden, whose love was denyed;

She firove to endure it, but could not, and dy'd;

Then shade it with cypress and willow.

A Swain of love despairing,
Thus wail'd his cruel sate,
His grief the shepherds sharing,
In circles round him sat:
The nymphs in kind compassion,
The luckless lover mourn'd;
All who had selt love's passion
A sigh for sigh return'd,

O friends! your plaints give over,
Your kind concern forbear,
Should Chloe but discover
For me you've shed a tear,
Her eyes she arm'd with vengeance,
Your friendship soon subdue:
Too late you'd ask forgiveness,
And for her mercy sue.

Her charms such force discover, Resistance is in vain, Spight of yourself you'd love her, And hug the galling chain: Her wit the slame increases, And rivets fast the dart; She has ten thousand graces, And each would gain a hearts

But, oh! one more deferving Has thaw'd her frezen breaft, Her heart for him preferving, She's cold to all the reft: Their love with joy abounding, The thought diffracts my brain. O cruel maid! then fwooning, He fell upon the plain.

- 86 -HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb! Come Lucy, it cries, come away, The grave of thy Colin has room To reft thee beside his cold clay. I come, my dear shepherd, I come; Ye friends and companions adieu; I hafte to my Colin's dark home, To die in his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung When Lucy, fad Lucy arole, And forth to the green turf the fprung, Where Colin's pale ashes repote: All wet with the right's chilling dew. Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground. While formy winds over her blew, And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Coin, the cry'd, How long must thy Lucy complain? How long shall the grave my love hide? How long e'er it join as again? For thee thy fond thepherdels hiv'd, With thee o'er the world would the fly, For thee fhe had forrow'd and griev'd, For thee, would the he down and sie.

Alas! what avails it how dear Thy Lucy was ence to her fwain; Her face like the lly fo fair. And eye that give light to the plain. The shepherd that lov'd her is gone, That face and those eyes charm no more, And Lucy forgot and alone To death that I her Colin deplore.

While thus she lay sunk in despair, And mourn'd to the echo around, Inflam'd all at once grew the air, And thunder shook dreadful the ground \$ I hear the kind call and obey, Ab Colin! re eive me the cry'd: Then breathing a groan o'er his clay, She hung on his tomb flone and dy'd.

- 87 -IN the morn as I walk thro' the mead, And tread on a carpet of green, When I view the sweet flocks as they feed. What equals the beautiful scene: Thro' the groves do I pals with delight, In viewing you ever-green pine; What fenfations I feel at the fight Of a prospect so rural and fine!

Hark! the birds as they perch on the bough With melody pleasing the ear; See the hind from afar with his plough Denoting the time of the year. As I ffray thro' the neighbouring vale, Encompais'd by mountains to high. O, what charms do I find in the dale, By the ffream that runs bubbling by?

At the foot of you focamore tree Sits the shepherd a tuning his reed, While his lambs frolic round him with glee, His sheep a long side of him feed. O'er von beautiful lawn do I tee The hare with timidity fly; How delightful's the music to me Of the echoing dogs in full cry.

But what harmony's that which I hear? ' I is the belis from you neighbouring vill, O, how pleafing the found to my ear By the fide of this murmuring vill. There's no pleasure to me is so sweet As that which the country gives ;

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I am happy, thank God, at my feat, Where rural felicity lives.

WHERE the jessamine sweetens the bow'r,
And cowslips adorn the gay green,
The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
Contribute to brighten the scene;
In a cottage, retir'd, there lives
Young Colin, and Phabe the fair;

Young Colin, and Phabe the fair; The bleffings each other receives,

In mutual enjoyments they share:
And the lads and the lasses that dwell on the plain,
Sing in praise of fair Pbæbe, and Colin her swain.

The sweets of contentment supply
The splendor and grandeur of pride;
No wants can the shepherd annoy,
While blest with his beautiful bride:

He wishes no greater delight

Than to tend on his lambkins by day, And return to his Phæbe at night,

His innocent toil to repay;
And the lads and the laffes that dwell of

And the lads and the laffes that dwell on the plain, Sing in praise of fair Phabe, and Colin her swain.

If delighted her lover appears,

The fair one partakes of his blifs:

If dejected, the foothes all his cares,

And heals all his pains with a kifs:

She despises the artful deceit

I am

That is practis'd in city and court; Thinks happiness no where compleat

But where shepherds and nymphs do resort: And the lads and the lasses they die in despair, Unless they're as kind as Phabe the fair.

Ye youths, who're accustom'd to rove, And each innocent tair-one betray, No longer be faithless in love,

The dictates of honour obey:
Ye nymphs, who with beauty are blefs'd,
With virtue improve ev'ry grace;

The charms of the mind, when posses'd,
Will dignify those of the face;

And ye lads and ye laffer whom Hymen has join'd, like Colin be constant, like Phase be kind.

WHAT shepherd or nymph of the grove
Can blame me for dropping a tear,
Or lamenting, aloud, as I rove,
Since Phabe no longer is here?
My slocks, if at random they stray,
What wonder, if she's from the plains?
Her hand they were wont to obey:
She rul'd both the sheep and the swains,

Can I ever forget how we stray'd

To the foot of you neighbouring hill,

To the bow'r we had built in the shade,

Or the river that runs by the mill?

There, sweet, by my side as she lay,

And heard the fond stories I told,

How sweet was the thrush from the spray,

Or the bleating of lambs from the fold?

How oft' would I fpy out a charm,
Which before had been hid from my view?
And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
My lips to her lips how they grew!
How long the fweet contest would last!
Till the hours of retirement and rest;

What pleasures and pain each had past, Who langest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place, or of time,

I felt when my fair-one was near;
Alike was each weather and clime,
Each feason that checquer'd the year:
In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
Did we melt on the bosom of May;
Each morn brought contentment and ease,
If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask;
She had all the kind gods could impart;
She was nature's most beautiful task,
The despair and the envy of art:

The despair and the envy of art:
There all that is worthy to prize,
In all that was lovely was drest;
For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,
And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

My Colin leaves fair London town,
Its pomp, its pride and noise;
With eager hafte he hies him down,
To taste of rural joys.
Soon as my much-lov'd swain's in sight,
My heart is mad with glee;
I never know such true delight,
As when he comes to me.

How fweet with him all day to rove.

And range the meadows wide!

Not yet less sweet the moon light grove,
All by the river's side.

The grudy seasons pass away,
How swift, when Colin's by!

How swiftly glides the flow'ry May!
How fast the summers fly!

When Colin comes to grace the plains,
An humble crook he bears;
He tends the flock like other swains,
A shepherd quite appears.
All in the verdant month of May,
The rake is all his pride;
He helps to make the new-mown hay,
With Moggy by his side.

Gainst yellow autumn's milder reign,
His fickle he prepares;
He reaps the harvest on the plain,
All pleas'd with rural cares.
With jocund dance the night is crown'd,
When all the toil is o'er,
With him I trip it on the ground,
With bonny swains a score.

When winter's gloomy months prevail.

If Colin is but here,
His jovial laugh and merry tale
To me are muckle cheer.
The folk that chuse in town to dwell
Are from my envy free;
For Moggy loves the plain too well,
And Colin's all to me.

WITH Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads, And haften away to the plain, Where shepherds attend with their reeds, To we!come my love and her fwain. The lark is exalted in air. The linnet fings perch'd on the spray : Our lambs stand in need of our care, Then let us not lengthen delay. What pleasures I feel with my dear, While gamesome young lambs are at sport, Exceed the delights of a peer That shines with such grandeur at court. When Colin and Strepbon go by, They form a difguise for a while; They fee how I'm blefs'd with a figh, But envy forbids them to imile.

Let courtiers of liberty prate,

T'enjoy it take infinite pains;

But liberty's primitive state

Is only enjoy'd on the plains.

With Phillis I rove to and fro,

With her my gay minutes are spent;

'Twas Phillis first taught me to know,

That happiness flows from content.

STREPHON arose at early dawn,
And sought as wont his steepy care;
His steepy care, alas! were gone.
Nor knew the hapless sheaherd where:
In vain each hill, in vain each dale,
Each dell, each break he travers'd round;
Each pathless wood and flow'ry vale,
But not one lambkin could be found.

Cel'a, he cry'd, my flocks are fled
How shall I e'er thy grief assuage?
How shall I cheer thy drooping head,
If poverty should mark my age?
Said she, my love, misfortune's dart
Is pointed, and is spent in vain;
While I possess my shepherd's heart,
I laugh at ills, and smile at pain.

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Tarroz

no' ev'ry lambkin devious stray,
And grace our envious neighbours folds,
aught can my Celia's soul dismay,
While Strephon to her breast she holds:
it he, my warmest thanks, O take,
Hence shalt thou be my only care;
I thy virtues e'er forsake,
May heav'n regardless hear my pray'r.

from thy lovely form mine eyes
Should fwerve but in the least degree;
In dear idea will arife,
And lead the wand'rer back to thee,
It long they liv'd, and long they lov'd,
As oft Iv'e heard the story told;
Ind heav'n their fortitude apprev'd,
And amply fill'd the shepherd's fold.

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HEN fummer comes, the swains on Tweed ings their successful loves; und the ewes and lambkins feed, and music fills the groves: my lov'd fong is then the broom, is fair on Cowden knows; sure so sweet, so fair a bloom, liwhere there never grows.

ne Colin tun'd his oaten reed, and won my yielding heart; hepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed, buld play with half fuch art, lung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde, he hills and dales all round, Leader baughs, and Leader-fide, h! how I bleft the found.

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more delightful is the broom, fair on Cowden knows; fure fo fresh, so bright a broom, sewhere there never grows.

Twiot-braes so green and gay, as with this broom compare; Yarrow banks in slow'ry May, bush a boon Traquar.

More pleasing far are Consider knows,
My peaceful happy home;
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At eve among the broom:
Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
Where Tweed, and Tiviot, flows;
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowden knows.

T'OTHER day, in the strawberry-vale;
When only my Phillis was there,
I begg'd she'd attend to my tale,
I long to unbosom my care.
With smiles, sweet as Flora's in May.
She bid me my pleasures impart.

Your eyes have to en captive my heart.

The dance and the tabor I shun,

No rest on my pillow I find;

Believe me, wherever I run,

Your image kill dwells in my mind.

I faid, (in a faultering way)

O! footh the keen anguish I bear,
I vow'd to be ever sincere:
Her hand she presented to kifs,
And brighten'd her blush with a tear.

And now, if my sheep are seture,

I meet her at eve in the dale.

Where she wishes that slame may endure,
She approv'd in the strawberry-vale.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose, The violet sweet, and lily fair, The dappled pink, and blushing rose, To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchfaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreathe;
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs fhe wore along the day;
And ev'ry numph and the herd faid,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed

Undret

That eye dropt fense distinct and clear,
As any muse's tongue could speak;
When from it's lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Diffembling what I knew too well,

My love, my life, faid I, explain,

This change of humour; prythee, tell,

That failing tear, what does it mean?

She figh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing the lovely moralist said,
See, frieud, in some new fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made!

Ah, me! the blooming pride of May
And that of beauty are but one;
At noon both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at ev'ning, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella dane'd and fung,
The am'rous youth around her bow'd;
At night her faral knell was rung,
I faw, and kifs'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, that dy'd to-day, Such I, alas! may be to-morrow; Go, Damon. bid thy muse desplay The justice of my Chloc's forrow.

THE fummer gay, delightful fcene, With all it's pleafing charms, It's golden groves, and polith'd green, Will fink in winter's arms.

Come then, Eliza, let us rove,
'Midst nature's richest store;
Those bounties seize, and feast like Jove,
And nature's works explore.

Catch nature's beauties as they rol!, While mutual pallions charm; Content shall harmonize the foul, And ev'ry pain disarm.

Then when flern winter shakes the world, And rapid lightnings fly, When nature's in confusion hurl'd, We'll ev'ry care defy.

THE ponderous cloud was black and low,
And fail'd majestically slow,
Red lightning scorch'd the ground:
Tremendous, now, the thunder rolls,
As if it would have riv'd the poles,
And torrents pour around,

No shelter nigh, to shield my head,
Along the champaign swift I sled,
Before the opening skies;
Till from the west a gale arose,
Dispers'd the cloud, the welkin glows,
And vernal sweets arise.

Creation feem'd as new awake,
From every dingle, bush, and brake,
E'en from the very fod;
The feather'd race their throats effay,
Who shall salute, in fongs most gay,
Tho wonder-working God.

Asham'd, that those of least effeem
Should praise the pow'r alone supreme,
I crav'd to be forgiven:
Straight, like the little graceful throng,
I, in an unaffected song,
Adres'd my voice to heaven.

THE rooks in the neighb'ring grove
For shelter cry all the long day;
Their huts, in the branches above,
Are cover'd no longer with May.
The birds that so cheerfuly sung,
Are tilent, or plaintive each tone,
And as they chirp low to their young,
The want of their goddess bemoan.

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No daifies on carpets of green,
O'er nature's cold bosom are spread;
Not a sweet-briar sprig can be seen
To surnish fresh wreaths for my head:
Some flow'rs indeed may be sound,
But these neither blooming nor gay;
The fairest still sleep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of May.

December perhaps has purloin'd

Her rich, though fantaftical gear,
With envy the months may have join'd,
And jostled her out of the year.

Some shepherds, 'tis true, may repine
To see their lov'd gardens undrest,
But I while my Phillida's mine,
Shall always have May in my breast.

THE lovely Delia smiles again!
That killing frown has left her brow:
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?

Love is in April's doubtful day:
Awhile we see the tempest lour?
Anon the radiant heav'ns survey,
And quite forget the flitting show'r.

The flow'rs that hung their languid head, Are burnish'd by the transsent rains; The vines their wonted tendrils spread, And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind, In every raptur'd note express The joy I seel—when thou art kind.

YOUNG Colin was the bonnieft swain
That ever pip'd on flow'ry plain,
Or danc'd upon the lee:
The wanton kid, in gamesome round,
That frolicks o'er the flow'ry ground,
Was not so blithe as he,

Beneath the oak, in yonder vale,
You'd think you heard the nightingale,
Whene'er he rais'd his voice:
But, ah! the youth was all deceit,
His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,
And choice fucceeded choice.

The maidens fung, in willow groves,
Of Colin's false and perjur'd loves;
Here Jenny told her woes:
And Moggy's tears increas'd the brook,
Whose cheeks like dying lilies look,
That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair, my words believe,
So shall no swain your hopes deceive,
And leave you to despair :
Ere he disclose his fickle mind,
Change first yourselves for ah! you'll find
False Colins every where.

FAIREST daughter of the year,
Ever blooming, lovely May;
While the vivid fkies appear,
Nature smiles, and all is gay.

Thine the flowery painted mead,
Pasture fair, and mountain green;
Thine, with infant harvest spread,
Laughing lies the lowland scene.

Friend of thine, the shepherd plays
Blithsome near the yellow broom,
While his slock, that careless strays,
Seeks the wild-thyme's sweet persume,

May, with thee I mean to rove
O'er these lawns and vallies fair,
Tune my gentle lyre to love,
Cherish hope, and soften care.

Round me shall the village swains,
Shall the rosy nymph appear;
White I fing, in rural strains,
May, to shepherds ever dear,

I had never skill to raise
Pæans from the vocal strings,
To the godlike hero's praise,
To the pageant pomp of kings.

Stranger to the hossile plains,

Where the brazen trumpets found;

Life's red stream the verdure stains,

Heaps promiscuous press the ground:

Where the mur'rous cannon's breath
Fate denounces from afar,
And the loud report of death
Stuns the cruel ear of war.

Stranger to the park and play,
Birth-night balls, and courtly trains;
Thee I woo, my gentle May,
Tune for thee my native strains.

Blooming groves, and wand'rings rills, Sooth thy vacant poet's dreams, Vocal woods, and wilds, and hills, All her unexalted themes.

As o'er the varied meads I ftray,
Or trace thro' winding woods my way,
While op'ning flow'rs their sweets exhale,
And odours breathe in every gale;
Where sage contentment builds her seat,
And peace attends the calm retreat,
My soul responsive hails the scene,
Attun'd to joy, and peace within.
But musing on the lib'ral hand,
That scatters blessings e'er the land,
That gives for man with pow'r divine,
The earth to teem, the sun to shine;
My grateful heart with rapture burns,
And pleasure to devotion turns.

ON every tree, in every plain, I trace the jovial spring in vain! And sickly languor veils mine eyes, And fast my waning vigour sies. Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree, That smile on others, smile on me; Mine eyes from death shall court repose, Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring!
Or, what the needless pride of spring!
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains it's verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair, Might claim awhile my wonted care; My rural store some pleasure yield; So white a slock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie, Might well expect one parting figh; Might well demand one tender tear; For when was Damon infincere?

But ere I ask once more to view You fitting sun his race renew, Inform me, swains, my friends declare, Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

O'ER defert plains, and rufhy meers, And wither'd heaths I rove; Where tree nor spire, nor cot appears, I pass to meet my love.

104

But tho' my paths were damafk'd o'er With beauties e'er fo fine; My bufy thoughts would fly before To fix alone—on thine.

No fir crown'd hills cou'd give delight, No palace please mine eye: No pyramid's aerial height, Where mould'ring monarchs lie.

Unmov'd should eastern kings advances
Côu'd I the pagent see:
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Nor steal one thought from thee.

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Soon as the fun began to peep, And gild the morning skies. Young Chloe from disorder'd sleep Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton sprite That waited on her still, Had teaz'd her all the tedious night With visionary ill.

Some shock of fate is surely nigh!

Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid:

What does those horrid dreams imply!

My Cupid can't be dead!

She call'd her Cupid by his name, In dread of fome mishap; Wagging his tail, her Cupid came, And jump'd into her lap.

And now the best of brittle ware
Her sumptuous table grac'd:
The polish'd emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd!

The kittle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat;
When Dick, the country beau, appear'd;
And bowing took his feat.

Well—chatting or of that and this, The maid revers'd her cup; And, tempted by the forfeit kiss, The bumpkin turn'd it up.

With transport he demands the prize;
Right fairly it was won!
With many a frown the fair denies:
Fond baits to draw him on!

A man must prove himself polite, In sutch a case as this; So Richard strives with all his might To force the forseit kiss.

gut as he fireve -Oh, dire to tell!

(And yet with grief I muft)

500

The table turn'd-the china fell, A heap of painted dust!

O fatal purport of my dream!
The fair afflicted cry'd,
Occasion'd (I confess my shame)
By childishness and pride!

For in a kifs, or two, or three,
No mischief could be found?
Then had I been more frank and free,
My china had been sound.

\_\_\_\_\_ 106 \_\_\_\_\_

Spring returns; the fawns advance, Leading on the sprightly dance, O'er the fallow. o'er the glade Thro' the sunshine, thro' the shade; Whilst I forlorn, and pensive still, Sit sighing for my dasfodil.

See the wanton nymphs appear,
Smiling all, as smiles the year!
Sporting, print where'er they tread,
Daily ground, or primrose bed,
Whilst I forlorn, &c.

Now the fwain with wat'ry fhoe, Brushes by the morning dew; With officious love to bear Fresh-Blown cowslips to his fair. Whilft I forlorn, &c.

Gentle nymph, forfake the mead,
To my love for pity plead;
Go, ye swains, and seek the fair,
This my last petition bear.
Whilst I forlorn, &c.

Sweetest maid, that e'er was seen, Dance at wake, or trip the green; See a love-fick, fighing swain, Hear my vows, relieve my pain; Or with your frowns for pity kill Too charming, cruel, daffodil. SEE, Dapbne, see Florello cry'd,
And learn the sad effects of 'pride;
You shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd!
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!

The fun with warm attractive rays Tempts it to wanton in the blaze: A gale fucceeds from eastern skies, And all it's blushing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine, Will quit the plains too fond to shine Where fame's transporting rays allure, Tho' here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid Shall make you sigh, you left the shade; A breath to beauty's bloom unkind, As to the rose an eastern wind.

The Youth reply'd—You first, my swain, Confine your sonnets to the plain; One envious tongue alike disarms, You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill? Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill? What unadmir'd, a charming mien? Or what the rose's blush, unseen?

WHEN I behold, at vernal tide,
The halesome herbage spring,
Note how the trees with leaves supply'd,
My fancy takes the wing;

Grateful I meet the April shower; Cheareful, at rifing day, I trace the lawns, and kils the slowers Which makes the season gay.

Sweet lark, (I cry) shall you, untaught, Praise with thy feeble voice; And I, a creature bles'd with thought, Be backward to rejoice!

No. by the name of grafitude, In lottier firains I'll fing, To him whose kindness has renew'd The life-inspiring spring!

Who bids the boughs with bloom to teem, Sweet fruits that bloom to yield; Who deals, in summer time, the stream, To chear the harvest-field;

Who, when the harvest time is past, Gives us a golden store, And kindly makes the plenty last Till summer brings us more!

Him will I praife, above all pow'rs,
Without whose bounteous will,
Spring could not deck the dale with flow'rs,
Nor harvest cloth the hill.

WHEN first I saw my Delia's face, Adorn'd with every bloom and grace That love and youth could bring: Such sweetness too in all her form, I thought her one celestial born, And took her for the Spring.

Each day a charm was added more,
Music and language swell'd the store,
With all the force of reason:
And yet so frolic and so gay,
Deck'd with the opening sweets of May,
She look'd—the Summer season.

Admiring crowds around her press,
But none the happy He could guess.
Unwish'd her beauties caught them:
I urg'd my passion in her ear,
Of love, she said, she could not hear;
And yet seem'd ripe as Autumn.

The rose, not gather'd in it's prime, Will fade and fall in little!

So I began to hint her:
Her cheeks confess a summer glow;
But, ah! her breast of driven snow

Conceals a heart of Winter.

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YE shepherds, who stray with my swain,
Companions in sport, and in youth,
O! tell him how great is my pain!
How I grieve for the loss of his truth!
O! tell him, how oft as he swore
He never would cease to be mine!
Or leave me his faith to deplore,
Or with heart-breaking anguish repine!

Remind him how oft, in the grove;

At my feet he in raptures would kneel,

And implore me to pity his love,

Till he taught me, fond fool, how to feel!

0! tell him, 'tis now he must come, For more my fond heart cannot bear; Or the maidens will carry me home, The victim of love and despair,

THE fatal hours are wond'rous near,
That from these sountains bear my dear;
A little space is giv'n, in vain;
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space for me to prove My boundless flame, my endless love; And like the train of vulgar hours, Avidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way, On that I gaze the live-long day; No eastern monarch's dazling pride hould draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of fuccours nigh, and fees his mangled legions die, Casts not a more impatient glance, To fee the loitering aids advance.

Not more the school-boy, that expires
Far from his native home requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace.

the comes—but ah! what crowds of beaux aradiant bands my fair inclose;

Oh! better had'st thou shun'd the green, Oh, Delia! better far unseen..

Methinks, by all my tender fears, By all my fighs, by all my tears, I might from torture now be free— 'Tis more than death to part from thee!

Now nature's beauties bloom around, Sweet violets paint the velvet ground: Perfumes abundant lade each gale, And float along the vernal dale.

The frisky lambkins wanton play, In luscious pattures, time away; And limpid ftreams harmonious glide, With filver cygnets to their tide.

The ermin'd liles dress'd in light, And blooming roses red and white, With painted tulips, mirtles green, Assist to heighten grandeurs scene.

The fields all gay, in glory blaze, Affisted by bright Phæbus' rays; Whose beams refulgent now appear, And early bid the morning steer.

The starling, blackbird, and the thrush, Enraptur'd chant on ev'ry bush: High-pois'd in air the lark, too, sings, While cleaving space with nervous wings.

Yet all the beauties here I paint, Without the fair-ones, feem but faint; For they with prattle gild our hours, And are by fair the brightest flow'rs.

W HEN primrose sweet bedecks the year,
And sportive lambkins play,
When lilies in each vale appear,
And music wakes the day:
With joy I meet my shepherd swain
Come tripping o'er the lawn;
Then hand in hand we range the plain,
To hail the rosy dawn.

Well pleas'd I hear his artless tale.

While rural scenes delight;
Beneath the beech in yonder dale,
His music charms the night.

When morn returns, I meet my swain
Come tripping o'er the lawn;
Then hand in hand we range the plain,
To hail the rosy dawn.

Without a blush to church I'll haste
With him who has my heart;
While love invites, no time I'll waste,
No more we'll ever part:
And when returning with my swain,
We tript it o'er the lawn;
While hand in hand we range the plain,
We'll hail the rosy dawn.

Why shines the moon with filver ray, Amid her starry splendors gay! Why thrills the nightingale her note, And strains her sweet mellissuous throat! Why breathes the incense of the grove, On me, a slave to care and love!

Now snowy bloffoms clothe the year, In verdant vesture meads appear; Favonian gales, and tepid show'rs, Revive the gaudy smiling slow'rs; All nature wantons in her bloom, While I, alone, bewail my doom.

Ye deeply-piercing frosts return,
And freeze each Naiad in her urn;
The tender blossoms tear away,
Deform the fields, unleaf the spray;
And O! if able, chill this stame,
That burns my heart, and mars my frame;
Root out the seeds of am'rous fire,
And quench both fear and fond defire.

Fut ah! in vain 1 beg your aid, My heart your rigour can't pervade; Like Hecla, 'midft eternal snows, With unextinguish'd heat it glows, What can I pray! where turn my eyes! Ye howling winds infuriate rife! With tenfold rage impetuous fweep The furrow'd bosom of the deep; Let spiry trees from land be torn, And on your winged surges borne; That in the aggravated roar, My fatal loss I may deplore; Unheeded blend my frantic voice, With gen'ral thrisks, and hideous noise.

WHY blushes so early the rose,
Diffusing its sweets thro' the day;
Since June is the month that is chose,
To finish the courtship of May.
Perhaps the young colours I see
Of Spring in her morning array,
Are painted, O Flora, by thee,
In honour of Phillis's day.

For June to perfection shall rise,
Surpassing the blushes of May,
And Zepbyr shall mount to the skies,
In honour of Phillis's day:
Then lasses, let each be a wise,
Each marry, like Phillis, in June;
For age is the winter of life,
And night is the pillow of Noon.

WHERE the murmuring river flows,
Where the trembling willows play,
We enjoy a cool repose
From the busy glare of day.
Summer's heat disturbs the breast,
Every passion should be still,
Ev'ry thought is sull'd to rest,
By the sweetly tinkling rill.

WHEN the early cock crows at the day's dappl'd
And foaring lark through the air trills, [dawn
E'er yet the warm fun drinks the dews from the
Or vapours uncover the hills;
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furn, And shepherds releasing their care, I rife to unkennel, at found of the horn, Or course, with my greyhounds, the hare.

In fpring-time observing my husbandmen fow, Then fee how my yearlings go on; Sometimes, riding round, mark my turnip-men hoe Or in barn what my threshers have done. At home, with the parson, bout markets I prate, His tythes, tho' I never delay; We properly each should maintain in his state, The vine-dreffer's worthy his pay.

My milk-maidens, morn and eve, dairy-cows prefs, For cuftards, cream, puddings, and cheefe, My daughters keep market in neat but plain dress, And dame too-but 'tis when she'll please: We never for mafter or miftreisship ftrive, But man and wife's lot share and share; As gratitude tells us, in friendship we live, Do the same ye Crim. cons. if ye dare.

My poultry is all by my good woman bred, My garden gives roots for my health, For London my bullocks on best fodder fed, Yet I pinch not the poor for my wealth. I've plenty of game in my coples and woods, My flock on its thyme-feeding thrives; With fish full well ftor'd are my ponds and my floods And honey from yon' row of bives,

What grateful return is to industry made? What reward have the bees for their toil? We boaft of our rights, yet, their rights we invade, And feize on their labours as fpoil. But justice to power is only a name, Great fishes devour the small; Great birds, and great beafts, and great men do the 'Till death, the grand robber, takes all.

Content foreads my cloth, and fays grace after meat, While welcome attends at my board; No outlandish mixture disguises my treat, My wine my own orchards afford,

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While ploughmen are whithling, as furrows they! With a glass in my hand, to church, country, and I drink, as a subject should do; Perhaps my dame smiles, then one song I must sing So, Sir, if you please, pray do you.

> WHEN fnow descends, and robes the fields, In winter's bright array; Touch'd by the fun, the lustre fades, And weeps itself away. When spring appears, when vi'lets blow, And fhed a rich perfume : How foon the fragrance breathes its last! How short-liv'd is the bloom!

Fresh in the morn, the summer role, Hangs wither'd ere 'tis noon; We scarce enjoy the balmy gift, But mourn the pleasure gone. With gilding fire the evening far Streaks the autumnal fkies; Shook from its feat, it dar s away, And in an instant dies.

Such are the charms that flush the cheek. And sparkle in the eye; So from the lively finish'd form The transient graces fly. To this the featons as they roll, Their attestation bring; They warm the fair, their ev'ry round, Confirms the truth I fing.

IN my pleafant native plains, Wing'd with blifs each moment flew; Nature there inspir'd the ftrains, Simple as the joys I knew; Jocund morn and evening gay Claim'd the merry Roundelay. Fields, and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs, All that health and joy impart; Call'd for artless music's pow'rs, Faithful echoes to the heart! Happy hours for ever gay

Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,
Wak'd the warblers of the grove,
Who, sweet birds that heard you sing,
Would not join the song of love?
Your sweet notes and chauntings gay
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

- 120 -WHEN first this humble roof I knew, With various cares I ftrove. My grain was fcarce, my fheep were few, My all of life was love. Ev mutual toil our board was dress'd. The fpring our drink bestow'd; But when her lip the brim had press'd. The cup with nectar flow'd. Content and peace the dwelling shar'd, No other guest came nigh. In them was giv'n (tho' gold was fpar'd) What gold could never buy. No value has a folendid lot. But as the means to prove That from the castle to the cot. The all of life is love.

ADIEU the verdant lawns and bow'rs,
Adieu, my peace is o'er;
Adieu the sweetest shrubs and flow'rs,
Since Delia breathe no more.

Adieu ye hills, adieu ye vales, Adieu ye streams and floods; Adieu sweet echo's plaintive tales, Adieu ye meads and woods.

Adieu ye flocks, ye fleecy care, Adieu yon pleafing plain; Adieu thou beauteous blooming fair, We ne'er shall meet again.

OH! wast me, Zepbyr, give me ease, Fan we with thy gentle breeze; O bear me to some flow'ry bed, Where roses all their odour shed; Where nature's ever bounteous hand, Her endless treasures doth expand; There let me gain a sweet repose, And calm my soul in spite of woes.

I ho' thou, dear maid, be not my lot,
Yet shalt thou never be forgot;
I'll weave a chaplet ev'ry year,
And soothe despair with many a tear.
For ev'ry thought thy form shall bring,
On cruel recoilection's wing;
Each flow'r, each beauty which I see,
Amanda—makes me think of thee.

A Bufy humble bee am I,

That range the garden funny:

From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,

And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.

Bright Cbloe, with her golden hair,

Awhile my rich jonquil is,

Till cloy'd with fipping nectar there,

I shift to roty Phillis.

I shift. &c.

But Phillis's sweet op'ning breaft,
Remains not long my flation;
For Kitty now must be address'd,
My spicy breath'd carnation.
Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,
To other flow's I'm rover;
And all in turns my love receives
The gay wide garden over.
The gay, &c.

Variety that knows no bound,
My roving fancy edges,
And oft with Flora I am found,
In dalliance under hedges:
For as I am an arrant bee,
Who range each bank that's funny,
Both fields and garden, are my fee,
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.

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COME, come, my fair one, let us ftray, and tafte the fweet of early day; Young health the rosy child of Morn, With blushes shall thy cheeks adorn. With blushes, So.

Look, look abroad, behold 'tis day, See on you lawn the lambkins play; Now ev'ry linnet of the grove, Charms the lift'ning fwain to love. Charms, &c.

Wak'd by the gentle voice of love, arife, my fair, arife and prove, The dear delights fond lovers know, The best of blestings here below. The best, &c.

HUSH! every breeze, let nothing move, My Delia fings, and fings of love, Around the winning graces wait, and calm contentment guards the feat.

Hufh, every breeze, &c.

in the fweet shade, my Delia, stay,

You'll scorch those charms more sweet than May;
The sun now rages in his Noon,
Tis pity sure to part so soon.

Tis pity, Sc.

th! hear me, Delia, hear me now, acline propitious to my vow; o may thy charms no changes prove, but bloom for ever like my love.

But bloom, &c.

126

NIGHT afformes her gloomy reign, Now shadows lengthen o'er the plain, We'll to the myrtle grove repair, for peace and pleasure wait us there, For peace, &c.

o fome clear river's verdant fide, thou my happy footsteps guide,

ME

In concert with my verdant fream, We'll fing, and love shall be our theme. In concert, Sc.

There loft in extacles of joy,
While tend'rest scenes our thoughts employ,
We'll bless the hours our loves begun
The happy hour that made us one.
We'll bless the hour.

NIGHT reigns around in fleep's foft arms,
The village fwain forgets his care;
Sleep that the fling of forrows charms,
And heals all fadness but despair.
Despair alone her power denies,
And when the sun withdraws his rays,
To the wild beach distracted flies,
Or cheerless thro' the desart strays.

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,
Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,
Resign'd I'. I wait my final doom,
And bid the busy world adieu.
The world has now no charms for me,
Nor can life now one pleasure boast,
Since all my eyes defir'd to see,
My wish, my hope, my all is lost.

Must then each woman faithless prove,
And each fond lover be undone;
Are vows no more, almighty love,
The sad remembrance let me shun,
Let her be blest with health and ease,
Which all your bounty has in store;
Let forrow cloud my suture days,
Be Stella blest, I ask no more.

As the birds on every fpray,
Welcome the approach of day;
Or at gay return of fpring,
As they (weetly, fweetly fing,
As they fweetly, &c.

So when Damon can beguile, Cruel Flora of a fmile, Gladden'd he begins to fing, Flora kind, more sweet than spring.

Cruel maid! why fuch difdain, Is there joy in caufing pain; Love a kinder aspect wear, Frowns become not such a fair.

Thus the fwain his love beguil'd,
And she kindly, kindly smil'd;
As the birds on ev'ry spray,
Welcome the approach of day;
Or at gay return of spring,
As they sweetly, sweetly sing.
As they sweetly, &c.

Come come my good shepherds, our flocks we must In your holiday suits with your lastes appear: [shear; The happiest of folks are the guileless and free, And who are so guileless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught; We practise no arts with hypocrify fraught: What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led; But we all the children of nature are bred: By her hands alone we are painted and dreft, [breaft For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the

The giant Ambition we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet Chearfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal, Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel; So harmless and simple we sport and we play, And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

THE gentle primrose of the vale,
Whose tender bloom rude winds affail,
Droops its meek leaves, and scarce sustains
The night's chill snow and beating rains.

Tis past—the morn returns—fweet spring Is come-and hills and valleys fing—

But low the gentle primrose lies; No more to bloom, no more to rise!

AT eve with the woodlark I reft.

I rise up each morn with the same,
By the note of the nightingale blest.

I laugh at the trumpet of same,

From the top of my primrofy hill, How many proud houses I see; The Lords of them envy who will. My ease and my cottage for me.

I fmile at my country's increase,
In commerce, religion, and arms;
My heart, and my hand are for these,—
A Briton and Liberty warms.

T Ransported with joy, with a heart light as air Lovely Phillida tript to her cot from the fair; Her mother would fain know the cause of her biss. Which arose she insisted from Corydon's kiss; From Corydon's kiss! said the lass with a smile, He gave me much more, ere we journey'd a mile! Much more cry'd the mother, I'll know what it be No, no, that's a secret between him and me; And mother you've told me all secrets to keep, And never reveal'em—not even in sleep; What Corydon gave me I'll now not impart, 'Tis the joy of my eye! and the bliss of my heart!

Come, hussey, disclose, I'm determined to know What the shepherd has done, thus to tickle you so Dear mother 'tis only what pass'd in your youth 'Tween my father and you—as I live 'tis a truth So press me no farther for time will reveal What now with such rapture I wish to conceal.

Yes, yes, I know well what will happen in time,
And know what misfortunes await on the crime!
A crime! faid the fair one, believe me, dear mother
Each virgin around would embrace fuch another;
He gave me this morn the delight of my life,
He gave me—himself—for he made me his wife!

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# A COLLECTION of CANTATAS, &c.

# SONG I.

RECITATIVE. [shade]

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring Seem'd most for love & contemplation made, A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows, Whose slow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose; Thither retir'd from Phæbus' sultry ray, And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay: Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love, By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove; He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought, And whistled as he went, for want of thought, But when he first beheld the sleeping maid, He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd; And while with artless voice he sweetly sung, Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue:

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The stream that glides in murmurs by,
Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
Completes the rural scene,
Completes the rural scene;
But in thy bosom, charming maid,
All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
Too lovely Ipbigene,
Too lovely Ipbigene,

RECITATIVE.

She wakes, and starts—poor Cymon trembling stands;
Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands:
Bright excellence, said she, dispell all fear;
Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
Oh Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rise;
Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain:
Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
The clown, transported, was not filent long,
But thus with extasy pursu'd his song.

## AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break, In wanton ringiets, down thy neck;
Thy love inspiring mien,
Thy love inspiring mien,
Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
And taper shape, enchant me so,
I die for Iphigene,
I die for Iphigene,

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence. The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense:

She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and straight, And thinks he might improve his aukward gait; Bids him be secret, and and next day attend, At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend. Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead; And nature's language surest will succeed.

Love's a pure, a facred fire, Kindling gentle, chafte defire; Love can rage itself controul, And elevate the human soul. Depriv'd of that, our wretched state Had made our lives of too long date; But blest with beauty, and with love, But blest with beauty, and with love!

- 2 -

We taste what angels do above; What angels do above,

DEAREST Dapbne, turn thine eyes, Jocund day begins to rife; See! the morn, with rofes crown'd, Sprinkling dew-drops on the ground. Love invites to yonder grove, Where none but lovers dare to rove. Let us hafte, make no delay; Cutid calls, we must obey.

And honour's ftrict commands obey:

Cupid calls, we must obey.

Ah, Philander! I'm afraid;
There poor Laura was betray'd
By young Strephon's subtle wiles,
Soothing words and artful swiles.
Simple maids are soon undone,
When their easy hearts are won.
Press me not, I must away,

PHILAND. Gentle Daphne, fear not you,
I'll be ever kind and true;
Think no more on Laura's fate,
View yon turtle, and his mate;
See how freely they impart
The impulse of each others heart,
Like them, my fair, lets sport and play;
Nature prompts us to obey.

You and Strepton are the fame; You like him wou d me betray, Shou'd I trust to what you say.

Philand. If Daphne doubts, let Hymen's bands
This instant join our willing hands,
The invitation I obey,
And love with honour will repay.

AIR.

WHY, Damon, wilt thou strive in vain
My firm resolves to move?
Ny heart, alas! may feel the pain,
But scorns the guilt of love!

RECITATIVE, accompanied
Perfidious, too, like all the rest,
Is faithless Damon grown!
Ab! canst thou seek to wound the breast

That pants for thee alone?
A 1 R.

No! for a thought so mealy base,
Ungrateful! thou shalt find,
The heart that could admire thy face
Can hate thee for thy mind.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites,
To revel in his ev'ning rites;
In vain his altar I furround,
Tho' with Burgundian incense crown'd:
No charms has wine without the lass;
'Tis love gives relish to the glass.

While all around, with jocund glee,
In brimmers toast the fav'rite she;
Tho' ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
My heart still whispers Chloe's name;
And thus, with me, by am'rous stealth,
Still ev'ry glass is Chloe's health.

YES, Damon, yes, I can approve,
See all thy merit, all thy love;
But, shipwreck'd once, I leave the shore,
And trust the faithless seas no more:
Thy vows are lost, thy tears are vain,
For I can never love again.

DAMON. And could'st thou then, bewitching maid,
Could'st thou be slighted, or betray'd?
Or, is it but an artful tale,
O'er Damon's passion to prevail?
For surely thou wert born to reign,
To love, and to be lov'd again.

CELIA. If Celia cou'd once more believe,

Damon, like Thyrsis, would deceive;

And yet, methinks, it cannot be:

There must be faith and truth in thee;

Trust me, thy Celia feels thy pain,

And wishes she cou'd love again.

Why, then, those fears that rack thy breast? Say that thou wilt, and I am blest:
But, if my vows successes prove,
Damon shall bid adieu to love;
Like thee, resolve to quit the plain,
And never, never love again.

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SQUIRE.

COME, come, my dear girl, I must not be denied; Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it away; I'll give you this purse too; and, hark you, beside, We'll kiss and we'll toy all the long summer's day

SALLY.

Of kiffing and toying you foon would be tir'd,
Oh! should haples Sally con nt to be naught!
Besides, Sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd;
The heart's not worth gaining that is to be bought

SQUIRE.

Perhaps you're afraid of the world's bufy tongue, But know, above scandal you then shall be put; And laugh, as you roll in your chariot along, At draggle-tail chastity walking a foot.

SALLY.

If only through fear of the world I was fly,
My coyness and modesty were but ill shown;
lis pardon 'twere easy with money to buy;
But how, tell me how, I shall purchase my own.

SQUIRE.

Leave morals to grey-beards, these lips were design'd For better employment.

SALLY.

I will not endure-

'SQUIRE.

Oh fye, child ! love bias you be rich, and be kind;

SALLY.

But virtue commands me-Be honest and poor.

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DAUGHTER sweet of voice and air, Gentle Ecbo, haste thee here; From the vale, where all around Rocks to rocks return the sound; From the swelling surge that roars 'Gainst the tempest beaten shores; From the silent moss-grown cell, Haunt of warbling Philomel; Where, unseen of man, you sie, Queen of woodland harmony.

RECITATIVE.

Listen, nymph divine, and learn Strains to make Narcissus burn; Hark! the heav'nly long begins; Air be still; breath soft ye winds; Peace, ye noisy feather'd choir, While Dione strikes the lyre.

ATR.

See, each eye, each ravish'd ear,
Fix'd to gaze, and charm d to hear,
All around enchantment reigns,
Such the magic of her strains;
Strains which, if thou can'st but learn,
Soon will make Narcissus burn.

RECITATIVE.

Echo, should they fail to move,
His obdurate heart to love,
Borrow, for she well can spare,
Borrow her enchanting air.

AIR.

Learn her ease and elegance
Of motion in the airy dance;
Learn the grace with which she strays
Thro' the light fantastic maze:
Add a thousand charms untold,
Should Narcissus still be cold;
Charms, the least of which would move
His obdurate heart to love.

FREE from forrow, free from strife, Oh how blest the miler's life! Chearful working thro' the day, Still he laughs and fings away.

Nought can vex him, Nought perplex him, While there's grift to make him gay.

DUET.

Let the great enjoy the bleffings
By indulgent fortune fent,
What can wealth, can grandeur offer
More than plenty and content?

Free from forrow, &c.

Dd

FAIR

RECITATIVE, accompanied. FAIR Venus left her bleft abodes, they fay, And to the woodlands once purlu'd her way ; There fought D ana, and in cooling Arains, She thus implor'd the gueen of woodland plains.

The chace's joys I wish to know. Like Dian to be dreft; With thee, thro' toils O let me go: A huntress all confest : Take, take me in thy chearful train. Let Cupid Thare the day : I long to hunt o'er word and plain, O'er hills and far away.

Forbear to alk me, queen of love, (Diana quick replies) Oh! hie thee, to thy Paphian grove, To tafte of fofter joys.

Our din would hurt thy ender ear. Thy feet are flow of pace : Our toils would fill thy heart with fear, Forego the fatal chace.

Keep, keep thee with thy fone away, Nor urge the fuit in vain ; No more my nymphs would own my fway, If love should join my train.

> - 10 -THOMAS. LET fops precend in flames to melt. And talk of pangs they never felt; I speak without d'sguise or art, And with my hand bestow my heart.

SALLY. Let ladies prudifity deny. Look cold, and give their thoughts the lie. I own the paffion in my breaft, And long to make my lover bleft.

THOMAS For this the faitor on the maft. Endures the cold and cutting blaff; All dripping he wears out the night. And braves the forv of the fight.

SALLY. For this the virgin pines and fighs, With throbbing heast and ftreaming eyes ; 'Till fweet reverse of jour the proves, And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

BOTH. Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find. The Braiff virgins will be kind: Protect their beauty from alarms, And they'll repay you with its charms,

> RECITATIVE. LOVELY virgins in your prime, Mark the filent flight of time. Fortune's gifre fhould the difclofe, Quickly chule what the bestows; Bloom and bean'y foon decay, Love and youth fly fwift away.

Let not age thy bloom enfoare, You can find no pleasure there; Transient jove you'll f ek in vain, Toys that ne'er return again. Ev'ry minute then improve, Fleeting are those joys of love; Wifely think the young and gay, But the tenants of a day.

AIR. OA Damon! fill you ftrive in vain, Clarinda's fix'd resolve to move; My heart, also! may feel the pain, But juffly fcorns the guilt of love. RECITATIVE, Is this, we now'rs, his boafted flame? O fay, is this bis only end? And can his love deftroy the fame, His truth and honour should defend?

Oh! for a thought so meanly base, The ungenerous youth shall furely find, The heart that could admire his face, Can Rill deteft him for his mind.

Andiw She or Thein.

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RIA

To Handel's pleasing notes, as Chios sung.
The charms of heavinly liberty,
A bird till then with bondage pleasid,
With a door panted to be free;
His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain;
Yet, a're he sies, tunes forth this parting strain.

A I R.

Whilft to the diffant vale I wing.
Nor wait the flow roturn of fprings
Rather in leafirfs groves to dwell,
Than in my Chlee's warmer cell;
Forgive me, mifteels, fince, by thee,
I first was taught sweet liberty.

Soon as the welcome fpring shall cheer, With genial warmth, the drooping year, I'll tell, upon the topmost spray. Thy sweeter notes improved my lay. And; in my prison, learn'd from thee. To warble forth sweet hiberty.

Waste not on me an useless care; That kind concern let Strephon stare; Shight are my forrows, slight my ills, To those which he, poor captive! feels, Who, kept in hopeless bonds by thee, Yet strives not for his liberty.

RECITATIVE.

The faithless Theseus scarce had got on board, Who Ariadne wak'd and miss'd her lord, Sudan she rose, and to the beach she slew, And whis vessel sels ning to her view: She lore her breast, the rav'd, and tore her air, Thein soft plaints, the vented her despair.

A 1 K.
h! Thefeus, Thefeus, ftay!
Ceafe, ceafe, ye winds to blow!
Kind Neprune, ceafe to flow,
r waft my love away!
Ah! whither wilt thou go!
Could I have ferr'd three fo!
! Thefeus, faithless Thefeus, tell me why
Ay from her who gave thee pow't to fly?

The jolly God, who rules the jovial bowl, Bacchus, whose gifts re-animate the foul, Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief, And gently thus administer'd relief.

TR

Cease, levely nymph, to weep,
Wipe off that falling tear;
Though Theseus plow the deep,
You've still a lover here:
I am Bacchus, God of Wine,
God of revelry and joy;
If Ariodne will be mine,
Mirth shall every hour employ.

Come, Silenus, fill a cup
Of my choicest cordial draught;
Fill it, man, why fill it op;
'Twill benish ev'ry gloomy thought:
Fill it higher to the brink:
Come, my levely mourner, drink!

With fost reluctance first last comply'd,
And to her lip the nectar'd cup apply'd:
The potent draught, with more than magic art,
Flew thro' her voins, and feiz'd her yielding heart
in wine ambrofial all her cares were drown'd,
And with freech the jovial God was crown'd:
While old Silenus, as he reel'd'along,
Thus entertain'd them with his frolic fong.

A I R. [pine, Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and who Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine, [fair Let the nymph, who's forfaken for one that's more Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all despair And let the fond youth who would win the coy maid Instead of his Cupid's, seek Bacchus's aid. Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails of performing his part, Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the heart.

WHAT innocent delights sweet fancy yields?
With her how sweet to range the flow'ry fields,
While

While parted from my love by cruel war, Thy aid, fweet fancy I implore,

MIR.
Smiling Fancy, foftly lead
To the joys of jocund May,
To the daify'd, dewy mead,
Where my fhepherd us'd to firay.

Lead me where the bloffom'd boughs
Form'd the bow'r to Colin dear,
And let the object of my vows,
Let my gentle swain be there.

Now vict'ry crown the gallant youth,
Sweet peace and joy, our hours are thine;
Oh! love, reward his loyal truth,
And myrtle with his laurels twine.

WHILE bloffoms deck each verdant fpray,
And Flora breathes the sweets of May,
I'll leave my flock to frolic free,
And tune my pipe alone for thee;

And tune, Sc.

Sylvia. What if thy flock should leave the plain,
While Tray is sleeping by my swain?

Would'st thou not think the minutes dear
And rail at me that kept thee here?

And rail, Sc.

PHILAM. First shall the lark forget his note, The linnet stop his liquid throat.

Sylvia, So oft you game, some shepherds say, And only jest, when you betray; And only, &c.

> Deck but your fong with truth alone, My virgin heart shall be your own.

PHILAN. The turtle shall fortake his love, Ere I to thee inconstant prove; Ere I, Se.

BOTH. When beauty opens all her charms,
And honour flies to beauty's arms,
Sweet peace and love take up their crown
And virtue then afcends her throne;
And virtue, &c.,

WPTH joy and mirth cur vallies rung,
On ev'ry spray sweet warblers sung,
Whilst echo soft repeats the strain
Of many a nymph and rustic swain.
In all their sports I bore a part,
When cong'ring love first touch'd my hear.

Rond a Lau.

Rond a Lau.

No maid fo blithe, fo blefs'd as I,

Nor knew of Cupid's wiles,

'Till first I met young Damon's eye,

And mark'd his beauteous smiles.

Ah! then what rapture fitt'd my breast,

And rush'd thro' every vein:

Wha tumults strange, my soul oppress'd?

Tho' first a pleasing pain.

Too soon, alas! I lost my rest,

And absent, now I feel

That love's keen wound within my breat,
No time can ever heal.

RECITATIVE...
WHICH is best, ye casuists, say,
To be grave, or to be gay?
Still to weep and never smile,
(In the Penseroso stile)
So sit moping like a nun,
Or to frisk it in the sun,
Where the scenes of mirth are play'd,
And the glad appointments made?

A I R,

Better fing, and dance and drefs,
And indulge the calls of youth,
While the forfeits not her truth:
Rigour and fevere demean
Are not decent at fixteen;
And the character is loft,
Study'd at good nature's coft,
She that meditates the most,
Is not always virtue's boaft;
Nor the filent and demure,
Always peaceable and pure;

While

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While the lively, heift, and imprt, Have more innecence at heart, With a little left to dread. From the mischief in their head.

W HO'LL buy a heart, Myrtilla cries, And throws around her wanton eyes; An easy shape, a graceful air, A face like lovely Hele's fair; A pair of eyes, that wound at fight, And foil the di'mond's piercing light.

Come hither, ye that long to prove The foul-enchanting joys of love; Quickly, quickly come; for he Buys, that bids the most for me.

But let no fordid wretch prefume, With even Grafus' wealth to come; Mor vainly hope, for gems or gold Such charms as these can e'er be fold, So vile a change I scorn to make, For love's the only coin I take.

YE nymphs, who fair Parnassus' fummit throng, Descend, and help my joyous lays along; Thy tindeling barp, Apollo, with thee bring, And join in chosus, as I listing sing.

Kindly pluck the bending vine;
Offrich grapes the choicest cull,
Squeeze this mighty goblet full.
On the table for it fmiles,
Wine, the pain and care beguiles;
Sens of Galon, leave your strife,
This alone can longthen life.
Come, my lovely flowing bowl,

Bacchus, deity divine

Let me drink without controul, Till my rofy cheeks proclaim, Bacchus rules the human frame,

While

YE fons of the bottle attend to my muse,
Who boldly has ventur'd her subject to choose,
From Hogarth's keen pencil, which justly displays
The foibles trail man ev'ry moment betravs.

Derry Down, &c.

Old Time on the clock had proclaim'd the laft hour When Baschus began to exhibit his power; Poor Reason was forc'd to take flight from the room And seave noise and folly their reign to assume.

Derry Down, Sc.

[A Soldier and a Sailor.]
The Captain and Physician,
Were got in strange division
Which had the greatest skill, Sir,
And who the most did kill, Sir,
When thus began their fray;
At length so high it rose, Sir,
From words they fell to blows, Sir,
And soon the sterce exchade, Sir,
Upon the floor was laid, Sir,
The Doctor gain'd the day.

[Religion's a politic Law.]

A ruby fac'd fon of the church,
Who thought all religion a hum,
Had left his poor flock in the lurch,
To tip the glafs over his thumb:
The Patriarchs (he faid) thought no shame,
With women and wine to be bles'd;
Then why should not we do the same,
So merrily drank to the best.

[The Afs.]
The Lawyer fo arch, with his wig plac'd awry
On noddle well fronted with brafe,
Grins, flammers and hiscups, and cocking his eye,
Thus makes of his client arrafs.
"The case you have told, to be sure is as clear,
As the wine that now smiles in this glas;
But 'zounds! right or wrong, Sir, you need not to
I'd prove that a horse is an as."

[fear,

Dd3

[The

The Junice more wife,
Who Bacches defies,
Sate foberly fmoaking his c'ay;
From Nelfon and Coke,
He oftentimes fpoke,
Then cordially whiff'd it away,

[The Yorkshire Ballad.]
Sir Politic having fix'd all for the best,
The Balance of Power soon lull'd him to rest,
The Beau his weak nerves by cascading confess'd.
With a down, down, down, &c.

[Give us Glasses, my Wench.]
To drive away care,
And banish despair,
Thus mortals pursue a wrong course;
The cure they propose,
Too oftentimes grows,
Than e'en the disease itself, worse,

The mirror held up,
Will shew in the cup,
Those ills which make nature decay;
Let Reason once mose,
Your senses restore,
And happily live while you may.

THE crimion morn bids hence the night,
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair,
For till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day, I own no night,

Louisa. Waking, I heard thy numbers chide,
Waking, the dawn did bless my fight,
'Tis Phæbus sure that woes I cried,
Who speaks in long, who moves in light.

- 22 -

Is A A G.

My mistress expects me, and I must go
Or how can I hope for a smile, [to her
Louisa. Soon may you return a prosperous woocr,
But think what I suffer the while.
But think, Se.

- 23 -

Alone, and away from the man that I love In frangers I'm forc'd to confide [prove C. Dear lady my friend you may truft, &he'll Your guardian, prote flor and guide.

Your guardian, &c.

PRYTHEE, Sajan, what doft muse on, By this doleful, doleful spring, You are, I fear, in love, my dear, [thing, Alas poor thing, alas poor thing, alas poor

Susan. Truly, Jamie, I must blame ye,

'Cause you look so pale and wan,

I fear 'twill prove you are in love.'

Alas por man.

JAMIE. Nay, my Suey, now I view ye,
Well I know, I know your fmart,
When you're alone, you figh and moan,
Alas poor heart.

Susan. Jamie hold, I dare be bold,

To fay thy heart, thy heart is ftole,
And know the she, as well as thee,
Alas, poor soul.

JAMIE, Then, my Sue, tell me who,

I'll give thee beads of pearl,

And ease thy heart, of all the smart,

Alas, poor girl.

Susan, Jamie, no, if you fhould know,
I fear 'twould make you fad;
And pine away, both night and day,
Alas, peor lad.

JAMIE. Why then, Sue, it is for you,

That I'm burning in these flames,
And when I die, I know you'll cry;
Alas, poor James.

Susan, Say you so, then Jamie know,
If you should prove untrue,
Then you will make me likewise cry,
Alas, poor Sue,

Boтн, Come then join, thy hand with mine, And we will dance, will dance and fing, I do agree to marry thee, Alas poor thing, G.

PART-

SOP

Tav

Pro

PARTNERS of my toils and pleasures, To this happy fpot repair; See how juftly fortune meafures, ] Favours to the true and fair. With choruffes gay, Proclaim holiday, In praise of the Lord of the Manor; And happy the fong, If it trains old and young, In the lessons of Castle Manor. And happy, &c. SOPHIA. When a mutual inclination. Once a glowing fpark betrays ; Try with tender emulation, Which shall first excite the blaze. I plighted my truth To a generous youth, I found him at Castle Manor. To one only be kind, And leave fashion behind, 'Tis the leffon of Caftle Manor. TRUMOR. Gallants learn from Trumore's flory, To affociate in the breaft, Truth and honour, love and glory, And to fortune leave the reft. My ambition was fame, From beauty it came, From beauty at Cafile Manor ; 'Tis an honour to arms, To be led by its charms, Like the foldier of Caftle Maner. Tis, &c. Progr. Brifk and free, but true to duty, Sure I've play'd an honest part; Would you purchase love and beauty, Be the price a faithful heart. Should a knave full of gold, Think Peg's to be fold Let him meet me at Caftle Manor.

A bed in the mire,

To cool his defire,

Is the lesson of Castle Manar.

A bed, OG

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ART.

Annet. If I trip in my expression,

Critics lend a patient ear t

If coquetting be transgressing,

Sisterhood be not severe.

To love while we live,

And all faults to forgive,

Is the lesson of Castle Manor;

As friend to our cause,

Bestow your applause,

And welcome us to Castle Manor.

As friend, &c.

As Dian and her hunting train
Once rov'd to try the woods and plain,
Poor Cupid fast asseep they found,
His bows and arrows on the ground,
Well pleas'd to find his godship there,
She thus commands her list'ning fair:

\_\_\_ 26 -

Break, break with speed, each pointed dart?

For if he wakes he'il surely turn our toe,

Tis, 'tis to wound the tender heart,

His only joy's to give us woe.

Now shall we safely trace the plain,'

And haunt the river, lawn, and grove,

His arrows broke, his pow'r is vain,

You now may safely laugh at love.

RECITATIVE.

When now, too late, the god awoke,
Saw Dian and her fav'rites by,
The fatal mischief thus he spoke,
Whilst malice sparkled from each eyes
A 1 R.

Tho' Cupid is vanquish'd to day,
Believe not my empire is o'er,
To Venus I'll hie me away,
She'll arm me as well as before.
Oh Dion! what nymph of thy train
Is safe when I aim the sure dart?
I'm mad with the wrongs I sustain,
Then goddess, take care of thy heart.

\_\_\_\_

As I sat joyous in a pleasant room,
Where none but choicest spirits ever come,
A song was call'd; silence aloud proclaim,
For mirth and joy was e'ry hum'rist's aim:
Up starts argenius, and he thus beguir,
Hoping to please each social son;
To wine and music he address'd his song,
In words like these, or these, he sung:

A TR.

O bring me music, bring me wine,
Go fill the sprightly howl?
Tis only wine and music can
Relieve the wounded soul.
Apollo, tune thy trembling lyre;
Great Bacchus, sound thy tun;
And whilst thou dost the chorus fill,
Our joys can ne er be done.

Then take the cup and fell it high,
Such joys to us belong;
Then let us with chearful hearts
Invoke the god of fong.
Come, god of mirth and revely,
Come bring thy merry round,
And thew the cynic fool, that he
Such joys has never found.

Sacred to mirth, this fact, my friends,
Ye ficial fone decree;
Let us, then, confecute this night.
To wit and joility:

Come let the cup with wine o'erflow;
The bottle push abour;
Come fill, my bro her bloods, around,
The starry liquor out.

ABOUT the time when buly faces meet,
And carts and coaches rumble in each fireet;
When madam rifes, and the tex-things rattle;
And all the fex prepare for general tattle,
The mandlin libertines are let to know,

They must, attended, to the justice go.

A crack is call'd—they to his worship steer,

To be, or sent to Bridewell, or set clear.

His worship o'er his chocolate attends,

To punish foes, and to oblige his triends;

With air important, then demands the cause

Why hey are brought, and for what breach of laws;

In soher sadness the grave chief explains,

The bucks transgression, and his—want of brains,

AIR.

Your worship must know,
Ten hours ago
Which was in the dead of the night;
These sparks play'd the devil,
In manner uncivit,
And throw'd us all into a fright;

My men's heads they broke,

And call'd it a joke,

And made twenty lamps for to rattle;

But being furrounded,

They foon where confounded,

And vanquish'd and taken in battle.

RECUTATIVE.

His worthip heard, and frok'd his under jaw,
Then look'd authority, and gave as haw;
Turn'd o'er the fluttes, and the riot act, [fact:
And talk'd of quist, and quert, and doubt, and
But the young blades, to moltify the cause,
And smooth the aspect of hard-featur'd laws,
Begg'd that they might a private word express,
Which was accorded to with rendincie;
Then, humbly pray'd, their radincies;
And they'd semain for ever in his dobe;
And with respect, and great fabrifishen shown,
They hop'd he'd make a triffing gift his own:
This generous spirit in each culprie spark,
Produc'd these orders so his worthip's clerk.

Clerk, write a discharge,
And set these at large?

For, faith they are men of condition:

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Wond Non Your By Then

Ah! Sel Who,

Since

Then And fi "Tis true, they transgress'd,
But now they've express'd,
For their folly, much grief and contrition.
For justice sometimes,
Should wink at small crimes,
Of rigour relax, and be kind;
The poor I commit;
But pay, and submit,
You'll find me, as painted, quite blind,

As Delia, bleft with ev'ry grace,
Invok'd foft music's needless aid;
Compleately conquer'd by her face,
Thus gentle Strepbon, smiling said.

S.

fact :

and

,

get,

n,

AIR.

Where partial nature may deny
The pow'r of beauty's melting glance,
Let tedious labour toil and try
To fwell the fong, or form the dance;
But let your charms alone fuffice,
And truft the music of your eyes.

RECITATIVE

Damon, who chanc'd to overhear,

Thus spoke, as he approach'd more near:

He flatters, do not trust the swain,

But listen to my honest strain.

AIR.

Wonders are told of beauty's pow'r,
Nor faintly warms the tuneful lay;
Your voice and person ev'ry hour
By dozens steal our hearts away;
Then how trifling is the prize,
Since sops have ears, and fools have eyes!
Ah! lovely nymph, indeed to bless,
Select the worthiest swain you've won;
Who, prizing sound and colour less,
Admires you for your sense alone;
Then leave all little arts behind,
And study to improve the mind.

AS in a pensive form Myrtilla sat, Revolving on the will of sate, A sprightly youth, devoid of care, Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair.

Thou vernal bloom of beauty's tree,
I'm come to buy a heart of thee:
With transport I receiv'd the tale,
That such a gem was up for sale.
Could I command the starry train,
For thee I'd give it back again;
And, If I could, to make thee mine,
The universe should all be thine.
Go hence, (the maid with softness cries;)
Merit the best deserves the prize:
The tale you've heard was falsely told;

Myrtilla's heart can ne'er be fold.

- 31 -

AS porter Will along St. Paul's did move,
Depress'd with weighty load, but more by love,
By chance the fair Cerissa there he found,
Crying her fine heart cherries, round & found [hee
Will, Joyous, instant pitch'd, then straight cares'd
And leaning o'er the barrow, thus address'd her a

Thy lips are cherries, fweeter far
Than those which in the barrow are;
With such a store of charms, 'tis well
You may have stolen hearts to sell.
Mine, dear Cerissa, too, you know,
You stole it from me long ago;
And now I stoop to ask of thee,
To give it back, or marry me.

Ceriffa arch'y leering as he spake,
While all the cherry blushed on her cheek,
The mellowest fruit, unnotic's cull'd apace,
And sent like thunder at his doleful face;

Then

Then grasp'd her barrow, trundled foft along, And looking round at Will, triumphant fung.

Shall I. poffefs'd of all thefe charms. Sleep nightly in a porter's arms! M' ambitious foul detefts fuch fcum, And fighs for conquests yet to come. Fair youths my fov'reign pow'r shall feel! Ten thousand hearts I daily fleai, And beauteous nymphs shall envious see Crown'd heads and dukes submit to me.

- 32 -RECITATIVE. TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells, Where fad despair and famine always dwells, A meagre Frenchman, madam Granfire's cook, As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took; Bending beneath the weight of fam'd firloin, On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine: Good father Dominick by chance came by. With roly gills, round paunch, and greedy eye; Who, when he first beheld the greafy load, His benediction on it he beflow'd; And as the folid fat his fingers prefs'd, He fick'd his chops, and thus the Knight address'd

AIR. [A lovely lafe to a friar came, &c.] Oh rare roaft best! lov'd by all mankind, If I were doom'd to have thee. When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind. And fwimming in the grave, Not all thy country's force combin'd Should from my fury fave thee

Renown'd firloin, oft-times decreed The theme of English build; On thee e'en kings have deien'd to feed, Unknown to Frenchman's palate : Then how much doth thy taffe exceed Soup-meagre, frogs and fallad! RECITATIVE.

A half-flave'd foldier, fhirtlefe, pale and lean, Who foch a fight before had never feen, Like Garrick's frighted Hamler, gaping frood, And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.

His morning's mels forfook the friendly bowl-And in small fireams along the pasemer t fole. He heav'd a figh, which gave his heart relief, And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR. [Foot's Minuet.] Ah! facre Dieu! vat do I fee yonder, Dat look fo tempting red and vite? Begar, it is de roast beef from Londre; Oh ! grant to me von lettle bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding, And cruel fate dis boon denies; In kind compassion unto my pleading, Return, and let me feath mine eyes.

RECETATIVE. His fellow-guard, of right Hiberman clay, Whose brazen front his country did betray, From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled, By honest means to gain his daily bread, Soon as the well-known profeet he deftry'd, In blubb'sing secents dolefully he cry'd:

AIR. [Ellen a Roon.] Sweet beef, that now causes my fromach to rife, Sweet beef, that now causes my flomach to rife,

So taking thy fight is, My joy, that fo light is,

To view thee, by pailfuls sunt out at my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing, While here I remain, my life anot worth a farthing. Ah hard hearted Emi!

Why did I come to you? flarving. The gallows, more kind, would have fav'd me from RECITATIVEE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate. Who fed his note, and feratch'd his ruddy pate; But when old England's bulwark he efpy'd, His dear-lov'd mull, alas! was thrown afide: With lifted hand he blefs'd his native place, Then fcrubb'd himfelf, and thus bewail'd his cafe

A 1 R. The broom of Coroden Knows. How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot, Who was fo blythe of late, To fee fuch meat as can't be got,

When hunger is to great?

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> Th WOU Ere

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Where Where And v Tho'

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As one Beheld lie boa

Then e Mama, Cry'd, But dea

Till Iw Then, The ox

An effo

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Whofe 1

O the

O the beef! the bonny beef,
When roafted nice and brown;
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down!

Ah Charley! had'ft shou not been feen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me;
I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
O the beef, &c.

## RECETATIVE.

But see my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite; [throne,
Where smiling freedom guards great George's
And whips, and chains, & tortures are not known,
Tho' Britain's same in lostiest strains shall ring,
In rustic sable give me leave to sing.

#### AIR.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain, Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain, He boafted his fize he could quickly attain.

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O the reast beef of old England, And O the old English rout beef.

Then easerly firetching his weak little frame, Mama, who flood by like a knowing old dame, Cry'd, son, to attempt it you're furely to blame.' O the roaft beef, &c.

rving. But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst; a from An effort he wentur'd more strong than the first, fill swelling and straining too hard made him burst. O the roust beef, &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear; The ox is old England, the frog i Monsieun, Whose pusse and bravadoes we need never sear.

O the roast beef, Sc.

or while by our commerce and arts we are able to fee the firloin smoking hot on the table, he French may e'en burst like the freg in the fable

O the roof beef of old England, And O the old English work beef,

RECITATIVE.

BRITONS, attend; I fing in merry lay,
The feats atchiev'd upon a Lord-mayor's day:
What furfeits caught, whatfeeding when they dine;
What fober citizens get drunk by nine;
What fights are feen; what ratling, fulls and noise,
Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls, and boys,
Who firects, bulks, windows, tops of honses throng,
To view his lordship pass in state along.

A . R. [Ob! London is a fine town. &c]

Oh! Lord-Mayor's shew, so brave and gay,
Does honour to the city;
And old and young, and rich and poor;
Must own 'tin vastly pretty,
To see the gilded coach and fix,
And man in armour ride,
In pomp and splendor, from Guildball,
Unto the water-side.
And when the barges closely pent,
Such plenty of good cheer,
What pity 'tis so fine a fight,
Should come but once a year!
Oh! Lord-Mayor's show, so brave, Sic.

## RECITATIVE.

The bustle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,
The mob dispers'd, "To dinner's" all the cry.
With hasten'd steps, as keenest hunger calls.
The starv'd mechanics seek their distrent hasts;
At the sull-groaning board each takes his sear,
With brandish'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

A I R. [Ghofts of every occupation.]

Cits of ev'ry accupation,
Ev'ry age, and ev'ry station,
Parsons, justices of quorum,
All with napkins tuck'd before 'em.
Press to have their plates fill'd first.
With the victuals here such work is,
Snatching turtles, geese, and turkies,

Hares, with puddings in their bellies,
Cheefecakes, custards, tarts and jellies:
Bawling, swearing,
Cutting, tearing,
Sweating, pussing,
Licking, stuffing,
Just as if they all wou'd burst.
RECITATIVE.

Their prowes now in eating having prov'd,
The dishes emptied, and the cloth remov'd;
Again the table smiles with wine and ale,
And toasts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail; [lie
Some talk, some laugh, some smoak, some snoring
And some with jovial songs old care defy.

AIR. [Come buther, my country 'squire, &c.]
Come fill the glass to the brink;
Brisk wine soon away sorrow drives;
Like cowards ne'er shrink, but valiantly drink
Confusion to bailists and wives.

C H O R U S.

Such foaking, fuch smoaking and joking,
Such guzzling here you see;
The buck and furr'd gown together sit down,
And all are good company.

To enjoy life while we may,
I'll prove from the scripture, is right:
Old Lot us'd they say, to suddle all day,
And lie with his doxy at night.
Such soaking, &c.

RECITATIVE,

But foon the luscious grape too potent grows;
Mirth and good humour turn to words and blows;
Now Rogue and Cuckoid through the hall resound,
And wigs, and canes, and cravats frew the ground;
Till bright Aurora rears her rosy head,
And bids the noisy crew reel home to bed.

AIR. [There was a jovial beggar, &c.]

Let heroes, both by land and fea,

Their deeds in battle boaff;

They only fame acquire now,

Who eat and drink the most.

Then a guttling we will go, will go, will go:

In ftory we are told, of one
An ox flew with his fift;
Then at a meal he eat him up,
Gods! what a glorious twift!
Then a guttling, &c.
If then good esting's fo renown'd,

If then good eating's fo renown'd,
Be this each Briton's pray'r,
"God blefsthe Court of Aldermen,
"The Sheriffs and Lord Mayor,
When a guttling they, &c.

RECITATIVE.

TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd:
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wishful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

HE.

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A 1 R.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why didft thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didft thou truft the feas?

Ceafe, ceafe, thou rolling ocean,
And let my lover reft!

Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breaft?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempess with despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To the losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold a di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they fay that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then, beneath the water,
Do hideous rocks remain?

No eyes those rocks discover,

That lurk beneath the deep,

To wreck the wand ring lover,

And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,

Thus wail'd she for her dear,

Repaid each blass with fighing,

Each billow with a tear:

When o'er the white waves stooping,

His sloating corple she say'd;

Then like a sily drooping,

She bow'd her head—and dy'd.

.

AND can'ft thou leave by Nancy,
And quit thy native shore,
It comes into my fancy,
I ne'er shall see the more.

- Hz. Yes, I must leave my Nancy,
  To humble haughty Spain,
  Let fear ne'er fill thy fancy,
  For we shall meet again.
- SHE. Amidst the foaming billows,

  When thund ring cannons roar,

  You'll think on these green willows,

  And wish yourself on shore.
- Hr. I fear not land nor water;
  I fear not fword or fire;
  For fweet revenge and flaughter
  Are all that I defire.
- From water, fire, or steel,
  And make no fears affect thee
  Like those which now I feel.
- HE. I leave to heav'n's protection,
  My life, my only dear;
  You have my foul's affection,
  So ftill conclude me bera.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' Breets his trade did cry, He saw his lovely Sylvin paffing by;

In dust-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd, With the rich einders round her lovely waist:

Tom with uplifted hands th' occasion bless,

And thus, in foothing strains, th' maid address.

AIR.

O Sylvia, while you drive your eart, To pick up dust, you stead our hearts; You take up dust, and seal our hearts: That mine is gone, alas! is true, And dwells among the dust with you; And dwells among the dust with you; Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain; Give me my heart, you stole, again; Give me my heart, out of your care; Give me my heart, you stole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,

Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about:

She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as sloe,

And look'd distain on little folks below:

To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,

That then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop John.

Shall I, who ride above the reft,
Be by a paltry croud oppress?
Ambition now my foul does fire;
The youths shall languish and admire,
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart;
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

37

н.

CAST, my love, thine eyes around, See the sportive lambkins play; Nature gaily decks the ground, All in honour of the May. Like the sparrow and dove, Litten to the voice of love:

- SHE. Damon, thou hast found me long
  List'ning to thy foothing tale,
  And thy fost persuasive tongue
  Often heard me in the dale s
  Take, oh! Damon, while I live,
  All which virtue ought to give.
- HE. Not the verdure of the grove,

  Not the garden's fairest flow'r.

  Nor the meads where lovers rove,

  Tempted by the vernal hour,

  Can delight thy Damon's eye,

  If Florella is not by.
- SHE. Not the water's gentle fall,

  By the bank with poplars crown'd,

  Not the feather'd fongflers all,

  Nor the flute's melodious found,

  Can delight Florella's ear,

  If her Damon is not near.
- Both. Let us love, and let us live,

  Like the chedrful feafon gay:

  Banish care, and let us give

  Tribute to the fragrant May:

  Like the sparrow and the cove,

  Listen to the voice of love.

THE festive board was met, the social band Round fam'd Anacreon took their filent stand; My sons (began the sage) be this the rule; No brow suffere must dare approach my school, Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within: Old care, begone! heer sadness is a sin.

Tell me not the joys that wait
On him that's learn d, or him that's great:
We Ith and wildom I despile;
Cares surround the rich and wife:
The queen that gives feft wishes birth,
And Bacchus, god of wine and math,

Me their friend and fav'rite own,
And I was born for them alone:
Bus'ness, title, pomp and flate,
Give them to the fools I hate.
But let love, let life be mine:
Bring me women, bring me wine:
Speed the dancing hours away;
Mind not what the grave ones say:
Gaily let the minutes fly,
In wit and freedom, love and joy:
So shall love, shall life be mine;
Bring me woman, bring me wine.

RECITATIVE.

39 .

SEE! with roly banners streaming, Young-ey'd morn ascends the skies! Why, dear Chloe, art thou dreaming? Wake, my fair! my love, arise!

Break the filken bands of Morpheus,
Hark aerial concerts flow;
Sweet, methinks, a lyre of Orpheus,
When he fought the shades below.
See! the lark aloft is foaring;
Now, with undulating strains,
Philomel, her fate deploring,
Charms the spacious happy plains.

A Wretch long tortur'd with disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd, in vain,
At length a god of wine addrest,
Sure refuge of a wounded breast.

Vouchfafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel mad;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and chear his heart.
RECITATIVE.

To Bacchus thus the lover cry'd, And thus the jolly god seply'd;

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Give whining o'er, be brifk and gay, And quaff his fneaking form away: With daustless mien approach the fair; The way to conquer is to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The fwain purfu'd the god's advice;

The nymph was now no longer nice:

She smil'd, and spoke the sex's mind; When you grow daring, we grow kind: Men to themselves are most severe, And make us tyrants by their fear.

HARK! hark! o'er the plains what glad tumults How gay all the nymphs and the shepherds appear! With myrtles and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs, And every bush bears a garland of flowers, I can'r, for my life, what it means understand: There's some rural festival surely at hand; Not harvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take place; But Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

- 41 -

PRILLIS.

The truth, honest lad!—why surely you know What rites are prepar'd in the village below, Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam'd and ador'd, Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin our lord;

That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and ease, All fancies can strike, & all judgements can please;

That Corin—but praise must the matter give o'er;

You know what he i—and I need say no more.

COLIN.

Young Thyrsis too claims all that honour can lend, His countrymen's glory, their champion & friend, Tho' such slight memorials scarce speak his deserts, And trust me, his name is engraved on their hearts.

PHILLIS.

But hence, to the bridal, behold how they throng, Each shepherd conducting his sweet-heart along; The joyous occasion all nature inspires With tender affections and chearful defires.

# DURTTO,

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,
All-gracious look down on the bridegroom & bride,
That beauty, and virtue, and valour may shine
In a race like themselvs, with no end to the line:
Let honour and glory, and riches and praise,
Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days;
And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
O! may they live easy as those in a cot!

DAMON.

Ontented all day will I fit by your fide,
Where poplars far firetching o'er-arch the cool tide;
And, while the clear river runs purling along,
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

LAURA:

While you are but by me, no danger I fear; Ye lambs rest in safety, my Damon is near; [please, Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease; For my shepherd, Sc.

DAMON.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
The wish of each heart, & the theme of each lay;
Ne'er yield to the swain till he makes you a wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for life;
For he who, Sc.

LAURA. [fair, Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care; Then fcorn to their ruin affiftance to lend, Nor betray the fweet creatures you're born to defend; Nor betray, &c.

DUETTO.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd; Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found: Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth, To preserve in their age, what they gain'd in their To preserve in their age, &c [youth.

Ee 2

WHILE

43

WHILE others barter ease for state,
And fondly aim at growing great,
Let me (with rosy chaplet crown'd)
Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground,
The grape's nectareous juices quast,
Alternate sing and love and laugh.
Already see the purple juice
Resplendent o'er my cheek dissuse
A second youth!—again the bowl
With warm desires in slames my soul.

# RECITATIVE

Quickly, ah quickly! must I leave The joys that wine and beauty give; Soon must I quit my wonted mirth, And mingle with my parent earth, Where kings, divested of their state, With slaves sustain a common fate.

## AIR.

Let then the present hour be mine, Blest in the joys of love and wine: Come, ye virgin-throng, advance, And mingle in the sprightly dance: To the lyre's enchanting sound Nimbly tread the blithsome round; While the genial bow! inspires Soft delight and gay defires.

RECITATIVE..

WHEN Flora o'er the garden flray'd,
And ev'ry blooming fweet furvey'd,
As o'er the dew-dipt flow'rs fhe hung,
Thus wrapt in joy fhe fondly fung.

AIR.

The early fnow-drop, primrose pale,
The tulip gay, the lily fair,
Each flow'r that loads the frented gale
Deferves their Flora's tender care,
Deserves their Flora's tender care.

But none of fummer's gaudy pride.

Such sweetness breathe, or charms disclose,
As that dear flow's that blooms beside,

None pleases like the blushing cose;

As that dear flow's, &c.

The balmy Zepbyr's round thee play,
And golden fune exert their pow'r
To bring thy beauties to the day,
And make thee Flora's fav rite flow'r,
And make thee Flora's fav rite flow'r.
A garland gay, the nymphs and fwains
May make from ev'ry fweet that grows,
And meaner things may pleafe the plains,
But thou art mine thou lovely rofe.
And meaner things, &c.

45

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos isle, so fam'd of old, I come,
To raise recruits, with merry sife and drum;
The queen of beauty here, by me. invites
Each nymph and swain to taste of sweet delights;
Obey the call, and seek the happy land,
Where Captain Cupid bears the sole command.

ATP.

Ye nymphs and ye swains who are youthful & gay,
Attend to the call, and be blest while you may;
Lads and lasses hither come
To the sound of the drum.

I have treasure in store which you never have seen

Then hafte, let us rove

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Eich nymph of sixteen who would fain be a wife, Shall soon have a partner to bless her for life;

Then laffes hither come
To the found of the drum,
I have sweethearts in store such as never were seen;
Haste, haste, let us rove
To the illand of love,

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

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Would a swain but be bleft with a nymph to his mind, Let him enter my lift, and his wish he shall find;

I can bless him for life, With a kind loving wife,

More beautiful fair than was nymph ever feen, Then hafte, let us rove

To the island of love, Where Capid is captain, and Venus is queen.

In Paphos, we know of nor discord nor strife, Each nymph and each swain may be happy for life; In transport and joy,

We each moment employ,

And tafte such delights as were never yet seen;

Then hafte, let us rove

To the island of love,

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Celia made,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r;
There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd
Beyond the promis'd hour:
No longer able to contain
This anxious expectation,
With rage he fought t'allay his pain,
And vented thus his passion:

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#### AIR.

To all the sex deceitful,

A long and last adieu,
Since women prove ungrateful,
As long as men prove true.
The pains they give are many,
And oh! too hard to bear;
The joys they give—if any,
Few, short, and infincere.

# RECITATIVE.

Now Celia, from mama got loofe, And reach'd the calm retreat; With modest blush the begg'd excuse, And chid her tardy feet. The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd, His joy could not restrain, But as each tender thought increas'd, Thus chang'd his railing strain.

AIR.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!

And what joy the nymphs appearing,
After absence or despair;

Women wise increase desiring,
By contriving kind delays;

And advancing or retiring,
All they mean—is more to please.

RECITATIVE.

Amphytryon and his bride, a god-like pair,
He, brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair,
On thrones of gold, in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchless splendor held the nuptial feast,
Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,
Enraptur'd thus the happy hero sung.

Was mighty Jove descending,
With all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine;
His shafts of bolted thouser
With boldness I deride,
Not heav'n itself can funder,
The hearts that love has ty'd.

RECITATIVE accompanied.
The thund'rer heard, he look'd with vengeance down
Till beauty's glance dif m'd his awful frown;
The magic impulse of Alemena's eyes,
Compeli'd the conqu'ring god to quit the skies,
He seign'd the hursband's form, possess'd her charms,
And punish'd his presumption in her arms.

He deserves sublimest pleasure,
Who reveals it not when won,
Beauty's like the miser's treasure,
Boast it, and the fool's undoice.

Ee 3

Learn

Learn by this, unguarded lover. When your fecret fighs prevail, Not to let your tongue discover. Raptures that it should conceal, - 48 -

RECITATIVE.

To try her fhepherd, once a fair one plac'd A fav'rite Girdle round her flender waift ; This Girdle now shall part me into two, Gay Phillis cries, and either half's for you; [like, Make then your choice, and take which share you As paffion or as featiment shall ftrike. The artful Strephon foon his filence broke, Look'd at the nymph, and thus his rapture spoke :

> Then give those looks that speak and tell The harmless breast and heart fince e, Where honour, truth, and virtue dwell, And what can life itself endear; That wit and wisdom fill be mine, The flowing tongue, the temper free : Below the Girdle I refign, The upper half, dear girl, for me.

RECITATIVE. Our nymph the shepherd's arguments approv'd, Strephon for this by Pbillis must be lov'd; Her thoughts the thus express'd in accents fweet, And dropp'd the while the Girdle at her feet.

Since you have fo well decided. And fuch judgment now have fhewn. By the Girdle andrvided, See a charm, I'm all your own. Greater is the Mepherd's pleafure, Who both mind and body gains ; You who chose the foul's best treasure, Take my person for your pains.

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RECITATIVE. Y Oung Damon long had lov'd, and long had woo'd, The nymph he lov'd, lov'd him, but was a prude: At length refolv'd, no longer to endure Those cruel frowns, these frowns that work'd his He left the maid, and fought a kinder fair : foure: Now Daphne mourns her folly in despair. Ye nymphs be warn'd, and make your lovers fure. The heart your smiles can wound, your frowns will

Nymphs be kind, and you shall find, Your graces will improve; Gentle smiles, fort pleasing wiles, Are all the arms of love!

Scorn to teaze the heart vou've won. Quick take the favor'd fwain; Nor frown on those by love undone. When fmiles might footh their pain.

#### and CONVIVIAL SONGS. SOCIAL

SONG 1. S Bacchus and Marsonce together were fitting, Discoursing on subjects their gooth ps befitting Quoth Mars -" My friend Bacchus, I ne'er cou'd Why our favorite island produces no wine: [divine For tell me what people on earth better merit This excellent drink of the Gods to inherit?"

That the Britons deferve to have plenty of wine Is true, (aniwer'd Bacabus) because they are thine;

And when they have wanted, I gladly would know, Since I, my good friend. have difpens'd it below? For tho' the rich cluffers their iffe don't produce, I always take care to supply them with juice. Itoil Their neighbours in France, Spain, and Portugal,

To compensate this want, in the fam'd British foil: For you know that when Jove first created the ball, Some defect he decreed in each country fhould fall;

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And who can discover aught wanting but this, For England to rival e'en heav'n in bi is?

Their women as beauteous we often behold,
As it form'd with our clay in your miftrefs's mould;
While their men so much valour display in the field,
That they make like yourself ev'ry enemy yield show
Then what room for regret, tho' no grapes they can
Since they always beat those in whose kingdoms they

Y OU bid me my jovial companions for ake,
The joys of a rural recess to partake;
With you, my good friend, I'll retreat to the vine,
Its shelter be yours—but its nectar be mine;
For each 'twill a separate pleasure produce,
You cool in its shade, whilst I glow with its juice;
And own no delight with his rapture can vie,
Who always is drinking, yet always is dry.

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The lover may talk of his flames and his darts, His judgment of eyes, and his conquest of hearts, May smile with the wanton, and sport with the gay, Enjoy where he can, and desert where he may: Yet the warmest adherents of love must deplore, That its savours when tasted, are savours no more; Then how can such joys with his extacy vie, Who always is drinking, yet always is dry?

Ambition, they tell me, has charms for us all, But well I'm convinc'd they're charms that must pall. The pageant of splendor may lure for a while, But soon we grow sick of its weight and its toil; Nor can it with us be compar'd, my brave boy; Whose appetites strengthen the more we epjoy; Then deign, ye kind pow'rs! with this wish to com-May I always be drinking, yet always be dry ! [ply

WHEN by the gently gliding stream,
On banks where budding violets spring,
I see my Delia's beauties beam,
I hear my lovely Delia sing;
When lips combine,
When arms entwine,
When fond caresses, amorous kiffes,

Yield the height of human bliffes,

In extacy I figh and fay,
Thus let me love my life away.

Whene'er the jocund bowl we pass,
And merry fong and tale go round;
When wine is sparkling in the glass,
And joke and sprightly wit abound,
With catch and glee,

While thus we find our joys increasing,
Laugh er roars with mirth unceasing,
In extacy I pant and fay,
Thus let me laugh my life away.

O lovely woman! gen'rous wine!

These potent pleasures let me quast;

Thy raptures, wit, O make them mine;

Oh! let me love, and drink, and laugh!

Each rising thought,

With music fraught,
Where all is pleasure, nothing wanting,
All harmonious, all enchanting,
In extacy I pant and say,
Thus let me sing my life away.

Sons of Ocean, fam'd in story,
Wont to wear the laurel'd brow;
Listen to your rising glory,
Growing honouas wait you now;
Think not servile adulation
Meanly marks my grateful song,
All the praises of the nation
Giv'n to you, to you belong;
And rival kingdoms send from far
Their plaudits to the British Tar.

'Tis not now your valiant daring—
Courage you've for ages shewn;
'Tis not now your mild forbearing,—
Pity ever was your own;
'Tis your Prince, so lov'd, so pleasing,
Spreads your fame thro' distant lands,
And the Trident nobly seizing,
Grasps it in his youthful hands;
Proud to boast in peace or war,

The virtues of the British Tar.

When

When the times were big with danger,
See your Royal shipmate go,
And to every fear a stranger,
Brave the fury of the foe:
Now when smiling Peace rejoices,
Greet him with a failor's arts;
Chear his presence with your voices,
Pay his service with your hearts,
And be henceforth your leading star,
The gallant, Royal Britis Tar.

WHILE the lads in the village shall merrily, ah!
Sound the tabor, I'll hand thee along,
And I say unto thee, that verily ah!
Thou and I will be first in the throng.

Just then, when his youth who last year won the With his mate shall the sport have begun, dow'r When the gay voice of gladness is heard from each And though long'st in thine heart to make one. bow'r

Those joys that are harmless what mortal can blame, 'Tis my maxim that youth should be free,

And to prove that my words and my deeds are the Believe thou shalt presently see. [same While the lads, &c.

OH! the days when I was young!
When I laugh'd in fortune's spite,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.
Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.
Oh! the days, 56.

Truth, they fay, lies in a well,

Why I vow I ne'er could fee;

Let the water drinkers tell,

There it a ways lay for me:

For when fparkling wine went round,

Never faw I falshood's misk;

But fill honest truth I found,

In the bottom of each flask!

Oh! the days, Sc.

True at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey!
Yet, old Jerome, thou may'ft boaft,
While thy spirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's frost
Glows a spark of youthful fire.
Oh! the days, &c.

COME now all ye focial powers,
Shed your influence o'er us,
Crown with joy the present hours,
Enliven those before us.
Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us,
Drink and dance and laugh and sing,
And cast dull care behind us.

Friendship, with thy pow'r divine,
Brighten all our features,
What but friendship, love, and wine,
Can make us happy creatures.
Bring the flask, &c.

Love, thy Godhead I adore,
Source of gen'rous passion,
But will ne'er bow down before,
Those idols, wealth or fashion,
Bring the stalk, &c.

Why the plague should we be sad,
Whilst on earth we moulder,
Whether we're merry, grave, or glad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the stask, &c.

Then fince Time will fleal away,
Spite of all our forrow,
Height en ev'ry joy to-day,
And never mind to-morrow.
Bring the flafk, &c.

OH! the little God of love is a rognish elf! He makes us all as childish and blind as himself! By d The w Their What Night

> Venus Come Tis o

> > I

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Gainst

Gainft fixty-two, in bonness that
O lucklefs lot wanted and the bonness that
His bow he drew, sections of a bonness that
At me he flot, and has a none of

Twang went the firing,
Whizz flew the dart,
On a grey goofe wing,
To an old man's heart,
But I'll be merry,
Hey down derry;
Dull forrow I'll drown,
Gerry down, down,
Or laugh at them all,
Tol de rol lol.

By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymph deck'd with dailies trim,
Their merry wakes and passimes keep;
What has night to do with sleep?
Night has better sweets to prove,
Venus wakes and wakens love;
Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes fin.

FILL me a bow!, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious foul;
Vaft as my thirst is, let it have
Depth enough to be my grave;
I mean the grave of all my care,
For I defign to bury't there.

Let it of filver fashion'd be,
Worthy of wine, worthy of me;
Worthy to adorn the spheres,
As that bright cup amongst the stars,
Fill me;a bowl, & ...

Fill me a bowl, &c.

Now Phaebus finketh in the west,
Welcome fong and welcome jest,
Midnight shouts and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jolity:
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Propping odours, dropping wine,

Rigour now is gone to bed.
And advice with scrup lous head;
Strict age, and sour severity.
With their grave saws in sumber lie;
With, &c.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak,
Let not a word on board be spoke,
Victory soon will crown the joke,
Be filent and be ready;
Ram home your guns, and spunge them well,
Let us be sure the balls will tell,
The cannon's roar shall sound their knell,
Be steady, boys, be steady.

Not yet, nor yet—referve your fire,
I'do defire,
Now the elements do rattle,
The gods am z'd behold the battle,
A broadfide, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd fide,
Wing'd with fate the hullets fly,
Conquer boys or bravely die;
Hurl destruction on your foes.
She finks, huzza, to the bottom down she goes.

------WHILE, I'm at the tavern quaffing Well d'sposed for t'other quart ; him well Comes my wife to spoil my laughing, Telling me 'tis time to part; Words I knew were enavailing. Yet I fternly answer'd, no! "Till from motives more prevailing, " ... had?" Sitting down the treads my toe. I will sold Such kind tokens, to my thinking, Most emphatically prove; That the joys, which flow from drinking, han Farewell, friends, and t'other bottle, Since I can no longer flay; Love, more learn'd than Aristotle, Has to move me found the way.

If!

HERE's to the maiden of bashful sisteen,
Likewise to the widow of sisty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewise that's thristy.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
Likewise to her that has none, fir;

Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to her that's but one fir,

Let the toaft pafs, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,

And to her that's as brown as a berry;

And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,

And here's to the girl that is merry.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumfy, or let her be flim,
Young, or antient, I care not a feather;
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toaft them together.
Let the toaft pass,

Drink to the lass,

I warent she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

I Crave not Gyge's boundless pow'r,
Nor wish I for the golden store!
I envy not the regal state
Of pompous kings, supremely great;
For mirth and joy alone I care,
And wreaths of roses for my hair.
To-day I banish ev'ry sorrow,
Nor think I of the coming morrow.
While chance permits, we'll drink and laugh,
And Baccbus' gifts in goblets quass;
For sooner than we wish comes death,
And stops our drinking, and—our breaths

As I on purple tap'firy lay,

And flept the tedious night away,

Well warm'd within
With sparkling wine.
I seem'd with virgins brisk as May
To dance, and sing, and wanton play.

The shepherds all together slew, And envious glane'd, and look'd askew; And ev'ry swain

Upon the plain.
Both envy'd and reproach'd me toe,
That I with virgins had to do.

An am'rous kifs I would have ta'en;
But, waking, found my hopes were vain?
Then curs'd the day,
Whose glaving vay

Bereav'd me of so sweet a pain; And strove to sleep and dream again.

BID me, when forty winters more
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow;
When from my head, a fcanty ftore,
Lankly the wither'd treffes flow:
When the warm tide, that bold and ftrong
Now rolls impetuous on, and free,
Languid and flow fcarce creeps along,
Then bid me court fobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene.

Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean

That age should reason—youth defire.

Shall then that rebel, man, presume
(Inverting nature's law) to seize
The dues of age in youth's bright bloom,
And join impossibilities?

No!—let me waste the frolic May,
In wanton joys, and wild excess;
In revel sport, and laughter gay,
And mirth, and jovial chearfulness.
Woman, the soul of all delights
And wine, the aid of love, be near;
All charms me that to joy incites,
And ev'ry she, that's kind, is fair.

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BACCHUS, Youe's delightful boy, Gen'rous god of wine and joy, Still exhibarates my foul With the raptures of the bowl.

Then with feather'd feet I bound, Dancing in a festive round; Then I feel, in fparkling wine, Transports delicate, divine,

Then the fprightly music warms; Song delights, and beauty charms! Debonaire, and light, and gay, Thus I dance the hours away.

BOATSWAIN! pipe up all hands hoy! Turn cut ev'r man and boy !

Make fail, give chafe, Then splice main brace! A gallant ship! my boys, she's French! a grog and flip here's to each wench. Loof, boys, higher;

Stand by-fire! She flikes! the flikes! our's is the day. A glorious prize! belay, belay!

GIVE the toaft, my good fellow, be jovial & gay, And let the brifk moments pals jocund away ! fouls. Here's the king-take your bumpers, my brave British Who guards your fair freedom shall crown your full Let him live long & happy, fee Louis brought [bowls And tafte ali the comforts, no cares, of a crown [down

GENTLY fir and blow the fire, Lay the mutton down to roaft : Get me, quick, 'tis my defire, In the dripping pan a toaff, That my hunger may remove; Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dreffer fee it lies; O the charming white and red! finer meat ne'er met my eyes, Un the Iweeteft grafs it fed :

Swiftly make the jack go round, Let me have it nicely brown'd. On the table spread the cloth, Let the knives be sharp and clean; Pickles get of ev'ry fort. And a fallad crifp and green : Then with small beer, and sparkling wine,

GOD fave great George, our king! Long live our noble king. God fave the king! Send him victorious, Happy and glorious, Long to reign over us. God fave the king.

O, ye gods ! how I shall dine !

O Lord, our God, arise, Scatter his enemies. And make them fall; Confound their po iticks. Fruftrate their knavish tricks ; On him our hopes we fix; God fave us all.

The choicest gifts in store, On George be pleas'd to pour, Long may he reign; May he defend our laws, And ever give us cause. To fing with heart and voice. God fave the king.

HOw flands the glafs around? For shame, ye take no care, my boys; How stands the glass around? Les mirth and wine abound. The trumpets found. The colours they are flying, bays, To fight, kill, or wound; May we ft:11 be found, Content with our hard fate, my boys, On the cold ground.

Social and Convivial Songs.

Why, foldiers, why,

Should we be melancholy, boys?

Why, foldiers, why,

Whose bus'ness' tis to die?

What fighing, fie!

Drown fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,

'Tis he, you, or I!

Cold, hot, wet or dry,

We're always bound to follow, boys,

And scorn to fly.

Social and Convivial Songs.

Worthy the fair, we fill

And oft our blife reperation.

The Stoic, prong to the Thy softness can unbit a chearful gaiety dispent And make him tafters.

Forgets his pensive fir And then concludes his In honest social life.

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;
'Tis but in vain
For foldiers to complain;
Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're tree from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

HAIL! Burgundy, thou juice divine!
Inspirer of my song!
The praises given to other wine,
To hee alone belong;
Of poignant wit and rosy charms
Theu can st the power improve;
Care of it's sting thy balm disarms,
Thou noblest gift of Jove.

Bright Phebus on the parent vince,
From whence thy current streams,
Sweet shining thro the tendril shines,
And lavish darts his beams;
The pregnant grape receives his fires,
And all his force retains;
With that same wroth our brains inspires,
And animates our strains.

From thee my Chloe's radiant eye
New sparkling beams receives;
Her cheeks imbibe a sofier dye,
Her beauteous bosom heaves:
Summon'd to love by thy alarms,
O! with what nervous Heat,

Worthy the fair, we fill their arms. And oft our blifs repeal ! -The Stoic, prone to thought intense. Thy foftness can unbind, he will to one lucification A chearful gaiety dispense. Long the east to links if And make him taffe a friend : His brow grows clear, he feels contents Forgets his penfive ftrife; And then concludes his time well spent, In honest focial life. E'en beaux, those fost amphibious things, Wrapt up in felf and dreis, Quite loft to the delight that fprings From fenfe, thy pow'r contels; The fop, with chitty maudlin face, That dares but deeply drink,

Forgets his queue and ftiff grimace.

Grows free, and feems to think.

Heed not, while life's on the wing, What fale or what fortune may bring. Nor think or ot care or of forrew ; Would you know why fo happy and gay; I've liv'd, my companions, to-day, And will waste not a thought on to-morrow. What pleasures already are flown, The joys my fond heart might have known. I could not repeat without forrow? When eagerly brimm'd the brifk wine, When Jove, half confenting, was mine, A whitper came, flay till to-morrow. I'll live, for I'm wifer at laft, The present shall pay for the past. Ne moment of future I'll borrow; The cheat now I fairly descry; On to-day you must only rely, Look not for a friend in to-morrow. I'll catch ev'ry fwift-flying hour. I'll tafte ev'ry joy in my pow'r, And teach you to fmile away forrow : If love now bids beauty be kind, If you've nectar to gladden your mind, Have nothing to do with to-morrow.

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COME, ye party jangling fwains.

Leave your flocks and quit the plains.

Friends to country, friends to court,

Nothing here fhall fpoil your fport.

Ever welcome to our feaft,

Welcome every friendly gueft!

Sprightly widows come away,
Laughing dames and virgins gry,
Little gaudy, fluttering miffes.
Smiling hopes of future bliffes.
Ever welcome. &c.

All that ripening fun can bring,
Beauteous fummer, beauteous fpring,
In one varying feene we show
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.
Ever welcome, &c.

Comus jesting, masic charming, Wine inspiring, beauty warming, Rage and party malice dies, Peace returns, and discord slies. Ever welcome to our feast, Welcome every friendly guest!

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
That love to tope good wine,
Let us offer up a hogshead
Unto our master's shrine.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never shrink,
For l'll give a reason why;
\*Tis a great sin to leave a house,
Till we've drank the cellar dry.
And a toping, &c.

In times of old I was a fool,
I drank the water clear;
But Bacchus took me from that rule,
He thought 'twas too fevere,
And a toping, Gc.

He fill'd a goblet to the brim, And bade me take a sup; But had it been a gailon pot, and a toping, Grant and a toping a toping and a toping a

And ever fince that happy time,
Good wine has been my chear 3
Now nothing puts me in a fwoon,
But water or small-beer.
And a toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my boys,
And never flinch, nor fly;
But fill our skins brimful of wine,
And drain the bottles dry.
And a toping we will go, &c.

DISTANT hie thee, carping care,
From the fpot where I do dwell;
Rigid mortals, come not there,
Frowns, begone to hermit's cell;
But let me live the life of fouls,
With laughter, love, and flowing bowle.

Miser, with thy paltry pelf
I give 'gainst thee my hate it's scope;
Wretch that liv'it but for thyses,
With heart of rust that cannot ope;
Fly, bird of night, from sun and souls
That love and laugh o'er flowing bowls.

Who can let the pensive go,
Or the eye that drops a tear,
And not weed their minds of woe,
May not, dare not peep in here:
Who can't be friends, can ne'er be souls,
Nor e'er shall quaff our flowing bowls.

Joys on joys, O let me tafte,
Health and mirth dwell in my gate,
While with ease my fand doth waste,
Whilst I bless the book of fate:
Then let me live the life of fouls,
With laughter, love, and slowing bowls.

LET fufty old grey-beards of spathy boaft,
And Venus and Bacchus revile;
Ff

In fpite of their books, they are flaves to some touft, The dupes of a nody wink, or smile.

Some foug fober citizens here may repair, Without an idea of guile;

But what with the music, and what with the fair, They follow the nod, wink, and smile.

Let men boaft of titles, of honour, renown; The females of this happy iffe,

Can vanquish the victors, nay kill with a frown, Or fave, by a nod, wink, or smile.

These gardens of pleasure the beauties approve,
Who the dullest of moments beguile;
Here Cupid unfurls the white standard of leve,
And commands with a nod, wink, and smile.

LET a fet of sober affes

Rail against the joys of drinking,

While water, tea,

And milk agree,

To set cold brains a thinking;

Power and wealth,

Beauty, health,

Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd:

Joys abound,

Pleasure's found

The ancient fects on happiness
All differ'd in opinion;
But wifer rules
Of modern schools,
In wine fix their dominion.
Power and wealth. &c.

Only where the glass goes round,

Wine gives the lover sigour,

Makes glow the cheeks of beauty,

Makes poets write,

And foldiers fight,

And friendship do it's duty.

Power and wealth, &c.

Wine was the only Helicon, Whence poets are long-liv'd fo 'Twas no other main
Than brisk champaign,
Whence Venus was deriv'd too.
Power and wealth, Sc.

When heav'n in Pandora's box
All kinds of ill had fent us,
In a merry mood,
A bottle of good,
Was cork'd up, to content us,
Power and wealth, &c.

All virtues wine is nurse to,
Of ev'ry vice destroyer,
Gives dullard's wit,
Makes just the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine fets our joys a flowing,
Our care and forrow drowning.
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's foul,
And a Christian ne'er should own him a
Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd a
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found
Only where the glass goes round.

MASTER Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
And swore he'd pe'er be married,
But 'gainst each husead threw some wipe,
Or dry jest drolly carried.

Master Jenkins thought a wise
The greatest mortal evil,
And swore to lead a husband's life
Must be the very devil.

Moster Jenkins smok'd his pipe
At home, content, and married,
Regardless of each sneer or wipe,

Or dry jest drolly carried :

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Mafter Jenkins swore a wife Was not so great an evil; And any but a husband's life Was now the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
And has been some months married;
Severely now he selt each wipe,
For horns the poor man carried:
Muster Jenkins curs'd his wise,
And swore of such an evil,
To get well quit he'd part with life,
Or send her to the devil.

MORTALS, learn your lives to measure,
Not by length of time, but pleasure;
Now the hours invite, comply;
While you idly pause, they sky;
Blest, a nimble pace they keep,
But in torment, then they creep.
Mortals, learn your lives to measure,
Not by length of time, but pleasure;
Soan your spring must have a fall;
losing youth, is losing all:
Then you'll ask, but none will give,
And may linger, but not live.

My temples with clusters of grapes I ll entwine, And bar:er all joy for a goblet of wine; In fearch of a Venus no longer I'll run, But stop and forget her at Baccbus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
I not fill'd with the health of some favourite lass?

Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart, and lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart: The miser himself (so supreme is her sway) Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the found of her voice, forrow lifts up her head, And poverty liftens, well pleas'd, from her shed; While age, in an extaly, hobbling along, tage time with his crutch to the tune of her song

Then bring me a goblet from Bacebus's hoard, The largest and deepest that stands on the board; I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair; 'Tis the toast of a lover, and pledge me who dare,

OH, the fultry month of June!
Sweating late and early;
Able fearce to hum a tune,
Oh! we fwelter rarely!

All night long we're in a fwest, Sweating till the morning; Piping hot then up we get, Breakfast bell gives warning.

After tea we take a walk,
In the grove or meadow:
Oh! how hot! is all our talk;
None e'er fweat as we do.

Then upon the grass we're laid;
For a while, how clever!
Soon the sun darts thro' the shade,
We're as hot as ever.

Panting with the noon-tide heat,
Homeward next we firell Sir,
A'l besmear'd with dust and sweat.

Dolly brings the bowl, Sir,

Cooling cream, our thirst t' allay, Eager now we swallow; Cyder too, and curds and whey; Still we melt our tallow.

Chairs, stools, benches, restless grown, Now we try to ease us; Chairs, stools, benches, beds of down, Nothing now can please us.

Dinner waits, and down we fit, Fish and flesh invite us; Not a morsel can we eat, Nothing can delight us.

From our liquors, strong or weak,
We derive no pleasure;
Cooling draughts in vain we seek,
Sweating beyond measure.

Ff

Ev'ning now comes on apace,
Now the fun is fetting;
Shadows skim the meadow's face,
But we fill are sweating.

Sweating thus from day to day, Pitying pow'rs befriend us! And, inflead of June so gay, Winter once more send us.

ON Old England: bleft fhore
We are landed once more,
Secure from the florms of the main;
For great George, and his cause,
For our country and laws,
We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Where the fun's orient ray

First opens the day,
On India's extended domain,

The swarthy-fac'd foes Who dar'd to oppose,

We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Come, my brave hearts of oak,
Let us drink, fing, and joke,
While here on the shore we remain;
When our country demands,
With hearts, and with hands,
We are ready to conquer again.

OUR glasses, waiter, once again supply,
Bring t'other dozen, broach the cellar dry;
Let not vacuity the board disgrace,
But with rich claret fill the horrid space!
Potent juice, that rules the earth,
Inspirer of wit and mirth,
Source of joys that ne'er decay,
Ever bubbling,
Never troubling,
Always sparkling, brisk and gay;
Recruit my goblet to the brink,
I'll sing thy praises while I drink,

OUR wives at home, your husband gone,
To them leave care and thinking;
While gaily we the hours pass on
In laughing and in drinking.

The real jois of love are fhar'd

By those who are discretes;

And here's his health who first declar'd

Stol'n pleasures are the sweetest.

PHO! pox o' this nonfense, I pr'ythee give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chlor no more;
Their sace, & their air, & their mien; what a rout!
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape, They dare not confide in the juice of the grape; But we honest fellows—'fdeath! who'd ever think Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows; Our joys it entreases, and lightens our woes; Remember what topers of old us'd to fing, The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

If Cupid affaults you, there's law for his tricks;
Anacreon's cases see, age twenty-fix:
The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul,
Lay hold on and drown the young dog in a bowl.

What's life but a frolic, a fong, and a laugh?
My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quast.
"May minth and good fellowship always abound!"
Boys, fill up a humper, and let it go round.

RAIL no more, ye learned affes,
'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;
Sound it's depth, and fill your glaffes,
Wisdom at the hottom lies;
Fill them higher still, and higher,
Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
Sipping quenches all our fire;
Bumpers light it up again,

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Draw the scene for wit and pleasure;
Enter jollity and joy;
We for thinking have no leisure,
Manly mirth is our employ:
Since in life there's nothing certain,
We'll the present hour engage;
And when death shall drop the curtain,
With applause we'll quit the stage.

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SAYS Plato, Why should man be vain,
Since bounteous heaven hath made him great?
Why looketh he with insolent distain
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
Can costly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave.

The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction lie.
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles bore;
Their wealth and glory are berest,
And all their honour is no more.

So flies the meteor through the skies,
And spreads along a gilded train;
When shot, 'tis gone, it's beauty dies,
Dissolves to common air again,
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
Let friendship reign while here we stay;
Let's crown our joy with slowing bowls,
For when Yove calls we must obey.

SOULS who in gay circles move, While from scene to scene ye rove, Seeking pleasure, look on me, Source of blifs, variety.

See bright Phæbus, how he shines !

See bright Phaebus, how he thines I No one spot his beam confines; Round the world his coursess flees Seeking dear Variety. Be the wretch with gold possen; Let the fot with wine be bleft; Laurell'd let ambition be, Give me dear variety.

Would you lafting pleafures taffe, Such as ne'er can cloy nor wafte; From folly, care, and discord, free; Seek them in variety.

All ye powers of joy and mirth, Bring your choicest treasures forth; Music, song, and dance, and glee, Blended with variety.

But when love demands the theme, Then I quite avert my scheme; Nancy's heart's enough for me, Tho' my name's variety.

SHOULD I die by the force of good wine,
'Tis my will, when I fall, that a tun be my fhrine;
And for the age to come,
Engrave this flory on my tomb:
Here lies a body once fo brave,
Who with drinking made his grave.

Since thus to die will purchase same,

And raise an everlasting name,

Drink, drink away, and dare to be nobly inLet misers and staves

Sneak into the r graves,

And rot in a dirty church-yard.

WHILE happy in my native land,
I boaft my country's charter;
I'll never basely lend my hand,
Her liberties to baster,

The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am perfuaded,
Each free-born Britan's fong fhould be,
Or give me death or liberty.

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The small the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts the fends us;
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom that defends us,

By-law fecured from lawless strife,
Our house is our castellum.
Thus bles'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre, shall we fell 'em?

No-ev'ry Briton's fong should be, Or give me death or liberty.

W E'LL drink, and we'll never have done boys,
Put the glass then around with the sun, boys;
Let Apollo's example idvite us,
For he's drunk ey ry night,
That makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.
Drinking's a Christian diversion,

Unknown to the Turk and the Persian;
Let Mahometan fools
Live by heathenish rules,
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee

And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee; While the brave Britons fing,

And drink health to the king, And a fig for their fultan and fophy.

YE mortals whom trouble and forrow attend, Whose life is a series of pain without end, For ever deprived of hope's all-chearing ray, Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day; Obey the glad summons, the bar bell invites, Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights.

When poverty enters, an unwelcome guest, By heart-hearted duns too continually prest, When brats begin crying and squalling for bread, And wife's never filent till fast in her bed; Obey the glad summons, &c.

Did Neptune's falt element run with fresh wine, Tho' all Europe's powers together combine, Our brave Briss sailors need ne'er care a jot, Surrounded by plenty of facts rare grape-shot.

Obey the glad summons, &c.

Was each dull, pedantical, text-spinning vicar,
To leave off dry preaching, and stick to his liquor,
O how would he wish for that power divine,
To change, when he would, simple water to wine!
Obey the glad summons, Sc.

If wine, then, can miracles work, such as these, And give to the troubl'd mind comfort and ease, Despair not, that bleffing in Bacchus you'll find, Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind. Obey the glad summons, the bar bell invites; Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights.

THERE was once,—it is faid,
When,—'tis out of my head;—
Aye, and whese too—yet true is my tale;
That a round-belly'd Vicar
Bedimpled with liquor,
Could flick to no text like good ale.
Tol de rol, &c.

He one night 'gan to dose,

For, under the rose,

The priest was that night non se ipse;

Non se ipse, you'll say,

What is that to the say?—

In plain English then, parson was tipsey;

When the clerk coming in,
With his band-bobbing chin,
As folemn and fniv'ling as may be,
The vicar he gap'd,
His clerk hem'd and (crap'd,
Saying,—please, fir, to bury a baby.

Now our author supposes
The clerk's name was Moses,
Who look'd at his master so rosy;
He blink'd with one eye,
And with wig all awry,

He hiccup'd out,—how cheers it, Mozy?

A child, fir, is carry'd,

For you to be bury'd;

Bury me Moses,—no that won't do.—

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Lord, fir, fays the clerk, You are all in the dark, 'Tis a child to be bury'd, not you,

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Well, Moses, don't hurry,—
The infant we'll bury;—
But, master, the corpse cannot stay;—
What—can't it—but why?

For once then we'll try
If a corple, Mofes, can run away,

But Mofes reply'd,
The parish will chide,
For keeping them out in cost weather:
Then, Mozy, quoth he,
Pray tell 'em from me,
I'll bury them warm, all together.

But, fir, it rains hard,
Pray have fome regard;—
Regard, Moses, that makes me flay!
For no corpse, young or old,
In the rain can catch cold,
But, Moses, faith you or I may.

Moles begg'd to be gone,
Saying, fir, the rain's done;
Please to rise, and I'll lend you my hand;
"Tis hard, quoth the vicar,
To leave thus my liquor,
And go,—when I'm sure I can't stand.

At length, though fore troubled,
To church-yard he hobbled
Lamenting the length of the way;
For, Moses, quoth he,
Were I bishop, d'ye see,
I neither need walk, preach, not praye

When he came to the grave,
Says he Moses,—a stave;—
Lord, where's my tobacco box hid?
I protest this fast walking
Prevents me from talking;
So, Moses, pray give me a quide
Then he open'd his book,
And therein scem'd to look,

Whilst o'er the page only he squinted;
Crying, Moses, I'm vex'd,
For I can't see the text,
The book is so damnably printed.

Woman of a man born—
No—that's wrong—the leaf's torn;—
Upon woman the natural swell is;
Were men got with child
The world would run wild,
You and I, Moses might have big bellies.

Our guts would be prefs'd hard
Were we got with baftard;
How wonderful are our supposes;
What midwife could do it?
He'd be hardly put to it,
Lord bless us, to lay me and Moses.

So, Majes, come forth,
Put the child into earth,
And dust to dust, dust it away;
For, Majes. I trust,
We should soon turn to dust
If we were not to moisten our clay.

Moses,—mind what I say ;—
When 'tis night 'tis not day ;—
Now in former times saints could work miracles,
And raise from the dead,—
There's no more to be said,
For, Moses, I've dropp'd down my spectacles.

Moses,—hear what I say,— Life's, alas! but a day,— Nay, sometimes 'tis over at noon;— Man is but a flower, Cut down in an hour, 'Tis strong ale, Moses, does it so soon.

So one pot, and then;—
Moses answered, amen!—
And thus far we've carry'd the farce on;
"Tis the vice of the times
To relish those rhymes
Where the ridicule runs on a parson.

Lord

But Satyr deteffe Immorality's jefts, All prophane or immodest expression; So now we'll conclude, And drink as we shou'd,

To the good folks of ev'ry profession.

Tol de rol. Sc.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be, For what can this world more afford, Than a girl that will fociably fit on your knee, And a cellar that's plentiful flor'd, My brave boys.

My vault-door is open, descend ev'ry gueft, Broach that cask; aye, that wine we will try, Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste, And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In a piece of flit hoop I my cancle have fluck, Twill light us each bottle to hand;

And the foot of my glass for the purpose I broke, For I hate that a bumper should stand.

We are dry where we fit, tho' the oozy drops feem The moift walls with wet pearls to emboss, From the arch mouldy cobwebs in Gotbic tafte fream,

Like flucco work cut of mois.

Afride on a butt, as a butt should be fired, I fit my companions among,

Like grape-bleffing Bacchus, the good fellow's god, And a fentiment give, or a long.

I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain, No antient more patriot-like bled;

Each drop in defence of delight I will drain, And myfelf for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bins are well View that heap of old Hock in the rear; fill'd, Yon' bottles of Burgundy, see how they are pil'd, Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my foldiers my flasks, All glorioufly rang'd in review;

When I cast my eyes round I consider my casks As kingdoms I've yet to Subeue,

Like Macedon's madman my glass I'll enjoy, Defying hyp, gravel, or gout; He cry'd when he had no more worlds, to destroy, I'll weep when my liquor is out.

On their flumps some have sought & as foutly will I. When reeling, I roll on the floor;

Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie, And dare the best buck, to do more.

Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed, No hic jacet be cut on my ftone; But pour on my coffin a bottle of red, And fay that his drinking is done,

My brave boys,

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WHEN Britain first at heav'n's command Arofe from out the azure main, Arose from out, Gc.

This was the charter, the charter of the land, And guardian angels fung the strain: Rule Britannio; Britannia, rule the waves, For Britons never will be flaves.

The nations, not fo bleft as thee, Must in their turns to tyrants fall, Muft in. Sc.

Whilft thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great & free The dread and envy of them all. Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rife, More dreadful from each foreign ftroke, More dread ful, &c.

As the loud blaft that tears, that tears the fkies, Serves but to root thy native oak. Rule Britannia, Oc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame; All their attempts to bend thee down, All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame, And work their woe, and thy renown. Rule, Britannia, Sc.

To

To thee belongs the rural mign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
Thy cities, &c.
All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
And cy'ry shore it circles, thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Shall to, &c. [crown'd,
Blest isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia; Britannia, rule the waves, For Britons never will be flaves,

WHEN April wak'd the dawn with lucky gales,
For ever he recorded the glorious eighty two.
Brave Rodney joyous spied the Gallic fails.

That on the wings of morn before him flews
All hands, all hands aloft—let British valour shine,
Let fly a culverin—the signal for the line,
And launce the lightning of the guns!
Rising winds, ardent minds,
Bear to conquest Britain's war like sons!

Chorus-Rifing winds, &c.

De Graffe indignant plows the foaming main,
And fullen shuns in combat the dreaded foe to meet
Tho' troops of generous heroes croud his train,
And tho' out\_numb'ring cannon arm his fleet:
Now ev'ry gallant mind to victory does aspire;
The bloody fight's begun—the sea is all on fire!
And fate's dark brow portentous gleams!
While a flood all of blood,

"Thro' the dazeling Ville de Paris freams."

Cho .- While a flood, &c.

Sulphur, fmoke, and fire diffurbing the air,
Their thunder hoarfe refounding from ocean's waProud Gallia's firinking genius hovers near [try cave,
And drops her faded lilies on the wave !

Now Hood's intrepid force right onward bears its
To give the second blow, a total overthrow, scourse.
While death and horrow madly reign!
Now they cry, yield or die,
British colours ride the vanquish'd main!

Cho. Now they cry, &c.

See! they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and fands!

What dangers they grafp to flun a greater fate!

In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;

The nymphs & sea gods mourn their haples state!
Proud Ville de Paris! now, thy lot superior know!
In bright Britannia's line thy burnish'd sides shall
Enough thou mighty god of war!
[glow]
Now we fing, bless the king,

Here's a health to every British Tar, Cho.-Now we fing, So.

W Hen mighty roaft beef was the Englishman's food.
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our bond,
Our foldiers were brave and our courties were good;

O the roaft beef of old England' And O the old English roatt beef!

But fince we have learnt fr mail-conq'ring France,
To eat their rage uts, as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaifance;
O the roaft beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong, And kept onen house with good cheer all day long, Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this long O the roast beef, So.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?
A sneaking poor race, half begotten, and tame;
Who sully those honours that once shone in same;
O the roast beef, &c.

When good queen Elizabeth fat on the throne, Ere coffee, or tea, or fuch flip-flops were known. The world was in terror if e'er she did frown;

O the roaft beef. &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again;
As witness, the vaunting Armada of Spain:
O the roast beef, &c.
O! then

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O! then they had flomacha to eat, & to fight, [right | I dearly love a hearty man, And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themfelve But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night: Who loves a lafe, and loves a

O the roaft beef of old England!
And O the old English roaft beef!

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleafure;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To defiroy our pleafure:
Fill up the mighty, fparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal foul
May drink and fing, without controul,
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be Guardian to our pleasure,
That, under thy protection, we May enjoy new pleasure:
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

THE filver moon that shines so bright,

I swear with reason is my teacher;

And if my minute glass runs right,

We've time to drink another pitcher.

'Tis not yet day, 'tis not yet day,

Then why should we forsake good liquor;

Until the sun beams round us play,

Let's jocund push about the pitcher.

They fay that I must work all day,
And sleep at night, to grow much richer;
But what is all the world can say,
Compar'd to mirth, my friend, and pitcher;
Tis not yet day, &c.

Tho' one may boast a handsome wife,
Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her;
Unvex'd I live a chearful life,
And boldly call for t'other pitcher,
'Tis not yet day, &c.

I dearly love a hearty man,

No ineaking milkiop Jemmy Twitcher 3

Who loves a lass, and loves a can,

And boldly calls for t'other pitcher.

'Tis not yet day, &c.

COME, chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we fleer,
To add fomething new to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not prefs you like flaves;
For who are fo free, as we fons of the waves?

Heart of oak are our fhips, heart of oak are our men

We always are ready,
Steady, boys, fleady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again;
We ne'er fee our foes, but we wish them to flay;
They never fee us, but they wish us away;
If they sun, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, & children & beaus,
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

Heart of oak are our fhips, &c.

We'll fill make them run, and we'll fill make them In spite of the devil, and Brussels gazette; [sweat, Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us fing, Our soldiers, our failors, our flatesmen, and king. Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
And all the Roman virtue dead,
Poor freedom loft her feat;
The Gotbic mantle spread a night,
That dampt fair virtue's fading light,
The muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander, what new shore
Has yet a laurel left in store?
To this blest isse they steer;
Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,
Soon virtue's facred form appear'd,
And freedom soon was here.

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The lasy, monk has left his cell,
Beligion rings her hallow'd bell,
She calls thee now by me;
Hark! her fweet voice all plaintive founds,
See, the receives a thousand wounds,
If shielded not by thee.

FLOW thou regal purple fiream,
Tinted by the folar beam,
In my goblet, sparkling rise,
Chear my heart, and glad my eyes;
My brain, ascend on fancy's wing,
Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay,
When I'm dead, and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say—
A month he reign'd, but that was May.

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VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old;
shew all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.
Sake it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
saft toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.
Ingrave no battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do;
I'm none of those that took Maestricht,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

et it no names of planets tell,
Fix'd stars or constellations;
for I am not Sir Sidropbel,
Nor one of his relations.

at carve thereon a spreading vine,
Then add two lovely boys;
their limbs in am'rous folds entwine,
The type of suture joys.

Thus and Bacchus my saints are,
May drink and love still reign;
With wine I wash away my care,

And then to leve again.

By Chreeft and St. Patrick going home last night,
About two in the morning, I was put in a fright;
Comes a dog in a doublet, stripp'd all to his shirt.
And throws down poor Teague very clean in the dirt
Then siring his pistol direct on my faish,

Then firing his piftol direct on my faish,
Stand still you damn'd dog or you're dead on the plaish
De'l tauke him for me, for his favour and graish,
For ne'er was dear joy in more forrowful caish.

Confounded and speechless, bold as hero I cry'd, Your rogueship will one day at Tyburn be try'd, If Teague catch you again at such vile tricks as these, He will swear, joy, upon you his Majesty's peash:

Thus threaten'd he shivilly cry'd, my dear honey,

Thus threaten'd he shivilly cry'd, my dear honey,
I'll not hurt thee at all but present me thy money,
My money, dear joy, 'tis Teague's soul—he's undone
Well e'en take it all—for by Chreeft I have none.

By some I am told,
That I'm wrinkled and old,
But I will not believe what they say,
I feel my blood mounting,
Like areams in a fountain,
That merrily sparkle and play.
For love I have will,
And ability still;
Odsbobs I can scarcely refrain,
My diamond, my pearl,
Well, be a good girl,
Until I come to you again.

FLY swiftly ye minutes till Comus receive,
The nameless soft transports that beauty can give,
The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain, Pow'r and grandeur infipid, and riches a pain, The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave, Love & wine give ye gods or take back what ye gave.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free, We follow fweet variety;

By turns we drink, and dence, and fing, Fire's for ever on the wing. Why should niggard rules controul, Transports of the jovial foul; No dull stinting hour we own, Pleasure courts our time alone.

If wine be a cordial, why does it torment,
If a poison, oh tell me, whence comes my content?
Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I comOr repent ev'ry morn, when I know 'tis in vain plain
Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quart,
That at once it both drowns and enlivens the heart,
I take it off briskly, and when it is down,
By my jolly complexion I make my joys known.
But oh! how I'm blest, when so strong it does prove

When in quenching the old, I create a new flame, And am wrapt in fuch pleasures as still want a name.

By its fovereign heat to expel that of love.

JUPITER wenches and drinks,
He rules the roaft in the fky,
Yet he's a fool if he thinks
That he's as happy as I.

Juno rates him
And grates him,
And leads his highness a weary life,
I have my lass,
And my glass,
And firoll a batchelor's merry life.
Let him fluster
And bluster
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbello;
To my fair tolips,

I glew lips, And clink the cannikin here below.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul,
Who, like Aristippus, his passions controul;
Of wisest philosophers, wisest was he,
Who attentive to ease, let his mind still be free.
The Prince, Peer, or Peasant, to him was the same,
For pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where he came;

But still turn'd his back on contention and strife, Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend, And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end him. He found fault with none, if none found fault with If his friend had a humour—he humour'd his whim, If wine was the word—why, he bumper'd his glass, If love was the topic—he touted his laft; But ftil! turn'd his back on contention and frife, Refolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,
He found fault with heither, for this was his creed,
That let them be guided by folly or fense
'Twould be semper endem a hundred years hence,
He thought twas unsocial to be mal-content, [went
If the tide went with him — with the tide too he
But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war—he wish'd well to the sword if a peace was concluded—a peace was his word; Disquiet to him, or of body or mind, Was the latitude only he never could find, The philosopher's shone was but gravel and pain, And all who had sought it, had sought it in vain; He still turn'd his back on contention and strike, Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow Arifippus's rules,
And deem his opponents both affes and mules;
Let those not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their sect be drove out of their hive;
Expell'd from the mansions of quiet and ease,
May they never find out the bless'd art to please;
And our friends & ourselves, not forgetting our wives
By these maxims may live all the days of our lives,

IN Jacky Bull, when bound for France,
The goffing you discover;
But taught to ride, to sence, and prance,
A finish'd goose comes over.

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With his tierce and carte, fa, fa,
And his cotillon fo fmart, ha, ha,
He charms each female heart, oh! la!
As Jacky returns from Dover.

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For cocks and dogs fee 'squire at home,
The prince of country tonies,
Return'd from Paris, Spa, or Rome,
Our 'squire a nice Adonis.

With his tierce and carte, fa! fa!
And his cotilton fo fmart, ha! ha!
He charms the female heart, oh la!
The pink of macaronies.

O Greedy Midas I've been told,
That what you touch turns all to gold,
O! had I but a pow'r like thine,
I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.

Each purling fream fhould feel my force, Each fish my fatal power mourn, And wond'ring at the mighty change, Should in their native regions burn.

Nor should there any dare t'approach, Unto my mantling sparkling wine, But si st should pay their rites to me, And stile me only god of wine.

SEE, the conquering hero comes, Sound the trumpets, beat the drums; Sports prepare, the laurel bring, Songs of triumph to him fing.

See the godlike youth advance, Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance; Myrtles wreathe and rofes twine To deck the hero's brow divine.

SINCE pleasure's in fashion, and life's but a jest, in spite of missortune, I'll laugh with the best;
Let the dull, who repute it a weakness to smile, Arraign my opinion, my morals revile,
White I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
With the pup the chorus of ha ha-ha-ha.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,
No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;
If care, or ill nature shall come in my reach,
And, foaming with rage, like a methodist preach;
While I know that my bosom is free from a slaw,
I'll trip up their heels, and cry ha-ha-ha-ha.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance, Mirth! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance; But sweeter the music will float in the air, If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there; She, knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw, Will join the sweet tune of loves's ha ha-ha-ha-

I'll laugh through the world, in defiance of strife, For laughter's an oil to the fallad of life; I'll make daddy Time, as he passes in haste, Look over his shoulder, and long for a taste; Then, friends while your bosoms are free from a staw Swell round the gay chorus of ha ha-ha-ha.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
Who fe lives hardly know what it is to be bleft,
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest:
Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain, And young ones the rover they cannot regain; The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd, And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd;

Oney then the furmons, to Letbe repair And drink an oblivion to trouble and care; And drink an oblivion, &c.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants, Or drench her fond fool to forget her gullants; The troubled in mind shall go chearful away. And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day a Obey then the summons, to Lette repair, Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care; Drink deep of the stream, &c.

GE

69

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to re-As full of champaign as an egg's full of meat, [treat, He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he faid, He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead. Trim the boat, and fit quiet!" flern Charon reply'd. You may have forgot, you was drunk when you dy'd."

How little do the landsmen know,
Of what we failors feel,
When waves do mount and winds do blow!
But we have hearts of steel:
No danger can affright us,

No enemy shall flout:
We'll make the monsseurs right us,
So toss the can about.

Stick close to orders, messmates,
We'll plunder, burn, and fink,
Then, France, have at your first-rates,
For Britons never shrink:
We'll rummage all we fancy,
We'll bring them in by scores,

And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy, Shall roll in louis-d'ors.. While here at Deal we're lying,

With our poble commodore,
We'll fpend our wages freely, boys,
And then to fea for more:
In peace we'll drink and fing, boys,
In war we'll never fly,
Here's a health to George our king, boys,
And the royal family.

YE Warwickshire lads and ye lastes,
See what at our jubilee passes;
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad;
Warwickshire lad,
All be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad.

Where nature has lavish'd her bounty;
Where much has been given, and some to be spar'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard;
Warwickshire bard,

Never pair'd,

For the bard of all bards was a Warwicksbire bard,

Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman;
Their swans are all geese to the Avon's sweet swan
For the man of all men was a Warwickshire man;
Warwickshire man,

Avon's fwan,

For the man of all men was a Warwickshire man.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden, And half a score more we take pride in; Of samous Will Congreve we boast too the skill. But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will;

Warwicksbire Will, Marchles still,

But the Will of all Wills was a Warwicksbire Will.

As ven'son is very inviting,
To steal it our bard took delight in;
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag:

Warmickshire wag.

Warwickshire wag, Ever brag,

For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag.

There never was fure fuch a creature,

Of all the was worth he robb'd nature;

He took all her fmiles, and he took all her grief,

For the thief of all thieves was a Warwicksbire thief;

Warwicksbire thief, He's the chief,

For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshirethief.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
Joy exhilarates my soul;
To the nine I raise my song,
Ever fair, and ever young:
When full cups my cares dispel,
Sober council then sarewel;

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Let the winds, that murmur, Iweep All my forrows to the deep. When I drink dull time away, Jolly Bacchus, ever gay, Leads me to delightful bow'rs, Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs: While I quaff the sparkling wine, And my locks with rofes twine, Then I praise life's rural scene, Sweet, fequef.er'd, and ferene When I drink the bowl profound, Richest fragrance flowing round, And some lovely nymph detain, Venus then inspires the strain; When from goblets deep and wide, I exhauft the gen'rous tide, All my foul unbends-I play Gamesome with the young and gay.

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HENCE with care, complaint, and frowning,
Welcome jollity and joy;
Ev'ry grief in pleafure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ.
Let's to friendship do our duty,
Laugh and sing some good old strain;
Drink a health to love and beauty,
May they long in triumph reign!

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
Each lad with his lass hither come,
With finging and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
To celebrate Havest Home:
'Tis Ceres bids play, to keep holiday.

'Tis Ceres bids play, to keep holiday, To celebrate harvest-home, harvest-home, &c.

Now swell with rich gifts of the land; et each man then take, for his prong and rake, His can and his lass in his hand: For Ceres, &c. to courtier can be so happy as we, In innocence, passime, and mirth, thile thus we carouse with our sweetheart or spouse, And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth, When, &c.

THESE mortals fay right, in their jovial abodes,
That a glass of good punch is the drink of the gods;
Take only a smack of
The nectar we crack of,
You'll find it is punch, and no more:
The ingredients they mingle,
Are contraries, single;
So are ours, they're the elements four.
Then, Bacchus, for thou art the drunkard's proIssue instant a fiat,
And let who dare deny it,
Inectar.
That nectar's good punch, and that good punch is

THE truths that I fing none deny me,
They're truths that must ever prevail;
Ye poor dogs of France, we defy ye,
By the force of our English good ale.

The tricks ye attempt, but in vain are,
They are what we expected, and stale;
Your troops, and your fleets, our distain are,
By the force of our English good ale.

When Bess, that brave queen, rul'd the nation, 'Twas Spain's great Armada did fail; She dealt to the Dons tribulation,

he dealt to the Dons tribulation,
By the force of our English good ale.

And thus we will ferve them for ever,

Tho' their loads on our necks they'd entail;

There's none like our people, fo clever,

By the force of our English good ale.

Free-born, we support our desender,
To our sons we hand down the detail;
Defie the de'il, pope, and pretender,
By the sorce of our English good ale.

THE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
The yellow-harvest, free from spoil,
Rewards the happy farmer's toil;
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

Gg 2

WHAT

WHAT think you, my mafters! 'tis wondrous to That puffs are encourag'd to such a degree. [me, But puffs I deteff, so live quiet and hush; I fell you good wine, and good wine needs no bush.

Pofts, pensions, and votes, are oft got by a puff, Bar, pulpit, and theatre, thrive by the stuff, But puffs I detest, &c.

I laugh at the newspapers till I'm half blind, To see how by puffing men tickle mankind; But puffs I detest, Sc.

When great ones negociate matters by puff, To ape them mechanics are ready enough; But puffs I deteft, so live quiet and hush; I sell you good wine, and good wine needs no bush.

WHEN peace here was reigning,
And love without waining,
Or care or complaining,
Base passions distaining;
This, this was my way,
With my pipe and my tabor
I laugh'd down the day,
Nor envy'd the joys of my neighbour,

Now fad transformation
Runs thro' the whole nation;
Peace, love, recreation,
All chang'd to vexation;
This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor
I laugh down the day,
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

While all are defigning,
Their friends undermining,
Reviling, repining,
To mifchie' inclining;
This, this is my way,
With my pipe and my tabor
I laugh down the day,
And pity-the cares of my neighbour,

FILL your glaffes, banish grief,
Laugh, and worldly cares despise;
Sorrow ne'er can bring relief,
Joy from drinking will arise.
Why should we with wrinkled care,
Change what nature made so fair?
Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aspire;
Give me freedom, give me health,
There's the sum of my desire.
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content;
Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.

Bufy brains, we know, alas!
With imaginations run,
Like fand within the hour-glass;
Turn'd and turn'd, and still runson,
Never knowing when to stay,
But uneasy every way;
Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free;
Let it rain, or fnow, or fhine,
Still the fame thing 'tis with me,
There's no fence against our fate,
Changes daily on us wait;
Drink, and fet your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

LAUGHING Cupids, bring me rufes,
And my wreath, ye graces, twine;
I'm this night disposed for capture,
Having beauty, wit, and wine.

Let the fober floics wonder,
And their anathy define;
I'll not follow fuch dull dustrine,
N hile I've beauty, wit, and wine,

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Such old dotards well may censure, Call me thoughtless libertine; Sour's the grape when we can't reach it, So is beauty, wit, and wine.

Come, ye brifk Arabian laffes,
For that heaven you feek is mine.
Upon beds of rofes lolling,
Blefs'd with beauty, wit, and wine.

And when this gay life is over, Pour libations on my shrine; I've a paradise hereaster, Full of beauty, wit, and wine.

LET foldiers fight for prey or praise
And money be the miser's wish,
Poor scholars study all their days,
And gluttons glory in their dish.
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives the soul;
Therefore give us the charming bowl.

Let minions marshal every hair,

Who in a lover's look delight,

And artificial colours wear,

Pure wine is native red and white,

'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave;
That lively, which before was dull;
Opens the heart that loves to save,
And kindness flows from cup brimful,
'Tis wine, pure wine, Sc.

Some men want youth, and others health,
Some want a wife, and fome a punk;
Some men want wit, and others wealth,'
But they want nothing who are drunk?
Tis wine, pure wine, revives the foul;
Therefore give us the charming bowl.

THE swain with his flock by a brook loves to rest, with soft rural lays to drive grief from his breast; The sop, light as air, loves himself to behold, The Briton his soe, and the miser his gold; The pleasures I chuse yield more joy to my soul, The delight of my heart is a full flowing bowl,

The huntsman, fatigu'd with the toils of the chace,
By the fide of a fountain delight to solace;
At his mistress's feet the fond lover to whine,
The beaux at the play or assembly to shine.
The pleasures, &c.

My Chloe's in rapture to hear herself prais'd, The courtier to find that his income is rais'd, Some nymphs love the town, and in jewels to shine And some spiritless lovers in silence to pine.

The pleasures, &c. [tea Some cards love, some coffee, some dice, and some Some talking, some fiddling, some dancing, some Their choices are dull, there's a spirit in wine, [play Which always enlivens with rapture divine. The pleasures I chuse yield more joy to my soul, The delight of my heart is a full-slowing bowl.

WHILST I am caroufing to chear up my foul, Oh! how I triumph to fee a full bow!!

This is the treasure,
The only pleasure,
The blessing that makes me rejoice and fing.

Thus while I am drinking,
Free from dull thinking
Then I am greater than the greatest king.

WHILE I figh'd with idle care, For a jilting, cruel fair, Thracia's god forbade to pine, And prescrib'd his rosy wine.

Quick tormenting Cupid flew, And to love I bade adieu: Baccbus came with jolly face, And supply'd his vacant place.

Ev'ry joy on earth was mine, Social friends, and mirth and wine; Then I swore by Stygian Jove, Ne'er to taste the cares of love.

But how frail the vow that dies At a glance of beauty's eyes l Chloe taught me wine was vain, And I turn'd to love again.

G g 3

WINE

Wine, wine in the morning
Makes us frolick and gay,
That, like eagles, we foat
In the price of the day;
Gouty fots of the night
Only find a decay.

Tis the fun ripes the grape.

And to drinking gives light;

We imitate him

When by noon we're at height;

They steal wine, who take it

When he's out of fight.

Boy, fit all the glaffes,
Fill them up now he fhines;
The higher he rifes,
The more he refines;
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

WELL met, jolly fellows, well met;
By this bowl you're all welcome, I swear:
See where on the table 'tis set,
And design'd for the grave of our care.
From this social convention,
'Twill drive all contention,
Save only who longest can drink;
Then fill up your glasses,
And drink to your lasses.
The head-ach take him that shall shrink.

Do but look at this glass! here boys, hand it around;
Why it sparkles like Philli's eye;
But 'tis better by far, boys; for when her eyes wound
This balm to the wound will supply;
Then a fig for all thinking;
Fill, fill, and be drinking;
Let us drown all our cates and our forrow;
Come, the toast; boys, the toast!
There's no time to be lost,

or our cares will seturn with to mortow.

In history you may read
Of Charley that great Squede,
And many more brave warriors
That have great conquests made:
But the Prussian most renown'd
The trump of tame does found;
We'll all agree, in bravery,
His match could ne'er be found.

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No dangers did him scare
Amidst the Austrian war,
Where troops of righted heroes
Stood glittering from afar;
At the rattling of their drums,
And thundring of their guns,
He scorns to yield, but braves the field,
And from no danger runs.

His troops they are but few,
But to their cause are true,
Stout-hearted, bold and daring,
As ever weapon drew:
In the midst of smoak and fire,
He cries, boys, ne'er retire,
But fight while e'er a vein your blood contains
To free the lost empire.

Then may the great Jebovab,
The God of peace and love
Protect our Pruffian hero
And all his deeds approve:
And when heav'n does him displace,
May one of his great race,
Hold it good, to spare our blood,
And crown his days in peace.

THE town's a rarec shew, some say,
A rare shew for projectors:
What pity 'cis, we spoil the play.
For want of better actors.
But sometimes in, and sometimes out,
'Tis so upon all stages;
Folks will not mind what they're about,
But only mind the wager.

I wod an one slut's a rare on to an Among

Among the imitative arts,
Chief is an actor's science;
Expressive heads, and feeling hearts,
With nature form alliance.
Behind the scenes, tho' party rage,
Caprice, and adulation.
With flander—but we know the stage
Shou'd represent the nation.

A representative indeed!

As players make believe, Sir,
In this world's drama, to succeed,
'Tis as you can deceive, Sir.

You may be caught, by face or dress,
Before you come to know folks;
But then the counterfeits confes,
They're all—but merely shew-folks.

Most aim great characters to hit,

Pride spouts as public spirit,

Pert dullness is mistook for wit,

And silence want of merit.

Some study the informer's arts,

Then power their side espouses;

Some play the pimps, and statesers parts,

In hopes to have full houses.

We title this same droll we shew,

The bumours of the nation—

Extremely high, extremely low,

Endemic distipation.

The world!—What by that word we mean,

Is self and self's disguises;

A busy, lazy, lottery scene,

Where so ly fills up prizes,

Whate'er we think, whate'er we fay,
Whate'er we are purfuing,
Is o'er and o'er the felf-fame play
Of doing and undoing.
Life's vegetation ripes and rots.
'Till duft to dust returning;
So let us fprinkle well our fpots
And prink from night to morning.

OH! what pleafures will abound,
When my wife is laid in ground,
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife is laid in ground.
Oh! how happy should I be,
Would little Nysa pig with me,
How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her,
Would little Nysa pig with me.

ONE day with my friends, all jollity rife,
They ask'd me to prove the true medium of life,
Thus closely put to't, I determin'd to try,
When I thought that I hit it, between you and I;
'Twas Punch I averr'd, and I think you will own,
Not far from the mark I so much had not flown,
Good Punch is the liquor, as sure as a gun,
A bowl of that same and the medium are one.

When lemon and fugar together do meet,
The acid's corrected by mixing the fweet;
While water and spirits most happily blend,
And each from extremes does the other defend,
All stirr'd up together, the sparkling full bowl
Brings smiles on the face from the joy of the soul;
With me then you'll join, that, as sure as a gun,
A bowl of good punch and the medium are one.

Let us, my good friends, be all jully and gay,
The roots, without wat'ring, will ever decay;
So life without liquor must come to rebust,
Then drink while you may and make sure of enough
'Twill keep our trail state in a temper that's meet,
Contented with taking the sour with the sweet;
Hang party and faction, spleen, sorrow, and strife,
A bumper fill up to the medium of life.

THE cards were fent, the muses came,
'Twas Ceres gave the feast
To Juno Jove's majestic dame,
Fair Hebe hail'd each guest,

With

Amon

ains

With Pheebus, Bacchus, wit and wine, Like man and wife, should social shine. With I fall, lall, la.

Th'Olympic dance, Minerva wife,
With grateful fleps mov'd round;
Blue was the fillet—like her eyes,
Her fapient temples crown'd;
That girdle loofen'd, falling down,
Buck Bacchus caught the azure zone.

Upon his breast the ribbon plac'd,
By Styx, avow'd the truth,
What had the throne of wisdom grac'd,
Should grace the seat of truth:
His robe he instant open threw,
And on his bosom beam'd True Blue.

"Kings, taught by me, shall Garters give, "In installation's show;

"What subjects merits should receive,
"Their monarchs should bestow.

"This fymbol, lov'd, celeftials view,
"And flamp your fanctions on True Blue,"

The rofy God, Urania prais'd;
The tuneful fifters join;
The Sov'reign of the Sky was pleas'd,
To conftellate the fign,
Along the clouds loud Pæans flew,
Olympus join'd, and hail'd True Blne.

This order Iris bore to earth,
Minerva charg'd the fair,
Where first she found out sons of worth,
To leave the Ribbon there.
From clime to clime the searching flew,
And in Old England left True Blue.

SHE tells me with claret the cannot agree,
And the thinks of a hoghead whene'er the fees me
For I smell like a heaft, and therefore must I
Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny: [friend,
Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my
And I hope will continue so to my life's end?
Must I leave it for her devia yeng hard talk;
Let her go to the devil, bring t'other full stalk;

Had she tax'd me with gaming and bid me forbear,
'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear;
Had she found out my Chloris up three pair of stairs,
I had baulk'd her, and gone to St. James's to pray'rs,
Had she bad me read homilies three times a day,
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say,
But at night to deny me a cup of dear red,
Let her go to the devil, there's no more to be said.

SINCE you mean to hire for service, Come with me you jolly dog; You can help to bring home harvest, Tend the sheep and seed the hog.

With three crowns, your flanding wages, You shall daintily be fed; Bacon, beans, falt beef, cabbages, Butter milk, and oaten bread.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover, When we get you once at home, And when daily labour's over, We'll all dance to your hum, strum.

THROUGH all the professions in town,
Each toper his tavern has got,
The courtier repairs to the crown,
The rummer hangs out for the sot.
The soldier is found at the gun,
The mitre, reclaimer of evil;
The cit to the horn will sure run;
The lawyer he goes to the devil.

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee,
He work'd and fung from morn till night,
No lark more blythe than he.
And this the burthen of his fong
For ever us'd to be,
I care for nobedy, no not I, nob of his
If no one care for me, his waishing

I-H-T nink from night v monding

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.
The greatness that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The chearful man's a king.

THE man who in his breast contains,
A heart which no base art arraigns,
Enchanting pleasure's ground may tread,
Where love and youthful fancy lead;
May toy and laugh, may dance and sing,
While jocund life is in her spring.

When cynics rail, and pedants frown, Their rigid maxims I disown; I smile to see their angry brow, And hate the gloomy selfish crew; In their despite I'll laugh and sing, While jocund life is in her spring.

Be mine the focial joys of life, And let good nature vanquish strife, So innocence with me reside, And honour reigns each action's guide; I'll toy and laugh, and dance and sing, While jocund life is in her spring.

Then Phillis come, and share those joys Which no intemp'rate use destroys; While you remain as kind as fair, My heart desies each anxious care; With thee I'll toy, and laugh and fing, While jocund life is in her spring.

YES, yes, I own I love to fee, Old men facetious, blith and free; I love the youth that light can bound, Or graceful fwim th'harmonious round; But when old age, jocofe that' grey, Can dance and frolic with the gay, 'Tis plain to all the jovial throng, Tho' hoar the head, the heart is young.

ONE night having nothing to do-gor to drink, I began a new practice, and that was to think ;-What my fubleet should be, kept me some time in I confider'd, at last-what we all were about. [doubt Such frauds and fuch fractions, fuch follies, fuch fic-Such out-of-door clamours & in contradictions tions What must this be owing to? why, or from whence? What is it we want -why, we want Common Senfe Oyes! who can tell us where Common Senfe dwells Does it burnish gold roofs, or frew rushes in cells? Does it beam in the mine? does it iwim in the fea? Does it wing the wide air? does it bloffom the tree? If folks would accept Common Sense as their gueft, With meum and tuum at home they'll be blefs'd, Not like lunatic lackeys run mad up and down, Nor mind any bufiness but what was their own. But which is the way to find Common Sense out? She feafts not on turtle-cuts in at no rout; [pence Get the tub cynic's lanthorn, we won't mind ex-But look by its light, 'till we fpy Common Senfe. If chance the is feen, tho' for fear we mistake here She's natively near, like a lovely young quaker. Pure beauty, despising false drapery's aid, And Common Sense scorns all pedantic parade. Let us firft call at court, but, perhaps, we intrude, Twas told fo by Mifs Affectation, the prude; There fashion forbids the free use of the mind, What can Common Sense say in a place so refin'd? Then at church, to be fure, Common Senfe there fuc-Unless superstition should chook it with weeds ceeds And tho' infidelity dares a pretence, She's easily vanguish'd by plain Common Senses When I mention'd the church, you expected at leaft In the common place mode, fome stale joke 'gainst a That a laugh I must raiseat the clergy's expence priest But he who wou'd wish it, must want Common Sense As As to trade, no accounts can be well kept without her The flock jobbers say they know nothing about her. Bear witness Change-alley—the Omniums declare, Common Sense shall for ever be under par there.

SINCE at last I am FREE,
Contented I'll be,
O'er briars barefooted to go,
Or lost in the rain,
Upon Sal'sbury Plain,
Or left without clothes in the snow.

Or if I shou'd perch
On top of Paul's Church,
The hottest day, just about noon,
Astride the crois sat,
Without hood or hat,
I'd whistle off pain with a tune.

For now I am FREE,
No low spirits for me,
I laugh at all crosses I find;
I think as I please,
And reflect at my ease,
For liberty lies in the mind.

To my fancy I live,
And what fancy can give,
I enjoy, tho' it is but a dream;
Observe the world through,
Do others pursue
Ought else than a fanciful scheme?

Some fancy the court,
Some fancy field-sport,
The chace of a beauty some chuse;
The topers with wine,
The misers with coin,
And poets are pleas'd with their muse.

La Mancha's mad knight,
With windmills would fight.
Like him our attempts are a jeft;
With envy infane,
And with projects fo vain,
Each fneers at the schemes of the rest.

This extravagancy
On folly or fancy,
Appears to be rather too long;
With fomething that's shrewd,
I wish to conclude;
And make this an epigram song.
In a Point it must end,
On a Point I depend,
And like a staunch pointer I'll stand,
I appoint you to sing,
I appoint you to ring,
And a Scotch Pint of Claret command.

BACCHUS, one day, gaily striding,
On his never failing tun,
Sneaking aquapotes deriding,
Thus address'd each toping son s
Praise the joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid shrine,
All things noble, bright, and airy,
Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Pristine heroes crown'd with glory,
Owe their noble rife to me.

Homer wrote the flaming story,
Fir'd by my divinity:

If my influence is wanting,
Music's charms but slowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting.

'Till I fill the fwain with love.

If you crave eternal pleasure,
Mortals? this way bend your eyes;
From my ever flowing treasure,
Charming scenes of bliss arise;
Here's the charming, foothing bleffing,
Sole dispeller of all pain;
Gloomy souls from care releasing,
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty had no harm in't;
A zealous high-churchman I was,
And so I got preferment;

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To teach my flock I never mis'd;
Kings are by God appointed;
And those are damn'd that do resist,
And touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I will be vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the throne,
And pop'ry came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration,
The church of Rome I found would fit,
Fu'l well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, Sc.

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
hefive obedience was a joke,
And pish for non-resistance.
And this is law. & c.

When gracious Anne afcends the throne,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was feen,
And I became a tory:
Occasional Conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation;
and thought the church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
And this is law. &c.

Then George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, fir,
turn'd a cat in-pan once more,
And then became a whig, fir,
and so preferment I procur'd,
By our new faith's defender;

And always, every day, abjur'd The pope and the pretender. And this is law, &c.

Th'illustrious house of Hanover,
And protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession a
For, by my faith and loyalty,
I never more can faulter,
And George my lawful king shall be,
Until the time shall alter.
And this is law. &c.

\_\_\_\_ IO4 WHAT a charming thing's a battle! Trumpets founding, drums a beating; Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle, Ev'ry heart with joy elating. With what pleasure are we spying. From the front and from the rear. Round us in the smoaky air, Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying ! Then the groans of foldiers dying. Just like sparrows, as it were. At each pop, Hundreds drop; While the muskets prittle prattle: Kill'd and wounded. Lie confounded.

What a charming thing's a battle!

But the pleafant joke of all,
Is when to close attack we fall;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;
Horse and soot,

All go to't, Kili's the word, both men and cattle; Then to plunder, Blood and thunder,

What a charming thing's a battle.

WITH swords on their thighs the bold yeomen are For their country they arm, their religion & queen,

How glorious their ardour to lay down their lives, In defence of their freedom, their children & wives! Ye tyrants, ye know not what liberty yields, [fields: How she guards all our shores, and protects all out As Hebe she's fair, and as Hercules strong, [song. She's the queen of our mirth, and the joy of our To Liberty raise up the high chearful strain, Fill the goblets around to the lords of the main. Eliza is queen, and her brave loyal band Shall drive each invader far out of the land.

What Cate advises most certainly wise is,
Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,
To mingle sweet pleasure with search after treasure,
Indulgent at night for the toils of the day;
And while the dull miser estrems himself wiser,
His bags will decrease, while his health does decay
Our souls we enliven, our fancies we brighten,
And pass the long evining in pleasures away.

All chearful and hearty, we fet afide party,
With some tender fair each full bumper is crown'd
Then Baccbus invites us, and Venus delights us,
While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd:
See here's our physician, we know no ambition,
But where there's good wine & good company found
Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,
'Tis funthine and summer with us the year round.

BRISK wine and women are
The fource of all our joys;
A brimmer foftens ev'ry care,
And beauty never cloys:
Then let us drink and love,
While yet our hearts are gay;
Women and wine, by all approv'd,
Are bleffings night and day.

By the gaily-circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask are told
How the waning night grows old:
How the waning night grows old:

Seen, too foon, the bufy day Drives us from our foot and play ? What have we with day to do? Sons of care, 'twas made for you; Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

PUSH the bampers about, drink my toast & away,
Round the brim let the liquor be flowing;
We're robbing of life while we drinking delay,
So prithee, dear brother, keep doing: [none,
Here's a health to the man who for firength teareth
Who values no mortal for riches alone,

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Who he'er trod on the weak, or gave forrow a frown, He he's a true fon of the bottle.

The science of drinking is better by half,
Than the Ethics of old Aristotle;
I look at all life, and at all life I laugh,
Except in the life of a bottle;
Let scholiasts with scholiasts explain and confound
The motion of matter, the world's wheeling round,
For make them once drunk, and the secret is found,

Should fickness, despair, and captivity join,
I'd equal the ancients in thinking;
No cordial, no comfort I'd ask for but wine,
No freedom demand but for drinking:
Stood death like a drawer to wait on me home.

Such wonders are work'd by the bottle.

Or bailiff like durft he push into the room, I'd try for a moment to tip him the hum, 'Till I bumper'd the last of my bottle.

WHILE Whitf—d & W—tly with cant & parade
Th' enjoyments of life and its pleasures degrade,
And draw from pure nature, men gudgeons by shoal
By that orthodox humbug—the saving of souls:
Permit me a wonder most strange to declare,
Of a youth who but lately sell—out of the snare,
From whose early workings and manner so quaint,
The faithful, with pleasure, had mark'd for a faint
'Twas past ten o'clock by that watchman old Time
When Satan wou'd have it who prompted the crime

A rivern being open, young Plous went in,
To preach to the wicked and rail against sin:
Some jolly choice spirits whose only design,
Was to heighten their mirth by the help of good wine
His tancy so tickled and touch'd to the quek,
That it cur'd his fore conscience of hall & old mick
From singing of hymns, he now alter'd his note,
And a catch of good humour, he soon got by rote:
From sighing and groaning young Pious thus won,
Finds relief in the glass with good humour & sun:
No more of your cant, the new convert now cries,
Conviction and reason has open'd my eyes:
Enjoy what you can, boys, since die we all must,
The present we're sure of—the suture—I'll trust

TIS for landmen to prate,
Such trifling I hate,
To wheedle and cajole is their plan :
For a licence let's hafte,
We have no time to wafte;
Tis actions that best speak the man.

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I'm a rough, honest tar,
Just landed from shr;
Wy heart cannot change like the weather;
As the needle 'tis true,
And points only to you;
Let the parson, then, splite us together.

THE man who for life
Is plagu'd with a wife,
Is fire in a wretched condition;
Go things how they will,
She sticks by him still,
and death is his only physician.
Poor man, &c.

To trifle and toy,
May give a man joy,
When passion's promoted by beauty?
But where is the blifs
Of a conjugat kifs
When passion is prompted by duty.
Poor man, &c.

The dog when polleft'd

Of mutton the best,

A bone he may leave at his pleasure;

But if to his raft

'Tis ty'd, without fa'll

He is harrass'd and plagu'd beyond measure.

Poor cur, &c.

THO' envious old age feems in part to impair the,
And make me the sport of the wanton and gay;
Brik wine shall recruit, as life's winter shall wear
And I still have a heart todo what I may. [me,
Then, Venus, bestow me some damsel of beauty,
As Bacchus shall lend me a cherishing glass;
To Selena the Great they shall both pay their days,
We'll first class the bottle, and then class the lass;
The bottle and lass,
The lass and the bottle;

We'll first class the hot le, and then class the lass.

The month of September
I well shall remember,
On account of the slames and the fire,
With which Juliet the nun,
Full of frosic and fun,
Singe'd the heart of the am'rous friar?
The force of her kisses,
And meleing caresses,
I'll with pleasure and extasy own;
For most certain it is,
That one balmy kiss
From her lips, would enliven a stone.
Then be silent, we fools.

Who by musty dull rules,
Pretend your fierce passions to tame;
For without the blest aid
Of a kind-hearted maid,
Life is nothing but forrow and pain.

THE fages of old,
In prophecy told,
The cause of a nation's undoing;
Hh

But

But our new English breed No prophecies need, For each one here feeks his own ruin.

With grumbling and jars, We promote civil ware, And preach up falle tenets to many; We fnarl and we bite, We rail and we fight For religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend, That's true to his friend, And the church and the fenate would fettle; Who delights not in blond. But draws when he shou'd, And bravely flands brunt to the bottle,

Who rails not at kings, Nor politick things, Nor treason will speak when he's mellow; But takes a full glass To his country's fucces; This, this is an honest brave fellow:

To Phillis and Chloe, and all the gay throng, Too long the foft lay has been rais'd; Too long to their beauty has flow'd the vain fong, Too long has their beauty been prais'd: Great Bacebus, repentant, thy pardon I ask, Forgiveness I humbly implore; If e'er for a female I quit a full cask, May I never enjoy one drop more-great god; May I never enjoy one drop more,

Ye fops and ye fribbles, your title I own To fing all the charms of the fair; Their beauties to praise is your province alone; Alone make their beauties your care: For who in his senses what mortal can blame Who strives his own merit to raise? For women and fops are so nearly the same, In theirs that he fings his own praise-sweet Mifs In theirs, Je.

Tho' wit, sparkling wit, some rare females possess Out of v Tho' kindness may add to their store ; Good-nature and fmites have a bumper no less. And sparkles an hundred times more : With virtue unfully'd adorn'd tho' she be. Tho' modefly blooms in each feature. A bottle is not more immodest than she, It's virtue ten thousand times greater-dear boys It's virtue. &c. Their beauty attracting I freely confess; Their fex, I must own, has it's charms; I own for a moment they're able to blefs, And melt us away in their arms : Yet lafting the pain is, and transient the joy; The raptures are instantly past; But wine, happy juice! is fure never to clov. It's pleasures till doomsday shall last-brave souls It's pleasures, &c.

Then adieu to their charms, to their beauties adieu All thoughts of the fex I refign; I fight in thy cause, to thy int'reft am true, And yield me eternally thine: And if ever, great mafter, thy colours I fly. If e'er like a rover I pine. May (greatest of curses!) my hogshead run dry. Nor more be replenish'd with wine-blett wine Nor more, &c.

ONE day at her toilet as Venus began To prepare for her face-making duty, Bacchus stood at her elbow, and swore that her plas Would not help it, but hinder her beauty.

A bottle young Semele held up to view. And begg'd she'd observe his cirections-This Burgundy, dear Cytharea, will do,

Tis a rouge that rennes all complexions.

Too polite to refuse him, the bumper she fips, On his knees, the buck begg'd she'd encore; The joy-giving goddefs, with wine-moisten'd lips Declar'd the would hob-nob once more.

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And the God of the grape vow'd to join; shook hands, fign'd & feal'd, then bid fame tell the Of the Union 'twixt BEAUTY and WINE. [ world

Y a whirlwind methought I through Æther was [hurl'd, Electric 'mong spirits of air; Upborn by the clouds, we look'd down on the world And odd exhibitions fpy'd there.

OYS

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ore;

England's Genius was there, bearing Monarchy's crown In procession round Liberty Hall; Idown, Taction feiz'd her rich robe, Public Spirit pull'd And Folly broad grinn'd at her fall.

weather-house plac'd, to denote foul and fair, Two figures keep veering about; h pageants we faw, and fmil'd at their glare, As they turn'd, with the times, in and out.

The Methodiffs, mask'd with Hyprocify's face, Anathemas thunder'd aloud; lack Pudding's joke, with difforted grimace, Benetting their gudgeons, -the crowd.

Vit and Humour were there, drove from Dignity's That Stupidity's coach might have room; | door, Debauch we law open Temptation's base store, And Difease taint Simplicity's bloom.

lubborn Will against Prudence was waging a fight, While Defire oppos'd Duty ftrong; The Puffions confess'd Reason's dictates were right, Though themselves still resolv'd to be wrong.

er plate wonder ful troop towards West minster bore; What wonders there are 'mong mankind? ngilt chariots Lawyers paraded before, Un foot Juftica follow'd behind.

burch Preferments we faw-but respect shall with-The abute that's pour'd forth on the cloth; | fland tock Johbers and Statesmen we saw hand in hand, And Pride stood at par between both.

'd lipe int per Cent had lain fiege to Integrity's head. And Beauty was battering his heart; aft India success struck Humility dead, And Tale took Vanity's part.

Out of window each wash, paste, & powder, she hurl'd | Crafty Care ard pale Usury, two steepless hags, Wealth o'erwhelm'd, yet untired with toil; Their heir Diffipation we saw at their bags, With Flattery sharing the spoil.

> The myst ries of trade, -but no longer I'll dwells On either the mighty or mean; From an emperor's court to a penitent's cell, Life's all the fame laughable scene.

Tis a pitiful piece, like a farce in a fair, Where shew, noise and nonsense misrule, Where tinfel paradings, make ignorance stare, Where he who acts best is the fool.

LET us laugh at the common diftinctions of fate, When merely from title, men hold themfelves great; If merit wins honours, the wearers we praise, But only the mean, homage heraldry's blaze. If you are a lineal descendant from Adam, Or spouse can collateral claim from his madam; O'er acres of parchment, tho' pedigrees spread [bred

Boaft not how you're born, Sir, but fhew how you're You laurels display, which your forefathers won; We allow they did great things, but what have you The cover & stubble, your conquests proclaim, [done And your country's preferv'd by the laws of the game Ye lords of large manors, your flatt'rers dispand,

What are ye but tenants for life to the land; [plate, Your lakes, gardens, grots, temples, bufts, pictures, Are things of the inn, where in life's-flage you bait, Awhile you the labours of luxury bear, Till time tells you out, to make room for your heir; The same round of riot, he runs for his day, His successor's summons, sends him the same way.

But HE who exists in infinity's state, Whose hand holds the sun, and whose fiat is fate; To some has fent power, to others give wealth, And to us, who are humble, his best bleffing, bealth. To the graces, we nightly, a facrifice make,

Wit & humour, the chairs, as our toaft mafters take; By fuch focial converse, our time we improve, While tenderness lends us the daughters of love.

Hh2

Jolly

Jolly welcome attends hospitality's call, Common sense is our car'rer in liberty-hall; For one dish dress'd there, all court treats we resign Keep your distance, ye Kings! independant we sine.

A BUMPER of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar;
So fill a chearful glass,
And let good humour pass
But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the harrel,
Than be the hateful fellow
That's crabbed when he's mellow.
A humper, &c.

AGAIN Britannia smile,
Smile at each threat'ning soe:
To save this drooping isse,
See Rodney strikes the blow;
For Rodney quickly will regain
Thy sow'reign empire o'er the main.

Against thee treach'rous foes,
And false allies combine;
But vainty they oppose,
If Rodney still in thine:
For sallant Rodney will maintain
The British empire o'er the main.

Long may he plough the main,
Long may he victor prove,
Rewards fill fure to gain,
Of king and people's love:
For gallant Rodney will maintain
The British empire o'er the main.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
Sing, and love, and laugh with me:
Capid is my theme of flory:
The his Godfhip's fame and glory,
How all we'd unto his law!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his share of play:
He makes heroes quit their glory:
He's the God most fam'd in story;
Bending them unto his law!
Ha! ha! &c.

Sly the urchin deals his darts, Without pity,—piercing hearts: Cupid triumphs over paffions, Not regarding modes or fashions.

Birmly fix'd is Cupid's law!

Ha! ha! Se.

Some may think these lines not true,
But they're facts—'twixt me and you:
Then, ye maids, and men, be wary,
How you meet before you marry:
Cupid's will is solely law!
Ha! ba! &c.

Now the fun is gone to bed,
Let each lift his rofy head,
All our pain is o'er and care,
Let us hafte to better fare;
Try with nectar to repay
All the mighty toils of day.
Who at ills can meanly pine,
O'er the brimming joys of wine;
Who can dare a coward prove,
In the field of war or love,
Fear and spleen, that shakes the soul,
All lie drown'd within the bowl.

Wine then, balm and friend of life, Banish thought, and banish strife, Arm the mine 'gainst ev'ry ill, Make us happy, come what will; Taste the present, scorn the past, Live as the 'to day's the last.

Here's the charm against despair, See it laughs at surly care; Come, my boys, and nobly join, In the praise of sparkling wine, Fill the glass and raise the song, Keep the revels all night long. WH He ma Who o May q But no For cha

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WHO thirsts for more knowledge is welcome to Hemay seek a new clime, who is wretched at home, who of pleasure or folly has not had his fill, May quit poor Old England whenever he will; But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt main, For change I'm too steady, and rambling is pain.

Old England, brave boys, good enough is for me, Where my thoughts I can speak, where by birthright Whatever I wish for now comes at my call, [I'm tree I can sport in the field or can roar in my hall; My time is my own, I can do as I will, I have children that prattle, a wife that is still.

Ifeel that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high, I want no exotics, so easy am I; Im alive to my friends, and at peace with the dead, With party and state I ne'er trouble my head; Contention I hate, and a bumper love most, [toast. You'll pledge me, I'm sure, for Old England s my

WELCOME friendly gleam of night,
Form'd for revels and delight,
Form'd fublimest joys to prove,
Season chose for wine and love.
Slumber still, ye sons of care,
Doom'd the toils of life to share;
Partners of my social bowl,
Wake to bliss th'enchanted soul.
Find the sparkling goblets higher,
Ruse, Oh! rouse the dormant fire,
While the sleeting minutes shine,
Rich with love, and rich with wine.

LXTINGUISH the candles, give Pbabus fair play he shutters unbolt, let us honour the day; by lady Lucina we've drove from her post, he sun shines upon us, we'll give him a toast, ays Caution, the neighbours are passing along, she'll look thro' the sashes & tell us we're wrong: lonsoftrance avaunt—what is all they can say? ut that all night they slept, whilst we drank it away. It tutors, disputers, ye dignified doctors, t majors, ye minors, with prebends and proctors,

What fense is it, prithee, which tells us to think, When all our seven senses declare we shou'd drink?

Our patron is Bacchus, and Jove was his fire, He was born in a burit of celestial fire; [charms, Mamma begg'd the god would come worthy her The lightning of love prov'd two much for her arms.

From her, in a moment, the baby was snatch'd, And into a buck by Nurse Jupiter hatch'd; Th'immortal to expiate Semele's rape, Bestow'd on his soundling the gift of the grape.

Ye love-fick who live on the shine of an eye, The red of a cheek, or the tone of a figh; Impress'd by the smiles or the frowns of a fair, As weather glass shews variations of air;

In country or town you have feen, without doubt A dancing bear led by a ring in his fnout, While Pug plays his tricks if ye flew him fome fruit These emblems, ye ladies, will most lovers suit.

If girls won't comply why we never run mad, But away to the next, as enough may be had; If again we're repuls'd, we ne'er hang, nor despair, But in wine comfort seek, we are sure of it there. Draw your bows ye Crochetti in music's desence, With sound I'm for having a portion of sense; Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar, With a good fellow's bellow, Bring six bottles more.

Six bottles! we'll have them, and bumper away, Weve drank up the night & we'll drink down the day Here's his health who to wine & his word will be jug Here's the girl that we love & the friend we can truft.

As Wit, Joke, and Humour, together were fat, With liquor a plentiful flock, Still varying the scene, with song and with chat, The watchman bawl'd, Past twelve o'clock.

At that hour, I've read, oft spirits do come,
And poor timid mortals affright;
Just then, in that instant, one enter'd the room,
An ancient, pale-face, meagre sprite,

The phantom appear'd, and the candles burnt blue, Wit and humour began for to stare;

Cries out Joke-Look'e, friends, this is nothing Behold !- fee, 'ris only old Care. [new;

I know he would tell us, 'twas Time fent him here And tell us 'tis time to he gone;

But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare We'll finish him ere it be one.

They quickly agreed, and about it they went, R folving of Care to get free;

Wit mov'd it and ftrait they all join'd in confent, To lay the ghost in the Red fea.

Whole humpers of claret they quickly drank off, And fav rite toafts they went round;

When Humour, well pleas'd, thus fet up a laugh, Quoth he, How Care looks now he's drown'd!

When loud shouting began, huzza they all cry'd, We're rid of this troublesome guest; Fill your bumpers a ound, let this be our pride,

To fing, laugh and drink to the beft.

Now their blood running high, at a conquest so To finging and crinking they fix. [great, With the sun they arose, with spirits elate,

And decently parted at fix.

A TRIFLING long you shall hear,
Begun with a trifle, and ended:
All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,

That lately have come into play,

The men would want fomething to do,

And the women want fomething to fay.

What makes men trifle in dreffing;
Because the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often possessing,
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No fooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal man would be able

A: White's half an hour to fit?

Or who could bear a tea table,

Without taking trifles for wit.

The court is from trifles fecure; Gold keys are no trifles, we fee, White rods are no trifles, I'm fure, Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place, Where trifles abundantly breed. The levee will flew you his grace Makes promifes trifles indeed.

A coach with fix footmen behind,
I count neither trifles nor fin;
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find,
A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of Champaigne, people think it A trifle, or fomething as bad; But if you'll contrive how to drink it, You'll find it no trifle, by gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea;
A widow's a trifle in sorrow;
A peace is a trifle to-day,
Who knows what may happen to-morrow;

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it a red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,

The reason pray carry along,

Because that at every new play,

The house they with trifles do throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to fet us all on a foot,
The author of this is a trifle,
And his fong is a trifle to boot.

Bacchus, god of joys divine!
Be thy pleasures ever mine!

Smile

HE

Sound

From

He's

Prepa

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From

For vi

I

Smile on this thy votary's prayer,
All befides not worth my care:
All our griefs brifk wine dispels,
Drinking ev'ry trouble quells,
All our griefs, &c.

When the goblet full is fill'd,
From the cluft'ring vine diffill'd;
Then indeed I'm truly bleft,
And ev'ry anxious thought's at reft;
While its potent juice I quaff,
Still I fing, and dance and laugh.

Would you be for ever gay,
Mortals, learn of me the way;
'Tis not beauty, 'tis not love,
Will alone fufficient prove;
If you'd raise and charm the soul,
Deeply drain the spicy bowl.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes, Sound, found the trumpet, beat, beat the drums, From port to port, let cannons roar, He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your fongs prepare; Loud, loudly rend th'echoing air: From pole to pole your joys refound, For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

> LET the waiter bring clean glaffes, With a fresh supply of wine; For I see by all your faces, In my wishes you will join,

It is not the charms of beauty
Which I purpose to proclaim;
We awhile will-leave that duty,
For a more prevailing theme.

To the health I'm now proposing, Let's have one full glass at least a No one here can think't imposing, 'Tis the founder of our feast.

Smile

SEE Bacchus afcending aftride on his tun, Like Perfeus of old, who Andromeda won, To kill the fell monfter call'd fobriety, That bane to the pleafures of fociety.

As he lights upon the table, Drink, he cries, while you are able; And when you can no more contain, Then let it out and fill again.

LIVE and love, enjoy the fair;
Banish forrow, banish care;
Mind not what old dotards say,
Age has had his share of play,
But youth's sport begins to day.
From the fruits of sweet delight
Let no scare-crow virtue fright;
Here, in pleasure's vineyards, we
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree
Careless, airy, gay and free.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks at ambrofial feaft,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
Merry Momus among them appeared as a guest,
Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing.

This happen'd fore Chaos was fix'd into form, While Nature diforderly lay; While elements adverse engender'd the storm, And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On ev'ry Olympic the humourist droll'd, Hence none cou'd his jokes disapprove, He sung, repartee'd, many sage stories told, And at length thus address'd father Jove.

Sire,—Mark how you matter is heaving below,
Were it fettled 'twould please all your court,
'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless, you know,
Pray people it just for our sport.

Fove nodded affent, all Olympus bow'd down, At his fiat creation took birth; The cloud-mantled deity smil'd on his throne, And announc'd the production was Earth.

To

To honour their for reign each God gave a boon;

Apollo afforded it light;

The goddese of child-bid presented a moon, To filver the shadow of light.

The queen of fost wishes, foul Vulcan's fair brides Leering wiftful on her man of war, Took a pity on beings who wanted a guide,

So she sparkled the morn and eve star.

From her cloud, all in spirits, the Goddess up sprung
In ellipsis each planet advanced;

The tune of the spheres the Nine Sisters sung, As round Terra Nova they dane'd.

E'en Jove himself cou'd not insensible fland, Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind,

The expounder of fate grasp'd the globe in his hand And laugh'd at those mites call'd mankind.

From the hand of great force into space it was hurl'd He was charm'd with the roll of the bal',

Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the world And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss pleased with the present reviewd the globe round Saw with rapture hills, vallies and plains; The self balanc'd orb in an atmosphere bound, Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.

With filver, gold, jewels, the India endow'd,
France and Spain the taught vineyords to rear,
What fuited each clime on each clime the bestow'd,

What faired each climeon each clime the besto And FREEDOM the four difficulth'd here.

That blue-ey'd celeftial, Minerva the wife, Ineffably fmil'd on the fpot;

My dear, fays plum'd Pallas, your last gift I prize, But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.

Licentiousness Freedom's destruction may bring, Unless prudence prepares its desence; The Goddess of Sapience bid Iris take wing, And on BRITONS bestow'd Common Sense.

Four Cardinal Virtues the left in this ifle,
As guardians to cherish the root,
The bloffom of liberty garly 'gan fmile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty fo rare,
Oh! preferve it as pure as 'twas giv n;
We will while we've breath, nay we'll grasp it in
And seturn it untainted to Heav'n. I death

THUS I stand, like a Turk, with my doxies around from all sides their glances his passion consound; For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns, And the different beauties subdue him by turns: Each calls forth her chaems to provoke his desires, Though willing to all, with but one he retires. But think of this maxim, and put off ail forrow, The wretch of to day may be happy to-morrow. But think, &c.

To tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,
As mirth and nature bid,
I lik'd a glass,
And I lov'd a lass,
And I did as younkers did.

But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I must those freaks forbear;
At fixty-three,
'Twixt you and me,
A man grows worse for wear.

MASTER Tommy's married,
Pray what fays St. Paul,
It I'm not missaken,
Marry not at all,
Boys, before you marry,
Mind the golden rule,
Look before you leap,
Or else you'll play the fool.

If I take a wife,
Whofoe'er she be,
Tho' she prove an angel,
Still she's wife to me,
Boys, So.

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If the bring me money,
Will it be forgot;
If the brings me nothing,
Can we boil the pot b
Boys, &c.

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es,

If the be a besuty,

Then the Spaniards fay,
She'll be ever gadding,

Very like the may.

Boys, &c.

She'll have beaux to ogle, Or Gallants to prate. This is Madam's frifking, I am Mal de Tere. Boys, &c.

If she be a wit,

Lord have mercy then ;

When her tongue is filent,

She'll employ her pen,

Boys, &o.

If she's weak and filly,
Why am I to blame,
If I take the folly,
I'm to take the shame.
Boys, &c.

But if in domeftics,

Madam is no fool;

All the night I'm lectur'd,

Every day at school.

Boys, &c.

Thus foolish Towny married, Counsels all in vain; Nature gave me freedom, Freedom I'll maintain. Boys, &c.

Thus, Sir, I've run over, All the marriage flate; When I more discover, I'll communicate.

Boys, &c.

His world is a fair, where thecrond is bent wholly On gew-gaws and rattles, noife, nantenfe, and folly. Where higgledy-piggledy, pell-mell, and confusion, We're born, take a peep, die, and lofe the illufion. And there we fee whirligigs, round-abouts, Ups and downs, ins and outs. Fal-lals, drums, trumpers, globes, faeptres, and Hot spiced gingerbread & merry-go rounds, crowns With wonders wonders & wonders enough to make a O don't you think it a wonderful fair blind man stare Here are all forts of toys for all ranks & gradations, Gilt ribbons for ladies, for Lords-installations; Wigs first worn at Westminster, after on May days, On judges & chimney-sweeps high-days & play days And there you shall see mask'd faces, false noses, doxies: caffenets, and falt boxes; Jack-puddings, with gridirons, dukes, devils, and With a strange medley of tythe-pigs and bishops, lawyers, bailiffs, and prisons : [reasons; Fanatical preachers, who have many more words than Wife dogs, learned horfes, illiterate affes, and many other strange beafts there. O, don't you think it a wonderful fair?

In this fair you will find, Sir, the work wares are
As knay'ry is getting what folly is spending wending.
Here titles and honours are trades most prolific.
And gold is the one universal specific. [speeches;
And here you hear many fine promises in many fine
But if you love liberty and property beware of such

leeches;
With their legerdemain tricks, hey, Presto, fly quick
They are here, there, and every where, on all sides,
and on none; [rant, cant, stamp and stare
Then they squeeze their hats, beat their breasts, rave
Oh! don't you think it a wonderful fair.

WHEN Britais on her fea-girt shore,
Her white rob'd Druids erst address'd,
What aid (she cry'd) shall I implore,
What hest defenge, by numbers press'd!

"Tho' hostile nations round thee rife, (The mystic oracles reply'd)

And view thine ifle with envious eyes, "Their threats defy, their rage deride;

" Nor fear invation from your adverte Gauls, " Britain's best bulwarks are her Wooden Walls.

"Thine oaks descending to the main,
"With floating forts shall stem the tides,

4 Afferting Britain's liquid reign

\*\* Nor lefs to peaceful arts inclin'd,

\*\* Where commerce opens all her flores,

" And join the fea-divided shores:

" Spread then thy fails where naval glory calls,

" Britain's beft bulwarks are her Wooden Walls.

Hail happy isle! what tho' the vales No vine empurpled tribute yield,

Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales, or Nor crops spontaneous glad the field:

Yet liberty rewards the toil of industry, to labour prone,

Who jocund ploughs the grateful foil,
And reaps the harvest she has fown:

While other realms tyrannic fway inthral's.

" Britain's best bulwarks are her Wooden Walls."

Thus spake the bearded seers of yore,
In visious wrapt of Britain's same,
Ere yet Iberia selt her pow'r,
Or Gallia trembled at her name;
Ere yet Columbus dar'd t'explore
New regions rising from the main;
From sea to sea, from shore to sho e,
Bear then, ye winds, the solemn stain!
The sacred truth an awe struck world appals,
Britain's best bulwarks are her Wooden Walls

CEASE, rude Boreas, bluff'ring railer, Lift, ye landsmen all to me, Mess-mates hear a brother failor, Sing the dangers of the sea: Form bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatfwain hoarfly bawling,
By top-fail-sheets, and haulyard stand;
Down top-gallants quick be hawling,
Down your slay-fails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set your braces,
The top-fail sheets, now let go,
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms:
R und us roars the tempest louder,
Think what sears our mines enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls.

The top-fail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore sheet go, dod't mind, boys,
Tho the weather should be worse;
Fore and aft the sprit-sail-yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up each preventer brace set,
Man the fore yard, cheer, lads, cheer,

Now the dreadful thunder roaring.

Peal on peal contending clash;

On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,

In our eyes blue lightnings flash:

One wide water all around us,

All above us one black sky;

Different deaths at once furrounds us,

Hark! what means that dreadful cry.

The fore-mast's gone! cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck;

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Quick the lanyards cut to peices, Come. my hearts, be flout and bold! Plumb the well, the leak increases, Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! from hence there's no return:
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land boys,
Let the guns o'er board be thrown,
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See our mizen-mast is gone,
The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,
We've lightn'd her a foot and more;
Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking, Since kind tortune fav'd our lives; Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking To our fweethearts and our wives: Fill it up, about ship wheel it. Close to your lips a brimmer join; Where's the tempest now, who seels i', Now, our danger's drown'd in wine.

BEhold this fair goblet. 'twas care'd from the tree, Which, oh! my fweet Shakespeare, was planted by As a relique I kiss ir, and bow at thy shrine, [thee; What comes from thy hand must be ever divine; What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree, All shall yield to the mulberry tree; Bend to thee, blest mulberry; Bend to thee, blest mulberry; Matchless was he who planted thee, And thou like him immortal shall be, And thou like usim immortal shall be. Ye trees of the forest so rampant and high, [the sky; Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here, so root out the natives at prices so dear.

All fhall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boaft,
Preferv'donce our king, and will always our coaft;
Of her we make thips we have thousands can fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.
All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in dowers;
The garden of Sbakespeare all fancies will fuit,
With the sweetest of flowers and the tairest of fruit.
All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch Supplies law and physic, and graces the church; But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find, And he gives the best physic for body and mind, Al, shall yield. &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree, For him and his merits this takes its d gree; Give Phabus and Bacchus their laurel and vine, The tree of our Shakefreare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As a genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays and the vine all in one.
All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relique of this hallow'd tree, From fully and fashion a charm let it be; fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim, so honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.

PUSH about the brisk bowl 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we fit round on the grass:
The lover, who talks of his fuff rings and smart,
Deferves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.
The

The wretch, who fits watching his ill-gotten pelf, Wine prudently as'd will our femes improve,
And wishes to add to the mass, 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of los

Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;
Deserves, &c.

The beau, who so smart with his well-powder'd hair An angel beholds in his glass,

And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair, Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass; Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam, Of Crafus the wealth to surpass;

And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home Claps the horns of an ox on the ass, the ass; Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea, With forehead well fronted with brass,

Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your see; There you, my good friend, are an ass, an ass; There you, &c

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill, Shall last be produc'd in this class;

The fick man a while may confide in his skill, But death proves the doctor an ass, an ass; But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay, By turns take our bottle and lass; For he who his pleasure puts off for a day, Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;

Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

WITH woman and wine I defy ev'ry care, For life without there is a bubble of air; For life without there, &c.

Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll, And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul; Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave fober moreals my maxims condemn, I never shall a ter my coduct for them; I care not how much they my measures decline, Let'em have their own humor, & I will have mine. Wine prudently us'd will our fenter improve,
'Tis the fpring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a fmile more divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a fprig of the vine

Then come, my dear charmer, thou girl half divine, irst pledge me with kisses next pledge me with wine. Then giving and taking, in mutual return, The torch of our loves shall etermily burn.

But should'st thon my passion for wine disapprove, My bumper I'll quit, to be blest with my love; For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass, My bottle I'll break, and demotish my grass.

A Mafter I have and I am his man,
Galloping dreary dun,
And he'll ge: a wife as fatt as he can,
With a haily, Gaily,
Gambo raily,
Giggling,
Niggling,

Galloping galloway, draggle tail dreary dun,

I faddled his fleed, fo fine and fo gay,
Galloping dreary dun:
I mounted my mule, and we rode awa

I mounted my mule, and we rode away, With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Galloping dreary dun;
The nightingale lung instead of the lark,
With her haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and afk'd him our way, Galloping dreary dun;

By the lord, says the friar, you are both affray, With your haily, &c.

Our Journey, I fear, will do us no good, Galloping dreary dun;

We wander alone, like the babes in the wood, With our haily, &c.

My master is fighting and I'll take a peep, Galloping dreary dun;

But now I think on it-I'd beiter go fleep, With my haily, &c. ith N Her c ang o' Cried

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ROM the face of the four, for the mists disappear,
Resplendent his beams heighten day;
he highlands, the trees and the hill-tops are close,
'Tis the pride of the year, it is May.

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he Hare starts away, push disturb'd from her seat flies frighted, and doubles the Wold, low plaintive the sheep their loud echoes sepert, Because not yet free'd from the fold.

is liberty's language, the voice of the foul,
Throughout air, upon earth, in ne fea;
om us unto where the mon diffant World's roll,
What animal wou'd not be free?

g us live while we're free; but when liberty wants Life is out imprimping breath; As flaves shall we figh, be afospie from our chains ?

We dare, even dylng, our bir hitghts defend, Our last shall be liberty's call; Like Sampson, we'll nobly existency end, And our tyrants a crwhelm with our fail.

Good subjects will government ever obey,
Into air tofs maglinity's tale;
But honour forbid, fraud should e'er come in play,
And England be fet up to fale.

While will without law, feaurges Gallia's coaff,
Let us, in our honesty bold.
First drink to the King's health, then add to the toast,
May Eng isomen form to be fold.

washing to see made a mirror ton ?

## MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

WHEM larnocks forces and yellow broom
Perfumes the banks of Tweed,
ith Nancy boatts a forcet bloom,
Her charms all charms exceed.
ing o'er the merry fields of hay,
Cried lovefish Yockey wi' a figh,
id wha fa faft, is young and gay,
Cou'd fic a handsome lad deny.

Sandy's cheek the white and red,
Like rose and lily join'd;
I him each Lasiy bung her head,
For her each laddy pin'd,
ing o'er the merry fields of hay,
Wi'me my dearest lass he'd cry;
ad wha sa saft, sa young and gay,
Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny,
gang'd o'er sields and broomy land,

Till mither gan to chide,

Then Sandy press'd her lily hand,
And ask d her for his bride;
Then o'er the merry fields of hay,
Said she, my dearen hid we'll hie;
For wha sa saft, sa young and gay,
Cou'd sic a handsome lad dehy.

AH! tell me why thould filly man
Thus misapply his short sojourn,
Thus waste his life that's but a span,
And minutes that shall never setuen to
the, with thankful lip, would taste
The pleasures that around him play,
No gloomy cloud should overcast,
But sun-shine deck his happy day.

'Tis not the biting wint'ry blaft;
'Tis not the feorthing fummer fky;
'Tis not the coaff on which he's caft,
Or where he's born, or where shall die;

No, independent quite of thefe, Life's pain or pleasure he must find, No sur can scorch, no frost can freeze, The joys of a contented mind.

VIRTUE bids us conquer passion,
Hard the victory we obtain;
Hard to vanquish inclination,
But the pleasure pays the pain.
If a moment virtue waver,
She, restor'd to former peace,
Proud that vice could not enslave her,
Feels her energy increase.

WHEN swallows lay their eggs in snow,
And geefe in wheat-ears build their nests;
When roasted crabs a hunting go,
And cats can laugh at gostip's jests;
When law and conscience are akin,
And pigs are learnt by note to squeak;
Your worship then shall stroke your chin,
And teach an owl to whistle Greek.

Till when let your wisdom be dumb;
For say man of Gotham,
What is this world?
A tetotum,
By the finger of folly twirl'd;
With a key go up, and about we come;
While the Tun a good post-horse is found,
So merrily we'll run round.

WE three archers be,
Rangers that rove throughout the North country,
Lovers of vention and liberty,
That values not honours or money.

We three good fellows be, That never yet ran from three times three, Quarter flaff, broad fword, or bow-manry, But give us fair play for our money, We three merry men be,
At a lafe or a glass under green wood tree;
Jocundly chaunting our aunient gles,
Though we have not a penny of money.

On Thames' fair bank, a gentle youth for Lucy figh'd with matchless truth, Even when he figh'd in rhyme; The lovely maid his flame return'd And would with equal warmth have burn'd, But that she had not time,

Oft he repair'd, with eager feet,
In secret shades his fair to meet
Beneath the accustom'd lime;
Oft times the maid wou'd meet him there,
But when he begg'd she'd ease his care,
She said she had not time.

It was not thus, inconfiant maid,
You acted once, the fleepherd faid,
When love was in its prime.
She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
And wish'd she could have eas'd his pain,
But ftill she had not time.

Then pointing to the church, he ery'd,
This day I'll make young Jane my bride,
Since you think love a crime;
No, no, the file, my gentle youth,
I've try'd your faith and conffant truth,
And now fir love have time.

AT the peaceful midnight hour,
Every sense and ev'ry pow'r,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep,
Then our careful watch we keep.
While the wolf in nightly proul
Bays the moon with hidenus howl;
Gates are barr'd, and vain resistance,
Females shriek, but no affishance.
Silence! silence! or you meet your fate;
Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate;
Locks, bolts, and hars, soon sy asunder,
Then to riste, rob, and plunder!

On Piftol Co Whill Lends

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ON by the spur of valour goaded,
Piftols prim'd, and carbines loaded,
Courage firikes on hearts of feel;
Whilst each spark thro' the dark gloom of night,
Lends a clear and chearing light,
Who a fear or doubt can feel?

Like serpents now thro' thickets creeping,
Then on our prey like lions leaping;
Calvetti to the onset lead us,
Let the weary traveller dread us;
Struck with terror and amaze,
While our swords with lightning blaze,

Thunder to our carbines roaring, Bursting clouds in torrents pouring, Wash the fanguine dagger's blade, Ours a free, and roving trade; To the onset let's away, Valour calls, and we obey!

I HE court is a fountain of honour and fame, And fweet are the waters that flow; Yet fay if your throats, or this water's to blame, As we drink, the more thirfly we grow? Yet the court to be fure is a fine place, A gay, polite, a divine place : I am the man can tell you how, If there you'd with to rife, With your ever ftep a bow! On your tongue a thousand lies; Submiffive be your stile ! A great man's frown's a rod, A pension in h's smile, A ribbon in his nod. Strict care and close economy. First make a mighty brag on, But let to guard 'he golden tres, Then gobble like a dragon !

YOUR wife men all declare
Of the thing fo ftrange and r e,
The beautiful fublime in great nature's law,

A woman bears the belle;
And why they cannot tell;
"Tis the myfical charms of "Je ne scai quoi."

"Tis the mystical charms of "Je ne scai quoi."

The lovely town-bred dame,
Dear cause of many a stame,
Each smart swears he ne'er such a beauty saw,
Say what the lovers prize,
Coral lips or brilliant eyes?
No; the mystical charms of the "Je ne scai quoi."
Behold the village maid,
By nature's hand array'd,
With her stockings green, and her hat of straw.

Is love in dimple fleck,
Or the rofes of her cheek?
No; the myflical charms of the " Je ne feai quoi."

WHEN first an Arragonian maid
Is brought to Saragossa.
Of all the fees, and hears afraid,
Her air is coarse and gross—a;
Stiff, formal, starth, referred, and coy,
She seems a very prude—a:
And while the courtier tempts to joy.

But foon as cast in fashion's mould,
She's made a dame of honour;
Politely frank, genteely bold,
No shynese rests upon her:
She paints, coquettes, and slirts her fan;
For now (the case revers d, Sir,)
She's grown a match for ev'ry man,
And cries, " pray do your worst, Sir!"

Crier, " fie! you han't be rude-a!"

W HEN a lover's in the wind,
Tho' miss is coy, we always find
At last she turns out wond'rous kind,
Nor thinks a man so shocking;
A woman's frowns are but a jest,
She's angry only to be prest,
And then she grants her friend's request,
To let them throw the stocking,

I is

While

While pudding-fleeves unites their bands,
And fetters both in marriage bands,
John grins, and Molly fool in flands,
To fee the neighbours flock in;
But after supper John is led,
With love and liquor in his head,
Tuck'd with his Molly into bed,
Then hey, to throw the flocking!

The night foon path, the morning come,
The couple looking queer and rum;
He fays but little, fire is dumb,
The chamber door unlocking.
But Molly, who was once fo coy,
No langer now conceals her joy;

She vows all day -for her dear boy -She'd trudge without a flocking!

ERE round the huge oak, that o'er hadows my mill,
The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;
Ere the church was a ruin, that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built her nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time. a much earlier date, Since my forefathers toil'd in you field; For the farm I now hold on your lordhip's effate, Is the fame that my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequested to his fon a good name,
Which unfully'd defeended to me;
For my child I've preferv'd it, enerimfon'd with
And it fail from a foot fault be free. [thame,

I Travers'd Judge's barren and,
At beauty's after to adore;
But here the Turk had spoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters were no more.
In Greece, the bold imperiousmien,
The wanton look, the leening eye,
Bade love's devotion not be feen,
Where constancy is never nigh.
From thence to Italy's fair shop,
I bent my never-teasing way,
And to Loretta's temple here

mind devoted still to pray.

But there, too, supersistion's hand.

Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er,.

And made me soon regain the land,

Where beauty si's the western shore.

Whete Hymen with telestial pow'r

Connubial transport doth adorn;

Where purest virtue sports the hour

That ushers in each happy morn.

Ye daughters of old Albion's ille,

Where'er I go, where er I stray,

O charity's sweet children smile,

To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

THE great folks are noble, and proud let 'em be
Of title, of honour, and wealth;
That I am a Briton is title to me,
And I'm rich in a flock of good health.

Lads, flop the mill,
Be the hopper fill;
When low the fun,
Our work is done;

Then we'll fit to our homely board with glee, For fweet is the bread of industry.

Tho' in fumme: I copied the provident ant,
For winter fome grains to provide;
Yet, what I could spare to a friend when in wan
I ne'er was the friend who denied.

Lads, stop the mill, Be the hopper still; When low the fun, Our work is done;

Then we'll fit to our homely board with gleen For sweet is the bread of industry.

N greenwood hade, or winding dell,
We merry maids and archers dwell;
In quiet, free from worldly firife,
We pass a chearful rural life,
And by the moon's pale quivering beams,
We frisk it near the thrystal fireams,
Our station's near the King's highway.

We rob the gich, the post to pay a

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The woe-worn wretch, we ftill protect,
The widow—orphan—ne'er neglect—
Fat churchmen, proud, we cause to stand
And whistle for our steady band.

As burns the charger when he hears.

The trumpet's martial found;

Eager to fcour the field he rears,

And fpurns th' indented ground—

He fauffs the air, erects his flowing main,

Scents the big war, and sweeps along the plain.

Bounds forth on wings of wind,
And sparse the moments as they roll
With saging pace behind.

Da Capo.

TURN gentle hermit of the dale, And guide our lonely way, To where you taper chears the vale With hospitable ray:

m be

wan!

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For here forlorn and loft I tread, With fainting steps and slow, Where wilds, unmeasurably spread, Seem length ning as they go.

Y E beauties, or such as would beauties be fam'd,
Lay patches and washes and painting aside,
Go burn all the glasses that ever were fram'd,
The gewgaws of fashion, & knicknacks of pride,
A nostrum to call from the toilet of reason
'Tis easy, 'tis cheap, and 'tis ever in season,
By all to be found, and with all to be pleasing.
When are has in vain her cosmetics applied.

Good nature, believe me, 's the smoothest of varnish, Which ever bedimples the beautiful cheek; No time nor no tint can its excellence tarnish, It holds good so long, and it lies on so sleek. Tis more than the blush of the rose in the morn-The white of the lily is not so adorning, [ing, All accident proof, and all scrutiny scorning; 'Tis ease to the witty, and wit to the weak,

Tis furely the girdle that Panes was bound with,
The graces, her handmaids, all proud put it on;
'Tis furely the radiance Aurora is crown'd with,
Who, fmiling, arifes, and waits for the fun.
Oh! wear it, ye lasses, on every occasion,
'Tis the noblest reproof, 'tis the strongest persuasion,
'Twill keep, nay, 'twill almost retrieve reputation to And last, and look lovely, when beauty is gone.

SOFTLY found the martial trumpet, Now the din of war is o'er; Peace, fair maid, prepares a banquet,] Laurell'd heroes pant no more,

A calm retreat, where myrtles twine,
With mosfly rose, and sweet woodbine,
Shall recompence your toil and care,
You've sheath'd the sword, now guard the fair,

WHAT is a poet, Sir? you, Sir? no, Sir!—
'Tis this, Sir, I'd have you to know—
Constantly writing, Sir,
And his nails biting, Sir,
Oh, he's a wondrous fellow!

Now in the garret, Sir—high, Sir—high, Sir!
Now in the cellar below;
Sunshine and vapour, Sir—

Pen, ink, and paper, Sira Oh, he's a wondrous fellow l

His pockets to fill, Sir—Aill, Sir—A

How impartial our art is,
We fide with all pa ties—
No qualms of the conscience await us;
For an author well paid,
If he's true to the trade,
Will stand in utrumque paratus.

Ii3

With deliberation
We mare reputation;
Our mule never squeamish or nice is—
We can mend it again
With a dail of the pen—
There is praise and abuse of all prices,

The rague to appland.

And make virtue of fraud.

For a trifle we always are willing;

We ne'er run a man down

For lefs than a crown,

But give a fly cut for a fhilling.

THE little back by tempest tost,
With joy regains the shore,
But we by favowe almost lost,
Enjoy this calm no more.

Misfortune hence, with all thy train, Of cares and je forties, and pain; Plenceforth the pured joys we'll prove, Springing from virtue, south and love.

LITTLE mules come and cry,
Put your finger in your eye;
Join the macaroni kind,
Demn the weather, demn the wind.

Winds that rumple powder's hir, Winds that fright the feather'd fair, Winds that blow our hats away, And rude'y with our ruffles play.

Winds that drown the gentle note, Fritter'd through a gentle throat; Winds that clouds around us throw, And spoil the glitter of our show.

Demn the winds that us have flirt'd, On Friday June the twenty-third, To plague the macatoni kind: Dema the rain, and demn the wind.

YOU gave me last week a young linnet, Shut up in a fine golden cage; Yet how fad the poor thing was within it,
Oh how did it flutter and rage!
Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,
That his wings were confin'd,
'Till I open'd the door of his den;
Then so merry was he,
And because he was free,
He came to his cage back again.

WHY, John, Ra'ph, Sall—why don't you come Are all the fervants deaf and dumb? We won't obey—we have our cue— We're masters all, as well as you. But some must rule, while some must serve: And some must work, lest all should starve.

FIRE flies your eyes, and your jetty black hair, to beetles, as black as my hat, I compare!
Softer than moss is your skip, and what she!!
Can your teeth, that are whiter than iv ay, excel

My rattlesnake, my cockatrice, My little bird of Paradise, My softil of ten thousand dyes, My pretty box of buttersies i

You are more precious than Opbir's gold dust, Your features may vie with a medal's green rust; Unique is your form, than an Otho more rare, And a true dilletante must make you his care.

My rattlefnske, my cockatrice, My little bird of Paradife, My fossis of sen thousand dyes, My pretty box of buttersities!

To a stage-coach we aptly may liken this nation Where passengers seldom are pleas'd with their station But wrangling, & jumbling. & jumbling. The inside-folks grin & the outsides are grumbling. The inns they are in, and the outsthey are out;

To be in is the riddle, which makes all this rout. The cuts call the ministry infamous elves; And the inns, when they re out, fay the same things

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It is cunning credulity ever enflaves;
The world is a hot-bed, to raife fools and knaves:
They pull this & that way, fometimes pull together;
But common-fenfe feorns to go partners with either.
My country, my freedom, and oh, my religion!
These tickle the ear, faith, like Mahomet's pigeon:
"Tis the time's cant, the farce, the finesse of all ages
For what the best actors of, get the best wages.

Ob my country?—but hold, Sir, on which fide the Wa worth oul your words, if ye dinna tak heed. [Tweed We give praise to one fide, the other abuse,— Can the unborn their place of nativity chuse?

Off prejudice, off, to oblivion's cave; We boast we are Britons, as Britons behave: Can this, or that side of a stream alter nature? No,—wash those restections away in the water.

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Get, get, is the cry now, and get all ye can; If ye can get, get honeftly; get, though's the plan. Get one thing, and ev'ry thing elfe you'll obtain a For honours are now humble fervants to gain.

The African flave-dealers forme may think base;
But what must they think—if at home 'tis the case?
The Guinea trade here keeps a market 'tis certain;
And yes & no's bought & sold; more's the misfortune
When a beauty's enjoy'd by a man of the town,
What he doted last week on, this week he'll disown
The self-sellers thus, become those people's scoff,
Who first turn them prostitutes, then turn them off.
May all be turn'd off, who those dealings befriended
Where homester solks have been sometimes suspended
May they die as they liv'd by all good men abhorr'd,
We Britons bejeech thee to hear us good Lord.

WIT. love, and reputation walk'd
One ev'ning out of town,
They fung, they laugh'd, they toy'd, they talk'd
'Till night came darkling on.
Love wilful needs wou'd be their guide,
And smil'd at loss of day,
On her the kindred pair relied,
And loss with her their way.

Damp fell the dew, the wind blew cold,
All bleak the barren moor.

Acrofs they toil'd, when love, grown bold,
Knock'd loud at labour's door.

Awhile within the reed-roof'd cot
They flood, and flar'd at care,
But long cou'd not endure the spot,

The twain proposed next morn to part,
And travel different ways;
Quoth love, I foon shall find a heart;
Wit went to look for praise;

Rut reputation, fighing, fpoke, "Tis better we agree,

For poverty was there.

"Though love may laugh, and wit may joke,
"Yet friends take care of me.

"Without me beauty wins no beart, "Without me wit is vain;

" If, headstrong, here with me you part, "We ne'er can meet again.

" Of me you both shou'd take great care, "And shun the rambling plan,

" No calling back, my triends, I'll bear,
" So keep me while you can."

Love stopt among the village youth,

Expecting to be crown'd,

Enquiring for her brother truth,

But truth was never found.

She fought in vain, for love was blind,

And bate her guidance crost;

'Tis said, tince truth she cou'd not find,

That love herself is lost.

GOOD people all, both great and small,
And eke, and aye, and also;
Pray lend an ear, and you shall hear,
And then I need not bawl so.
There was a time, when times were good,
The antient bard in rhime sings;
So use time well, this time we should,
We should so, did we time things,

But,

But out of time, and out of tune, We helter skelter go forth ; Sometimes too late, fometimes too foon, Good lack-a-day, and fo forth, We give great folks the greatest crimes, They can afford to father 'em, But so impartial are the times, We're guilty, omnium gatherum.

For fox-hunting boldly bucks embrace, But sportsmen of discernment, Abroad will chu le a nabob's chace, Or hunt at home preferment. To hunt the flatesman who's in play, When patriots cast about Sir, A penfion flops the hark-away, And fo the field's flung out Sir.

In fuch place-tempting times as thefe, Upright be our intentions; Ill fare the loon who first took fees. And him who first paid penfions. Yet fine-cures we'll not abuse, Nor their illustrious givers, We quarrel now, 'cause we can't chuse Who shou'd be the receivers.

Dear Englishmen and country-folks, Don't give yourselves uneas'nest, Nor mind the flouts, the shouts, the jokes, But only mind your bus'ness. Wou'd one mind one, the kingdom thro', And work within his station, At home he'll find enough to do, And not undo the nation.

So to conclude, and make an end, Of this nice diction'd ditty, Indeed 'tis time, the times shou'd mend, In country, court, and city.

For our good Queen cur fong we'll fing,-May the ne'er wake nor fleep ill; And next my lads, - God bless the King, And all his faithful people.

I O excel in bon ton both as genius and critic, And be quite the thing, Sir, immense scientific;

On all exhibitions give fentence by guels, With farugs and folen phrases that fentence express Sing tantararara tafte all

The money you squander your judgment confirms, You need not know science, repeat but the terms. The labour of learning belongs to the poor, Do but pay-hat's enough for a true connoisseur.

As to Shakespeare, or Purcell, why you may allow They were well-enough once-but they will not do not Admit Newton elever, -just clever, -that's all; And formerly, faith, we might fancy White ball.

When lord of the feast, 'midft your para fite group You're the flave of conceit, and low forgery's dup All artists (but English ones) praise and procure, By your band of bear-leaders you're dubb'd Connoi /[en

For words when you're loft, fill the blank with gri And pantomime fcorn by your power of face. [mac If merit dares speak, and he's known to the poor, Knock him down with a bet & your triumph's fecur

With high-varnish'd mafters, &bronz'd buftos grac'd Your house, like a toy shop, is lumber'd in taste. All, all are antiques, Ciceronio procures,

For who dares deceive fuch compleat Connoisseurs? The worth of a man, fay the wife, is his pence: Twas faid fo, and to it will centuries hence. cure

Then money's the thing; the grand pimp that pro-Full work for the wits, when the forms Connoiffeurs Sing tantararara taite all.

32 I HAT the world is a flage, & the flage is aschool Where some study knave's parts, and some play the Was faid, and again fo we fay; For as the world's round, and rolls round about, Old fashions come in, and new fashions go out, As vanity dreffes the play.

Do not seriously think of these whimsical times, But fing or fay fomething in whimfical rhimes,-The world's but a whim, and all that; I mean not the world which revolves on the poles,

But the animal world, made up of odd fouls, The fons and the daughters of chat,

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for a new exhibition their portrairs we'll plan, and pen and ink likenesses skatch if we can,

Where all may their temblances fee;
Tho' folks of fine breeding, immensely polite,
Their own faces finish with rouge and flake white,
And leave no employment for me.

Let us tenderly take off those mosks, and their cures Attempt. by exposing such caricatures

In impartiality's hall;

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But if the gall'd finner shou'd wince at a line, And cry, " curse the fellow! the picture's not mine." The prime-serjeant painter we'll call.

Come, fatyr, affift me, my project is new.

The demi-beath grinning, his range of reeds blew,
And this was his fymphony's fong:

"Should I fing of these times, or in prose or in verse
"Weak things, but not wicked ones I shou'd reheatse

" A medley betwixt right and wrong.

"This æra is much too infipid for me, "Futility's only in practice I fee,

"Unworthy one ftroke of my laft;

"The fashion is folly, let folly go on,
"To the fense subsides, and true taste to bon ton,
"And genius is banish'd for trash."

Disdain frown'd his brow, redd'ning rage his eyes Contempt o'er his countenance spread as he past, [cast

We'll be qui'e the thing then, as life's but a toy, A bubble in which we can only enjoy

The pleasure of playing the fool.

OLD Homer!—but wi h him what have we to do? What are Grecians, or Trojans, to me or to you? Such heathen the heroes no more I'll invoke; Choice spirits affir me, attend hearts of oak.

Derry down.

Sweet peace, belov'd handmaid of science and art, Unanimity take your petitioner's sart;
Accept of my song, tisthe best I can doBut first, may it please ye-my service to you.

Perhaps my address you may premature think,
Because I have mention'd no toast as I drink;
There are many fine toasts, but the best of 'em all
Is the toast of the times; that is Liberty-Hall.

That fine British building by Alfred was fram'd, Its grand corner-stone Magna Charta is nam'd; Independency came at integrity's call, And form'd the front pillars of Liberty Hall.

This manor our forefathers bought with their bload And their fons & their fons fons have proved the deeds By that title we live, with that title we'll fall, [good For life is not life out of Liberty-Hall.

In mantle of honour, each star-spangled fold, Playing bright in the sun-shine, the burnish of gold Truth beams on her breast: see, at soyalty's call, The genius of England in Liberty Hall.

Ye sweet smelling courtlings of ribband and lace, The spaniels of power, and bounty's disgrace, So supple, so service, so passive ye fall, 'Twas passive-obedience lost Liberty-Hall,

But when revolution had fettl'd the crown, And natural reason knock'd tyranny down, No frowns cloath'd with tersor appear'd to appall, The doors were thrown open of Liberty Hall.

See England triumphant, her ships sweep the sea, Her standard is justice, her watch word be free; Our king is our countryman, Englishmen all, God bless him, and bless us, in Liberty Hall.

On were it des all-monfieur wants to know, Tis neither at Marli, Verfailles, Fontainbleau; 'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art, For Liberty Hall is an Englishman's beart.

A Wonder! a wonder! a wonder I'll fhow,
You'll wonder indeed when this wonder you know
We are wonderful high, and as wonderful low.
Which nobody can denue.

We always are wond'ring at ev'ry thing new, The good things we wonder at rich people do, 'Tis a wonder indeed if such wonders are true.

Eeme

Some wonderful folks make a wonderful rout, While fome blunder in, other folks blunder out, We wonder what blunderers can be about.

One fide says the times are so good they are glad; The times, says the other fide, ne'er were so bad: No wonder if this fide or that fide is mad.

For the time I some patriot changes propose, That our taxes be less, and we wear plainer cloaths And that ev'ry wearer may pay what he owes.

Imprimis—reflect on the taxes on wheels, On cards, and the claret we waste at our meals; These grievances both parties equally seels.

To be fure we must own it is cursed provoking, To see how some people their vices are cloaking. While virtue-but neighbours don't think I am joking

For my grandfather said, and his name is rever'd, That his father's sather had oftentimes heard, How virtue, when he was a school-boy, appear'd.

She fled without leaving behind her directions,
"Twas in vain she observed to oppose such connexions.
As turtle-feasts, cuckoldoms, cards, and elections.
You may think me severe, but indeed you think I promised a wonder at first in my song, [wrong, And the wonder is—How could you listen so long?

Which nobody can deny.

SOFT breathing, the zephyrs awaken the grove, Now, now, is the season for pleasure and love; Yet let no delights on our moments intrude, But such as are simple, and such as are good.

Far hence be the love that's by wantonness bred Far hence be the pleasures by vanity led! But joys, which both reason and virtue approve, Such, such are the glory and pride of the grove.

THOUGH from place to place I'm ranging,
No relief my breast can find,
Though each day the scene I'm changing,
Restless thoughts disturb my mind.

How can I be peace enjoying, Or in valley or on hill? Love his power is yet employing, Paffion is my master still.

Behold on the brow the leaves play in the bree;
While cattle calm feed in the vale;
The church-spire tapering, points thro' the trees.
As lord of the hill and the dale.

The playful colts skip after lambs to the brook,
The brook flow and filently glides;
The furface so smooth, and so clear, if you look
It reflects the gay green on its sides.

By his feather'd feraglio in farm-yard carefs'd,
The King of the Walk dares to crow,
No Nabob, nor Nimrod enflaving the east,
Such prowess with beauty can shew.

Beneath the fill cow, Nancy preffes the teat,
Her face like the ruddy fac'd morn;
Loud firokes in the barn the firong threshers repe
Or winnow for market the corn.

Industrious, their wives, at the doors of their consist spinning, dress'd neatly, though coarse,
To their babes, while unheading the traveller to
They shew the fine man and his horse.

At the heels of the fleed bark the base village who
Each puppy rude echo bestirs; [ye
Eut the horse too high bred, bounds away from the
Disregarding the clamour of curs.

Illiberal railers thus envy betray,
When merit above them they view;
But Genius disdains to turn out of his way,
Or afford a reply to the crew.

To contempt and despair such insanes we comm But to generous rivals, a toast— May rich men reward honest fellows of wit,— Here's a health to those dances hate most.

HITHER turn thy wand'ring eyes, Here the vale of pleasure lies; Come Coolin Meag Shall Care, But y More

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The trilling flute, and warbling grove, Wake the melting foul to love.
Come and tafte the golden hours,
Cooling fountains, mosty bow'rs,
Meagre looks, nor raking noise,
Shall disturb thy peaceful joys,
Care, nor thought, nor fear you'll see,
But young-eyed hope and liberty;
More than wisdom, more than fame,
I give, for pleasure is my name.

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HAIL politeness, pow's divine, Pleas'd we bend beneath thy shrine, Studious of the true bon, Lovers of the Cotillon, Hail politeness, &c.

Flaunting belles, and powder'd beaux, House-wives drest in Sundaya cloaths, Spruce mechanics, old and young, Learn to dance the cotillon.

Lawyers, doctors, leave your fees, Careful but to dance with eafe, Nimbly how they trip along, In the charming cotillon.

High and low, and rich and poor, Think on humble joys no more, All with dancing madness stun, Doat upon the cotillon.

Bath and Tunbridge Wells, adieu!
Now no more we think on you;
True politeness is our own,
Since we've learn'd the cotilion.

EE you fair prospect, how lovely it seems, low bright on the river shines Sol's silver beams, that a concert is here with the lark and the thrush with linnets that warble and sing from each bush? In well may they warble, and nature look gay, since Damon was wedded to Pbillis to day.

Tis now just a month, that as croffing the plain, that Phillis first faw, and was feen by the swain

Some glances they chang'd, the youth faw her home, And foon, very foon, did they lovers become ; He pres'd her to marry, the bid him to stay, If the found him in earnest, the'd fix on a day.

She prov'd he was faithful, both tender and kind, For shepherds are not like the great, false inclin'd; Not like a coquet, void of feeling and sense, [pence 3] The nymph scoon'd to keep him too long in sufthe next time he ask'd her, she did not say nay, So Damon and Phillis were wedded to-day.

'Tis here in the village true peace reigns alone, Here only the sweets of contentment are known; The swains are sincere, the nymphs all are kind, True love only wins them, to intrest they're blind; Whene'er that invites them, its call they obey, Uniting like Damon and Phillis to day.

WHEN once love's fubtle polion gains,
A passage to the female breast,
Rushing, like lightning, thro' the veins,
Each wish, and ev'ry thought's possess'd.

To heal the pangs our minds endure, Reason in vain its skill applies; Nought can afford the heart a cure, But what is pleasing to the eyes.

WHAT are outward forms and shows.
To an honest heart compar'd;
Oft the rustic, wanting those,
Has the nobler portion shar'd.

Oft we see the homely flow'r,
Bearing, at the hedge's side,
Virtues of more sov'reign pow'r,
Than the garden's gayest pride.

Y OUNG Lubin was a thepherd boy, Fair Rofalie a rustic maid; They met, they lov'd; each other's joy, Together o'er the hills they stray'd.

Their parents faw, and blefs'd their love, Nor would their happiness delay; To-morrow's dawn their blifs should prove, To-morrow be their wedding-day.

When as at eve, befide the brook,

Where firay'd their flocks, they fat and fmil'd,
One luckless iamb the current took,

"Twas Rosalie's—the flarted wild.

Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite fave; Too fatally the youth obey'd: He ran, he plung'd into the wave, To give the little wanderer aid.

But fearce he guides him to the fhore, When faint and furk, poor Lubin dies :

Ah Refalir! for ever more, In his cold grave thy lever lies.

On that lone bank—Oh! fill be feen,
Faithful to grief, then haples maid;
And with sad wreaths of cypress green,
For ever footh thy Lubin's shade.

OH! never be one of those sad silly sellows,
Who always are snappish, suspicious, and jealous,
Who live but to doubt,
To pine and to pout,
To take one to task,
Examine, and ask.
A hundred cross questions, to pick something out.

Oh! never, &c.

If by chance he shou'd come,

And not find her at home,

'Tis, " Madam, why fo late,

" Where the devil could you wait?

"What's been done? what's been faid?
"Zounds! I feel it on my head."

Oh! never, &c.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is fill, And mortals the fweets of forgetfulness prove, When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill, And nought but the rightingale's forg in the gro "Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious a Hermit began
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man,
Ah why! all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, alone Philimela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral.
But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay, smourn;
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine passaway,

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,

The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays,
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The nath that conducts there to followed.

Full quickly they pals-but they never return.

The pash that conducts thee to splendor again, But man's faded glory what change shall renew? Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more,
I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you
For morn is approaching your charms to restore;
Persum'd with sresh fragrance and glitt'ring with
Nor yet for the rawage of winter I mourn; [dew.
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !

O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

It is form by nature's hand was call,
In beauty's manly mould,
His heart a coffly jewel was,
Cas'd in a fhrine of gold.
The gods in heav'nly lynod met,
And each a bleffing gave,
Wife, valiant, virtuous, he became,
But ah! he was a flave.

He ferv'd as flave yet never ferv'd,
A proud unworthy dame;
He lov'd as youth ne'er lov'd before,
But fed a bopeleis flame;

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For hard the heart of her he lov'd,
And flubborn was her pride,
One day the drove him from her fight,
He bow'd, 'obey'd, and cied.
And never thall his mournful tale.

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And never shall his mournful tale,
Soft pity sail to move;
Nor was there one who saw the youth,
That ever fail'd to love.
And was it then that fortune's blind,
Or was it fortune's spite,
Oh! take away her pow'r, ye gods!
Or give her back her fight.

WHAT a lover is he that has nothing to give,

Rut a look, and a vow, and a figh! [live,
Silly maid, take my word, you should know how to

Before you're so ready to die.

How stupid a pair are the bridegroom and bride, Who wed but for cooing and billing; Oh! how dull will they be, as they fit side by side, If it happens they're not worth a shilling.

At first, by good luck, every hour of the day,
'Tis my darling, my soul's dearest pleasure;
But at last, says the wife, I want money to pay,
Come, give it, my heart's richest treasure!

"But I have it not, sweeting!"—This theme may
"Come let us be cooing and billing" [breed strife
Go, barbarous husband—go, termagant wife—
So it happens when not worth a shilling.

YE fair, ye lovers, at my call,
Young, grave, and gay, come hither,
All take me, take me while ye may,
Fortune comes not ev'ry day.
Ye fair, &c.

I know you a child pursue,
Who from her tyrant father flew,
Go on to find her rack your brains,
And wear the fools-cap for your pains.
I know, &c.

You to his schemes assistance lend, But little think how things may end; Regard but in this magic glass, You see a goose, and you an ass. An ass, Sc.

NIGHT and day the anxious lover,
Is attentive to the fair,
'Till the doubtful courtship's over,
Is she then so much his care?

Warm as summer; his addresses, Hope and ardour's in his eyes; Cool as winter, his caresses, When she yields his captive prizes

Now the owner of her beauty, Sees no more an angel's face; Half is love, the rest is duty? Pleasure sure is in the chace.

LET court lovers pay adoration to crowns,
That man is a monarch for me,
Who cheerful improves the few acres he owns,
Unenvying, industrious, and free.

At night, in high health, from his labour he refts, His houshold fit round in a row, Wife, children, and fervants, domestical guests, Such circles in town can ye shew,

He fmiles on his babes, as fome firive for his knee,
And fome to their mother's neck cling,
While playful the prattlers for place difagree,
The roof with their shrill trebles ring.
Those cynics who brood o'er a fingle life's spleen,
The offspring they have dare not own,
But happy-wed pairs can enjoy the fond scene
To you wretched mortals unknown.

His dame the good man of the house thus addres'd,
"Twas so with us when we were young."
Her hand within his he with gentleness press'd,
While sentiment prompted his tongue.

KI

"I remember the day of my falling in love,
"How fearful I first came to woo;

"I hope that these boys will as true-hearted prove "And our lasses, my dear, look like you."

A tear of joy flarting, he kifs'd from her cheek, Love gratefully glowing her face,

Too full her fond heart, not a word con'd be speak But, fighing, return'd his embrace.

'Tis by fuch endearments affection is thewn,
In filence more nobly express'd.

Than all the cant phrase, the Bon Ton of the town, Where Love is a Monmouth fireet guest,

Go on, ye high births, and prezend to despise, Those scenes which to you are unknown; But laugh not too long, rather aim to be wise, And compare such a life with your own,

Vain jesters be mute, I'll a sentiment give,
A toast which eseem will not scorn;
May they who can taste them, Love's kisses receive,
And tenderness meet a return.

F AIR Sally lov'd a bonny seaman,
With tears the feat him out to roam;
Young Thomas lov'd no other woman,
But left his heart with her at home.
She view'd the sea from off the hill,
And as the turn'd her spinning wheel,
She sung of her bonny seaman.

The wind blew loud, and the grew paler
To fee the weather cock turn round,
When lo! the fpy'd her bonny failor
Come tripping o'er the fallow ground,
With nimble hafte he leapt the file,
And Sally met him with a fmile,
And hugg'd her bonny failor.

This knife the gift of levely Sally,

I fill have kept it for her fake;
A thousand times in am'rous folly,
Thy name I've carv'd upon the deck t
Again this happy pledge returns
To shew how truly Thomas burns.
How truly burns for Sally.

This thimble did'st thou give to Sally.

While this I see I think on you;

Then why does Tom stand shilly sally,

While yonder steeple is in view.

Tom, never to occasion blind,

Now took her in the willing mind,

And went to church with Sally.

Y E virgins attend,
Believe me your friend,
And with prudence adhere to my plan;
Ne'er let it be faid,
There goes an old maid,
But get married as faft as you can,

As foon as you find
Your hearts are inclin'd
To beat quick at the fight of a man;
Then choose out a youth
With honour and truth,
And get married as fast as you can.

For age, like a cloud,
Your charms from will fhroud,
And this whimfical life's but a fpan;
Then, maids, make your hay,
While Sol darts his ray,
And get married as fast as you can.

The treacherous rake
Will a tfully take
Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan;
But baffle their fnare,
Make virtue your care,
And get married as faft as you can.

And when Hymen's bands
Have join'd both your hands,
The bright flame fill continue to fan;
Ne'es harbour the flings
That jealoufy brings,
But be constant, and blest while you can.

THE mind of a women can never be known, You never can guess it aright: It c

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I'll tell you the reason—she knows not her own;
It changes so often 'ere might.
'Twould puzzle Apollo,
Her whimsies to follow;
Bis oracle wou'd be a jest:
She Il frown when he's kind,
Then quickly you'll find,
She'll change with the wind,
And often abuses
The man that the chuses,
And what she refutes
Likes best.

NATURE gave all creatures arms, fai hful guards from hoftile harms : laws the lion brood defend, Horrid jaws that wide diffend ; Horns the bull, refiftefs force; solid hoofs the vig'rous horse; Nimble feet the fearful hare ; Wings to fly the birds of sir. To the fox did wiles ordain. The craftieft of the fylvan train; Tusks the gave the greating twine, Quills the freefal porcupine; ins to fwim, the wat'ry kind ; Man the virtues of the mind; lature, lavishing her flore, What for woman had the more? delpfels woman f to be fair eauty fell to woman's fhare: cauty, that nor wants or fears worde, or fl mes, or fhields, or fpears; Beauty ftronger aid affords, tronger for than fhields or fwords : tronger far than fwords or fhields Man himfelf to beauty yields,

WHEN the maid whom we love, no entrea
Who'd lead a life of pining; [ries can move,
ther charms will excute the fond rathness you use,
And fullen flare,
Born of duliness, rais'd by pride!
Kk 2

n,

Never fland like a fool with looks sheepish and Such bashful love is teazing; [cool, But with spirit address, and you're sure of success For honest warmth is pleasing, Se.

And the wedlock's your view,
Like a rake if you woo;
Girls fooner quit their coynefs,
They know beauty inspires,
Less respect than defires;
Hence love is prov'd by boldness,
So ne'er stand like a fool, Sc.

COME come, bid adieu to fear,
Love and harmony live here:
No domestic jealous jars,
Buzzing slanders, words and wars,
In my presence will appear;
Love and harmony reign here;
Sighs to antirous sighe returning;
Pulses beating, bosoms burning:
Bosoms with warm wishes panting;
Words to speak those wishes wanting
Are the only turnults here,
All the woes you need to fear;
Love and harmony reign here.

57 I HIS is a petit maitre's day-Awake at noon. Or fcarce fo foon. See him to his fofa creep. Sipping his tea-half affeep-Cur'e the vapours! Reach the papers-What's the opera ?-dema the play. Air my boots, I think I'll ride-The ret it, no! It makes one fo-Let them bring the vis a vis: Lounging there, his lord hip foc, With vacant air, And fullen flare,

Stop

Stop at Betty's !- what's the news ?-A battle they fav-Have you pines to day ?-Yes, my lord-we've beat the Dutch. Ha-lome ice-I thought as much : What, and nothing more? That's a monftrous bore ! Well, drive to Iffacbar the Ferv's,

Last at Brookes's-deep at play; Machar's debt, At Faro fet. Win or lofe, ferenely fad, Calm he fits, nor vex'd, nor glad; 'Tis half alive.

He cuts at five-This is a petit-maitre's day.

LOUNDS Sir! then I'll tell you without any jest, The thing of all things, which I hate and deteft; A coxcomb, a fop, A dainty milk fop:

Who, effenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top, Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop.

A thing full of prate, And pride and conceit; All fashion, no weight; Who shrugs and takes snuff, And carries a muff; A minikin, Finiking,

French powder puff; And now, Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

Y E mortals who fearch for content, And yet the fweet path never find, Come learn how your cares to prevent And give trouble and care to the wind. Give. Gc.

They tell me no man e'er was bieft With spirits so even before; That grief has no place in the breaft. I am happy and can be no more.

Why 'tis true, and I tell you the cause That makes me thus joyous appear; Tho' my plan may not meet with applaule, 'Tis useful and I am fincere.

My blifs is not founded on wealth, For that would my pleasure deftroy ; The great are but happy by fleath, And few are the fweets they enjoye It is not from love that I boaft,

A life that's unclouded with woe; Ah! that is a dangerous coaft, And love is felicity's foe.

Hygeia, fweet goddess! from thee Our delights are made firm and secure ; Yet thousands are healthy as me, Who lament what they all might endure. Employment's the charm that will pleafe, Embrace it and ever be glad ; For furely that mind is at ease,

Which never has time to be fad.

[life, - 60 IF a daughter you have, the's the plague of your No peace shall you know tho' you've buried your wife At twenty the mocks at the duty you taught her,

O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter, Sighing and whining, dving and pining,

()! what a plague is an obitinate daughter. When scarce in her teens, they have wit to perplex

With letters and lovers, for ever they vex us, [us, While each fill rejects the fair fuitor you've brought O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter, Jangling and wrangling, flouting and pouting. O! what a plague, &c.

W HEN a tender maid is first effay'd By fome admiring fwain; How her blufhes rife if the meets his eyes, While he unfolds his pain! If he takes her hand the trembles quite! Touch her lips and the fwoon outright:

While a pit a pit a pit a pat a pit a pit a pat. Who Her heart avows her fright. But

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Oft v oftly th But in time appear fewer figns of fear;
The youth the boldly views:
If her hand he grasp, or her bosom clasp,
No mantling blush ensues!
Then to church well pleas'd the lovers move,
While her smiles her contentment prove,
And a pit a pat, &c.
Her heart avows her love!

THE wand'ring failor ploughs the main, a competence in life to gain; Indaunted braves the flormy feas, to find at last content and ease; In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er, To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll, and thunders shake from pole to pole; the deathful waves surrounding foam, till statt'ring fancy wasts him home; In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er, To anchor on his native shore.

Then round the bowl the jovial crew the early scenes of youth renew; tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast, this is the universal toast!

May we, when toil and danger's o'er, Cast anchor on our native shore!

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OON as the bufy day is o'er,
And evening comes with pleafant shade,
le gondoliers from shore to shore,
Merrily ply our jovial trade.
Ind while the moon shines on the stream,
And as soft music breathes around;
the feathering oar returns the gleam,
And dips in concert to the sound.
Own by some convent's mould'ring walls
Oft we hear the enamour'd youth;
filly the watchful fair he calls,
Who whispers vows of love and truth.
And while the moon, & c.

And oft where the rialto swells,
With happier pairs we circle round;
Whose secret sighs fond echo tells,
Whose murmur'd vows she bids resound.
And while the moon, Sc.

Then joys the youth, that love conceal'd,

That fearful love must own its fighs;

Then smiles the maid, to hear reveal'd

How more than ever she complies.

And while the moon, &c.

Y OUNG Colin having much to fay,
In secret to a maid,
Persuaded her to leave the hay,
And seek th' embow'ring shade;
And after roving with his mate
Where none could hear or see,
Upon the velvet ground they sat
Under the greenwood tree.

Your charms, fays Colin, warm my breaft,
What must I for them give?
Nor night nor day can I have rest,
I can't without you live.
My slocks, my herds, my all is thine,
Could you and I agree,
O say, you to my wish incline
Under the greenwood tree.

Too late you tempt my heart, fond swain,
The wary lass replies,
A lad who must not sue in vain,
Now for my favour tries;
He bids me name the sacred day,
In all things we agree;
Then why should you and I now stay
Under the greenwood tree.
All this but serv'd to fire his mind,
He knew not what to do;
'Till to his suit she would be kind,
He would not let her so;

He knew not what to do;
'Till to his fuit she would be kind,
He would not let her go;
His love, his wealth, the youth display'd,
No longer coy was she;
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At

At church the feal'd the vow the made Under the greenwood tree.

W HAT's a poor simple clown.
To desim the town,
Of their freaks and, vagaries I'll none;
The folks I isw there
Two faces did wear,
An honest man ne'er has but one.

Let others to London go roam,
I love my neighbour
To fing and to labour,
To me there's nothing like country and home.

Nay the ladies, I vow,
I cannot tell how,
Were now white and curd, and now red;
Lz! how would you flare,
At their huge crop of heir,
'Tis a hay-oucle o'top of their head.
Let others. &c.

Then 'tis so disen'd out,
And with trinkets about,
With ribbands and flippets between;
They so noddle and toss,
Just like a fore horse,
With tassels, and bells in a team

Then the fope are fo fine,
With lank waiffed chine,
And a little skimp bit of a hat;
Which from san, wind and rain,
Will not shelter their brain,
Tho' there's no need to take care of that.
Let others, &c.

Let: others, Sc.

Would you the creatures ape,
In looks and their shape,
Teach a calf on his hind legs to go;
Let him waddle in gait,
A skim dish on his pate,
And he'll look all the world like a beau,
Let others, &c.

IN the city of Pheebus a wide there dwelt,
Of her honour fo nice and so jealbus,
It was clear as the sun that whatever the felt,
She'd no feeling for us honest fellows.
It was, &c.

For the flouted and pouted, and look'd to domure,
On her knees the was ever a praying;
Her blood was as cold as December I'm fure,
When other young bloods were a maying.
This widow a challenge to Venus would fend.

On her pride the had fuch a reliance;
S'y Cupid flood by while her message the penn'd,
And fmil'd at her fancy defiance.

In a moment an arrow he shap'd from her pen, Then aimid at her heart and let sty; Let no widow he cried for wear marriage again, One and all from this hour shell comply.

My name's Ted Blarney I'll be bound,
And man and boy upon this ground,
Full twenty years I've beat my round,
Crying, Vauxball watch.

And as that time's a little fhort.
With fome fmall folks that here refort;
To be fure I have not had fome sport;
Crying, Vauxball watch.

Oh! of pretty wenches drefs'd fo tight,
And macaronies, what a fight
Of a moon-light morn I've bid good night,
Crying, Vauxball watch.

Young man, young man,
Be this your plan,
Wisdom get where e'er you can.
Young man, &c.

See, fee, the humble bee
Draws wealth from the meanest flow'rs,
Then he hirs away
With his precious prey,
No passion his prudence sours, No passion; Se

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Wild youth, passion and truth So opposite never agree; Be prudent sage, Draw wit from old age, Be wise as the humble bee.

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Be prudent, Stc.

GREAT Cafar once renown'd in tame,

For a mighty arm and a taurel'd brow,

With his vini, vidi, vici, came,

And conquer'd the world with his row dow dow.

And conquer'd, &c.

Thus fhould our vaunting enomies come,
And winds and waves their courfe allow,
In freedoms cause we'll heat our drum,
And they'll fly at the found of our row, dow, dow.
Row, dow, &c.

Then come my lads our glory share,
Whose honest hearts B itish valour avow,
At honor's call to camp repair,
And follow the beat of my row, dow, dow.
Row, dow, dow, &c.

DOWN the bourne and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wau'd o'er his brow,
Johnny liking tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou',
Dear she loo'd the well known fong,
While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
Sung her praise the whole day long,
Down the bourne, &c.

Coffly claiths she had but few,

Of rings and jewels nae great store,

Her face was fair, her love was true,

And Johnny wifely wish'd no more;

Love's the pearl, the shepherd's prize,

O'er the mountain, near the fountain,

Love delights the shepherd's eyes.

Down the bourne, Sc.

Gold and titles give not health, And Johnny cou'd nae these impart; Youthful Mary's greatest wealth

Was fill her faithful Johnsy's heart so

Sweet the joys the lovers find!

Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure

Where the heart is always kind.

Down the bourne, Fo.

THE mifer thus a shilling sees, Which he's oblig'd to pay; With sighs resigns it by degrees, And sears 'tis gone for age.

The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

THERE was a maid, and fits went to the mill,
Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo.
The mill turn'd round, but the maid flood fills!

Oh oh ! did the fo? did the fo? did the fo?

The miller he kife!d her, away the went;

Sing trolly, &c.

The maid was well pleas'd, and the miller content.
Oh ho! was he fo? Go.

He danc'd and he fung, while the mill went clack;
Sing trolly, &c.

And he cheriff d his heart with a cup of old fack.

Oh ho.! did he so? &c.

THE fweets of peace shall be our own,
And smiling plenty crown the plains;
Tis peace adores the monarch's throne,
And chears the cottage of the fwains.

The rifing fun shall bless the mead,
And fair the mountain olive spring;
The vine its richest clusters spread,
When glory crowns a patriot king.

W HEN the head of poor Tummes was broke
By Roger, who play'd at the wake,
And Kare was alarm'd at the fireles,
And wept for poor Tummes's false;
W

When his worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout;
O these were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were as happy as kings;
Each lad in his holiday clothes,
And the lasses in all their best things:
What merriment all the day long!
May the feast of our Colin prove such;
Odzooks! but I'll join in the song,
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

A Fond father's blifs is to number his race,
And exult on the bloom that just buds on their face;
With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again.
Men of pleasure be mute, this is life's lovely view;
When we look on our young ones our youth we renew

Thus living we love, and thus loving enjoy;
No deceit here diffracts, no debauches deftroy;
From the may-morn of youth unto winter's white age
Hand in hand, with contentment, we fing hard life's
When death bids up flop we end our easy song, stage;
And give the Gods thanks that we liv'd well so long.

THE poachers for fortune who damsels ensure,
With dress and addresses deceive;
To lasses of wealth how those miscreants swear.

And, alas! how the lasses be ieve.

Nay, some ladies seem to expect being lost,
They trust whom they know are forsworn;
They listen to him who has ruin'd the most,
And hope to be ruin'd in turn.

Can this be believ'd?—no!—the fong-maker jokes,
'Tis the tale of a flanderous crew;

A figh!—then I fear that there may be some folks Who are forry to fay it is true.

But when love for love is receiv'd on each fide, How tenderness smiles on the pair; This, this is a triumph, and this is my pride, I enjoy such a favourite fair. No paint on her face,—no art in her mind, Her thoughts are explain'd by her eyes; From principle faithful from gratitude kind, And fcorns the deceit of disguise.

All along on the flope, by the fide of a ftream,
Our hours we happily pass;
My head on her lan, while my love is her them

My head on her lap, while my love is her theme, And my looks I lift up to my lafe.

Enjoying the breeze from the fields of new hay, We gather the fummer's fweet pride;

Or point to the brook where the small fishes play, And count them beneath the clear tide.

In rooms rich embellish'd with luxury's store, Let wealth pamper'd indolence yawn; Let wantonness act her deliriums o'er, 'Till dupes to her dungeon are drawn.

Let common - place fondness her blandishments
And tempt by the toilet's parade; [spread,
The squeeze, the soft sigh, wanton glance, and sly
Are pantomime tricks of her trade. [tread,

I have try'd, and can tell,—I have frolick'd away,
And follow'd the fashion of fun;

The same farce have acted that's play'd at this day, And while the world wheels will be done.

HOW brim full of nothing's the life of a beau!
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to do;
And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know:
Such, such, is the life of a beau,
Such, Sec.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air; Spend the morning in nothing, but curling their hair And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter and stare; Such, such, is the life of a beau, Such, &c.

For nothing, at night, to the playhouse they croud; To mind nothing done there, they always are proud; But to bow, and to grin, and talk nothing aloud: Such, such, is the life of a beau, Such, Sc.

For not And for For the Such, Such,

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for nothing they run to th' affembly and ball; And for nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call; For they still must be basted, who've nothing at all Such, such, is the life of a beau, Such, &c.

For nothing, on fundays, at church they appear;
They have nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear;
They can be nothing no where, who nothing are
Such, such, is the life of a beau,
[here:
Such, &c.

WHEN daifies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
And cuckow buds of yellow hue,
And lady fmocks all filver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men; for thus fings he:
Cuckow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,
Unpleafing to a marry'd ear,
Unpleafing. &c.

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When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he:
Cuckow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,
Unpleasing, &c.

HOPE, thou source of every bleffing,
Parent of each joy divine,
Every balmy sweet possessing.
Every promised bliss be thine.

Softest friend to heart-felt anguish, Lend, O! land thy powerful aid; Bid the lover cease to languish, Cheer the fond despairing ma d.

Come live with me, and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove That vallies, groves or hill, or field, Or wood, or steepy mountain yield. There will we fit upon the rocks, And fee the shepherds feed their stocks, By shallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roles, With a thousand fragrant posses, A gap of flowers, and a kirtle Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown, made of the finest wool, Which from our pretty lambs we pull; Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold; With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of ftraw, and ivy buds, With coral class, and amber fluds; And if these pleasures may thee move, Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy filver dishes for thy meat, - As precious as the gods do eat, Shali, on an ivory table, be Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing For thy delight each May morning: If these delights thy mind may move, Then live with me, and be my love.

IF all the world and love were young, And truth in every shepherd's tongue, These pretty pleasures might me move To live with thee, and be thy love. But time drives slocks from field to fold; When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold, And Philomel becometh dumb, The rest comptain of cares to come.

The flowers that bloom in wanton field,
To way ward winter reckoning yield;
A honey-tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's fpring, but forrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy fhoes, thy beds of rofes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy pofies,
Soon break, foon wither, foon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy

Thy belt of firaw, and ivy buds, Thy coral classes, and amber fluds; All these in me no mind can move, To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then, Of better meat than's fit for men? These are but vain; that's only good Which God hath bless, and fent for food.

But could youth laft, and love fill breed; Had joy no date, and age no need; Then these delights my mind might move To live with thee, and be thy love,

Y E fair, be advis'd by a friend,
Whose council proceeds from the heart,
On beauty no longer depend,
Or fly to the efforts of art;
If a shepherd you'd gain to your arms,
Let virtue each action approve,
Her charms the soul into love.

To day be not nice as a bride,
To-morrow untimely severe;
Let prudence and truth be your guide,
Nor caprice nor folly appear:
Unless you thus govern your mind,
And banish deceit from your breast,
Too soon by experience you'll find,
Inconstancy me'er can be blest.

Neglected, you'll wither and fade,
Till beauty, by age, shall decay;
Then lonely retreat to the shade,
And mourn the fad hours away:
How desp'rate will then be your fate,
How great your sad loss to deplore;
Repentance, also! is too late,
When the power to charm is no more.

WHY should we of humble state,
Vainly blame the pow're above,
Or accuse the will of fate,
Which allows us all to love?

Love (importial gentle boy)

Deals his gifts as free as air,

Love is all the shepherd's joy,

Love is all the damsel's care,

Hope, that charmer of the foul,
Hope, in love should ever live,
C uld our years for ever roll,
Love would blessings ever give:
Youth, alas! too swiftly slies,
Nor can Cupid bid him stay;
Beauty like a shadow dies,
Love has wings and will away.

THE shepherd who roves the wood thro'
To hear the sweet warblers in May,
If by chance there's a songster that's new,
He listens a while to the lay.
Tho' the thrush and the nightingale's throat
Are sweeter by far than the rest,
He better is pleas'd with the note
That suits with the tune of his breast.

So I, the the least of the choir,
May win for a moment your ear.
Love and pleasure my voice would inspire,
And pleasure and love can endear.
The flender my pipe and my song,
There are who may lift to my firain;
My fame is to please the gay throng,
Nor fing in the grove all in vain.

THE prospect clear'd, around is heard
The music of the hive;
The blossoms blow, the spirits flow,
And nature's all alive:
In ev'ry grove the work is love,
The word is, "Sing and play;"
From eve to morn the sages warn,
"Ye maids, beware of May!"
Each lively scheme, each am'rous theme,
Our nymphs and poets chuse;
The dance delights, the song invites,

As mirth provokes the mule:

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The war's no more, our chief's come o'er;
Again the grave ones fay;
"Where-e'er we tread, temptations foread,
"Beware the idea of May!"

IN the blaze and bloom of beauty,
Shepherds mind to be fincere;
Keep to virtue, 'tis your duty,
Then the nymph has nought to fear.

Elfe fhe'll flight whate'er you mention, Not by looks your fuit approve; Honour knows no bafe intention, Virtuous love's reward is love.

In the blaze, &c.

SHOULD the god of foft affection, Gentle tair-ones, touch your hearts, Seek in virtue your protection; Vistue will sepel his darts.

But should gen'rous be the passion,
Scorn to keep the youth in pain;
Softly footh his inclination,
And give love for love again.
But should, &c.

That likest thy Narcissus are.

SWEET echo I sweetest nymph, that he'st unseen Within thy siry cell,

Is flow meander's margin green,
And in the violet embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
Can'st thou not tell me of a gentle pair.

O! if you have
Hid them in Tome flow'ry cave;
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere;
may'ff thou be translated to the fixies,
and give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies

89 . SHEPHERD, would you here obtain Pleasure unalloy'd with pain, Joy that fuits the rural sphere, Gentle shepherd lend an ear, -Learn to relish calm delights, Verdant vales and fountains bright, Trees that nod on floping hills, Caves that echo murm'ring rills. Tranquil pleasures never cloy, Banish each tumuituous joy, All but love, for love infpires Tender wifhes, fiercer fires, See, to sweeten thy repose, Bloffoms bud, the fountain flows: Lo! to crown thee, at thy word All that music can afford.

Busy, curious thirfly fly.
Dink with me and drink as I,
Freely welcome to my cup,
Cou d'ft thou fip and fip it up:
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to their decline,
Thine's a summer mine's no more,
Tho' repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one,

HOPE and fear alternate rifing, Strive for empire o'er my heart, Ev'ry peril now despising, Now at ev'ry breath I start.

Teach, ye learned fages, teach me, How to stem this beating tide; If you've any rules to teach me, Haste and be the weak one's guide. Thus our trials, at a distance, Wisdom's science promise aid; Yet, in need of their assistance, We attempt to grasp a shade.

COME lift to me, ye gay and free,
And ye whom eares moleft,
War. wine, and love, but fend to prove,
That Second Thoughts are best.

The queen of charms, the god of arms, Gay Bacchus, and the rest, When ask'd, ne'er flounce, yet all pronounce That Second Thoughts are best.

The jealous boy, if Daphne's coy,
'Gainst Cupid will protest,
His nymph diddain, then think again;
For Second Thoughts are best.

The fair one too, unus'd to woo,
Drives Strephon from her breaft,
Then feeks the elf, makes love herfelf,
For Second Thoughts are best.

And Mars who doats on scarlet coats,
I'm sure will stand the test,
Nor frown on her who dares aver,
That Second Thoughts are best.

Ev'n Neptunetoo, our fleet in view, Kept Gallia's fleet in Brest; They meant to fight, he put them right; Their Second Thoughts were test.

Again! but mark the tippling spark,
When seated as a guest,
At first resign his darling wine,
But Second Thoughts are best.

And you, I fee, will fide with me, Some louder than the reft, Will cry, " no more" and then " encore!" But Second Thoughts are beft.

LCNG time had I. fander told Daphne his pain, And repeated his passion again and again;

The obdurate fair one awhile was so coy, That all her reply was, Pardonnezmoy.

In vain he intreated implor'd, and carefa'd,
Of all his pretentions the made but a jeft;
Tho' his life he declar'd her diffain would deftroy,
Yet regardless the answer'd him Pardonnezmoy.

But finding his fighs no impression could make, He determin'd another expedient to take; And artifice now he resolves to employ, To make her forget to say, Pardonnezmoy.

He swore that her eyes like bright Pbæbus did shine, That her air was majestic, her form all divine; With such fond delusions he purchas'd the toy, And statt'ry prevail'd over Pardonnessmoy.

A ND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman Who at Black friars bridge us'd for to ply? He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity, Winning each heart and delighting each eye: He look'd so neat and row'd so steadily, The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily, [air, And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his where 'Twas clean'd out so nice and so painted withal He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies, In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxball.

And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering

And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering. But 'twas all one to Tom their jibing and jeering, For loving or liking he little did care,
As this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare;

And yet, but to fee how firangely things happen, As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,

He was ply'd by a damfel fo lovely and charming,
That the fmil'd, & fo ftrait way in love he did fall
And would this young damfel but banish his forrow
He'd wed her to night before it was morrow:
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's marry'd and never in want of a fare?

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AT Tatterdown hill there dwelt an old pair, And 't may be they dwell there fill, Much riches indeed didn'tfall to their hare, They kept a small farm and a mill; But fully contented with what they did get, They knew not of guile or of arts; One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet. And the was the pride of their hearts. Nut brown were her locks, her shape it was frait, Her eyes were as black as a floe; Her teeth were milk white, full fmart was 'her And fleek was her fkin as a doe; All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour No bit of true blue could be fpy'd, A child, wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door Its mam it Had loft, and it cry'd. Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,

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Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
The babe she hugg'd close to her breast;
She chas 'd him all over, he smil'd as he lay,
She kis'd him and full'd him to rest;
But who do you think she had got for her prize,
Why Love, the sly master of arts;
No sooner he wak'd, but he dropp'd his disguise,
And shew'd her his wings, and his darts.
Ouoth he. I am Love, but yet be not assaid.

Quoth he, I am Love, but yet be not afraid,
Tho' all I make shake at my will,
So good, and so kind, have you been, my fair maid,
No harm shall you feel from my skill;
My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
A friend you shall find in me still.

Take my quiver and shoot, be greater than she, The Venus of Totterdown bill.

AT a filent evening hour,
Two fend lovers in a bower,
Sought their mutual blifs,
Though her heart was just relenting,
Though her eyes feem's just consenting,
Yet she fear'd to kifs.

Since this filent shade, he eried, Will those rosy blushes hide, Why will you result? Since no tell-tale fpy is near us, Eye nor fees, nor ear can hear us, Who would not be kifs'd?

Celia, hearing what he faid, Gently lifted up her head. Her breaft foft wishes fill: Since, she eried, no spy is near us, Eye nor sees, nor ear can hear us, Kiss—or what you will.

As t'other day young Damon came,
Where Chloe sat demure,
He sigh'd and gaz'd to own his slame,
For love had struck him sure,
His aukward mien amaz'd the fair,
Which he no doubt seem'd shy at;
And when he prais'd her shape and air,
She answer'd, Swain, be quiet.

My dear, he cry'd, O! be not coy,
Nor deem my meaning rude;
Let love like mine thy mind employ,
True love can ne'es intrude.
Her hand he then effay'd to kifs,
Which, frowning, the cry'd fye at;
And when he struggled for the blifs,
'Twas be a little quiet.

The swain possess'd her alter'd tone,
And boldly grasp'd her hand;
The nymph was forc'd to own the slame,
And join'd in Hymen's band,
Alast how chang'd each wedded pair!
The cower of words they try at;
Now Damon has not one to spare,
But, Pray, dear wife, be quiet.

COME listen, and laugh at the times,
Since folly was never so ripe.
For ev'ry man laughs at those rhimes
That give his own follies a wipe:
We live in a kind of disguise;
We flatter, we lye and protest,
While each of us artfully tries,
On others to fatten the jest.

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The virgin, when first the is woo'd,
Returns ev'ry figh with distain;
And while by her lover pursu'd,
Can laugh at her folly and pain:
But when from her innocence won,
And doom'd for her virtue to mourn,
When she finds herself lost and undone,
He laughs (though unjust) in his turn.

The fools who at law do contend,
Can laugh at each other's diffrefs,
And while the dire fuit does depend,
Ne'er think how their fubfrance grows less;
Till hamper'd by tedious expence,
Altho' to compound they are loth,
They'll find, when reftor'd to their sense,
The lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the fashion

For each fool to laugh at the other,

Let us strive, with a gen'rous compassion,

To correct, not contemn, one another.

We all have some follies to hide,

Which, known, would dishonour the best;

And life, when 'tis thoroughly tried,

Like friendship, will seem but a jest.

THOU fost flowing Avon I by thy filver stream, Of subjects immortal thy Sbakspear wou'd dream; The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.

Here swains shall be sam'd for their love & their truth And cheerful old age feel the transports of youth; For the raptures of sancy here poets shall tread, For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head,

The love-stricken maiden, the fighing young swain. Here rove without danger and toy without pain; The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread, For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.

Flow on, filver Avon, in fong ever flow, Be the swans on thy bosom fell whiter than snow, Ever full be thy stream like his same may it spread And the turf ever hallow'd that pillows his head.

VIRGINS are like the fair flower in its luftre, Which in the garden enamels the ground; Near it the bees in play flutter and cluffer, And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-garden 'tis fent, as yet fweet;
There fades and thrinks, and grows past all enduring
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray;
What charms can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art, her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die!

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not fo unkind,
Thou art not fo unkind,
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not fo keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter fky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot;
Tho' thou the waters warp,

Altho' thy breath be rude.

The thou the waters warp,
Thy fling is not fo sharp,
The thou the waters warp,
Thy fling is not fo sharp,
As friends remember'd not,

As friends remember'd not.

WHEN bick'rings hot.

W HEN bick rings hot,
To high words got,
Ereak out at gamiorum;

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The flame to cool,

My golden rule

Is—push about the jorum.

Wish fift on jug.
Coifs who can lug?
Or shew me that glib speaker,
Who her red rag,
In gibe can wag,
Wish her mouth full of liquor.

THE card invites, in crouds we fly,
To join the jovial routful cry;
What joy—from cares and plagues all day,
To hie to the midnight Hark-away!
Nor want, nor pain, nor griefs, nor care,
Nor dronish husbands enter there;
The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
All hie to the midnight Hark away.

Uncounted finkes the morning clock,
And drowfy watchmen idly knock;
'Till day light peeps, we foort and play,
And roar to the jolly Hark away.
When tir'd with foort to bed we creep,
And kill the tedjous day with fleep,
To morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to the midnight Hark away.

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O, the pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,

The first of all fweins,
He gladden'd the plains,
lone ever was like to the fweet Willy O.

le fung it fo rarely, did fweet Willy O, le fung it fo rarely, &c.

He melted each maid, So skilful he play'd, o shepherd e'er pip'd like the fweet Willy O.

Ill nature obey'd him, the fweet Willy O, Ill nature obey'd him, &c.

Wherever he came,
Whate'er had a name,
Whene'er he fung, follow'd the sweet Willy O.

He would be a foldier, the fweet Willy O, He would be a foldier, &c.

When arm'd in the fie'd,
With Iword and with shield,
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living, the sweet Willy O, He charm'd them, &c.

And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas nature that figh'd
To part with her all in the sweet Willy O.

THE lark proclaim'd return of morn,
When Dolly tript across the lawn,
Young Colin follow'd with his flail,
She went to fill her milking pail;
He lov'd and begg'd she'd hear him now,
She answer'd she must milk her cow.

He fighing vow'd he lov'd her more
Than ever youth did nymph before,
With rapture prais'd her blooming charms,
And press'd the fair one in his arms;
She bade him keep his distance now,
Nor hinder her to milk her cow.

Fair maid, he cry'd, cou'd you approve An artless shepherd's honest love, You little farm, you flocks are mine, All, with their master's heatt, is thine, Then begg'd she wou'd his slame allow, She answer'd, she must milk her cow.

Not so repuls'd, the comely youth, With kiffes, prayers, and vows of truth, So pleas'd the nymph, she smil'd consent, And to the church they instant went; His stame she did not disallow, But quite forgot to milk her cow.

WATER, parted from the fea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or, through fertile valleys glide,

Though,

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Though, in fearth of lost repose,
Through the land 'tis free to roam,
Sill it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native home.

WHO'D know the sweets of liberty?
'Tis to climb the mountain's brow;
Thence to discern rough industry
At the harrow or the plough;
'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,
Calling the harvest all their own.

'Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,
Never felt unmanly fear;
'Tis where the eye, with milder pride,
Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,
Such as Britannia yet shall see,
These are the sweets of liberty.

OH! how vain is every bleffing,
How infipid all our jays,
Life how little worth poffering,
But when love its time employs!
Love the pureft, nobleft pleafure,
That the gods on earth beflow,
Adding wealth to ev'ry treafure,
Taking pain from ev'ry woe.

In infancy over hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendship in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one;
O! clear him then from this offence;
Thy love, thy duty, prove:
Restore him with that innocence
Which first inspir'd my love.

BEHOLD on Letbe's dismal strand
Thy father's troub ed im ge stand!
In his face what grief profound!
See he rolls his haggard eyes!
Hark! "Revenge! Revenge!" he cries,
And points to his still bleeding wound.
Obey the call, revenge his death,
And calm his foul that gave thee breath,

Oons! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss? The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace) Would do the same thing were they in the same place No age, no prefession, no station is free; To sovereign beauty manking bends the knee: That power, resistless, no strength can oppose; We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

FAREWELL, the imosky town, adieu
Each rude and fenfusi joy;
Gay, fleeting pleafures, all untrue,
That in possession cloy.

Far from the garnish'd scene I'll fly,
Where folly keeps her court,
To wholesome, sound philosophy,
And harmless rural sport.

How happy is the humble cell, How bleft the deep retreat, Where Crrows billows never swell, Nor passion's tempests beat!

But fafely thro' the fea of life, Calm reason wasts us o'er, Free from ambition, noise, and strife, To death's eternal shore.

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous passion I Source of all sublime delight; When with mutual inclination, Two fond heart's in one unite.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content?
That false joy which now bewitches,
When too late, we may repent?

Lawless passions bring vexation,
But a chaste and constant love,
Is a glorious emulation.
Of the blissful state above.

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LOVE! fweet poison, torment pleasing,
Pure delight in pain you give.
Thrilling anguish, flattering, teasing,
Ne'er from grief or rapture ceasing,
Yet I'll love, or cease to live.

TEACH me, ye nine, to fing of tea, Of grateful green, of black bohea;

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e)

Hark! the kettle foftly finging,

Quickly John, Black Sufan, bring in, Water in the ten pot pour.

The bread and butter thinly flice,
Oh! fpread it delicately nice;
Let the toaff be crifp and crumpling,
The rolls as doughy as a dumpling:
Then, eating, fipping, fauffing up the fleam,
We chat, and 'midft a motley chaos feem
Of cups and faucers, butter, bread, and cream.

MISS Danae, when fair and young, (As Horace has divinely fung) Could not be kept from Jove's embrace By doors of seel, and walls of brafs. Tell us, myfferious hufband, tell us Why to mysterious, why so jealous? Can Harth restraint, the bolt, the bar, Make thee fecure, thy wife less fair? Send her abroad, and let her fee That all this works of pageantry, 1.1 Which the, forbidden, longs to know, Is powder, pocket-glass, and beau. Be to her virtues ever kind, Be to her faults a little blind, Let all her ways be unconfin'd, And clap your Padlock -on her mind.

ALL in the Dozons the fleet was moor'd, The fireamers waving in the wind, Vhen black-ey'd Sufan came on board, Oh! where shall I my true love find? Tell me, ye jovial failors, tell me true, If my sweet William fails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the bil ows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He figh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cords fly swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the fweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her nest;
The noblest captain in the British sleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet:

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain;

Let me wipe off that falling tear;

We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen fay,

Who tempt with doubts thy conftant mind;
They'll tell thee failors when away,
In ev'ry port a miftress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's goath we fail,

Thine eyes are feen in di'monds bright;

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;

Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,

Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns away the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

Lla

The

The boatswain gave the dreadful word, The fails their fwell ng bosom spread;

No longer must she stay on board ;

They kis'd, the figh'd, he hung his head; Her less ning boat unwilling rows to land; Acieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

O Aracreon in heav'n, where he fat in full glee, A few fons of hermony fent a petition, That he their juspirer and parron would be,

When this and wer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian

" Voice, fiddle and flute,

" No longer be muie,

" I'll lend you my name, and infi ire you to boot,

" And befides I'll inftruct upp wi h mirth to entwine

" The myrtie of Venus, with Bacchus's vine."

This news through Olympus immediately fl-w, When old Thunder presended to give himfelf airs

" If thefe m reals are fuffer'd their scheme to purfue " The devil a godders will flay above flairs,

" Hark I already they cry. "In transports of joy,

. Away to the fons of Anacreon we'll fly;

" And there with good fellows we'll learn to entwine

" The myr le of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

" The yellow hair'd god & his nine fufty ma'ds, " From Helicon's hanks will incontinent flee,

"Idalia will boaft but of tenantiels shades,

. And the biforked hill a me r defart will be.

" My thunder, no fear on't,

" Shall foon do its errand, " And dam'me, I'll fwinge the ringlesders I war-

" I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine

"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo role up, and faid, " Prythee ne er quarrel, " Good king of the gods, with your vot ries below

" Your thunder is ufelefs:" Then howing his laure! Cry'd, " Sic evitabile fulmen, you know;

"Then over each head,

dread ; " My Jaurels I'll spread, " So my lone from your crackers no milchief thall

" Whi e Inug in their club, room they jovially twine

" The myrile of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his rifible phiz. And fwore with Apollo he'd che fully join,

"The full tide of harmony fill fhall be his, "But the fong and the catch and the laugh shall !

" I hen Youe, be not jealous " Of these honest fellows."

Cry'd Jove, "We retent, fince the truth you now to " And I wear by old Style that they long shall entwin

"The myrtle of Venus with Bacebus's vine."

Ye fons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand, Preferve unanimity, friendfhip, and love;

'Tis yours to support what's fo happily plann'd: You've the fanction of gods and the fiat of You

While thus we agree,

Our toaft let it be. May our elub fourish happy, united, and free: And long may the fons of Anderean entwine The mystle of Venus with Bacchus's vine,

IN the golden barge we ride; Down the filver Thames we glide, Eternally picking Cold ham and cold chicken : Ladies Im ling and joking ; Common-councilmen gutling and impaking Ladies toking, councilmen franaking, Smoaking, joking; joking, imoaking. Puff! puff! puff! With flute, double flute, And ferpent to book but heard Hum! hum t bom! mot! toot! toot! With flats and with fliarps, French horns and Welch harps : And fometimes by fpatches, Glees, canons, and eatches, They fing and bawl away; Bebbiama tutti tre Bebbiamo, &c. And the city barge reigns

Up the river to Staines: While Cheapfide Antonies are row d'in fase, And Aldgate Cleopatras eat Whire-Bait.

Eat White-Balt, Gr. Gr. Gr.

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IN love to pine and languish,
Yet to know your passion vain;
To harbour heart-felt anguish,
Yet fear to tell your pass.
What pow'rs unrelenting,
Severer ills inventing,
Can sharpen pangs like these;

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Where days and nights tormenting, Yield not a moment's eafe.

BESTOW your attention on this little fong, If its not very good, it is not very long; Harter myfelf no person here grudges To give an opinion-you're monfirmus good judges. The fage politician fill low'rs on the times, On ruin and beggary ringing the chimes: The free hearted fellows old quidnunc despite. Who revel like princes—they're monstrously wife, The ladies, good creatures, mean all for the beff, Why, if the French come they will find us well dreft; Encamp'd fo like foldiers, hair powder'd & fruzzled, To decide which was which, her'dbe monfroully puz Let no four grey beard deride their intention, [zled. Any lady among them could vanquish a Frenchman; Should the monfieurs invade, what with women and They'dbe monftroufly glad to get fafe back again, finen Some disciplinarians who fervice have known, Think Britons have fririt enough of their own; They fee with concern our fair ladies roam, And think they'd be monfirously better at home; Each night hither flock, let pleasure jovite, Here Venns, Apollo, and Bacchus delight; If I but enjoy the gay fmiles of this throng, I thall think this of mine is a monferous good fong.

GAY flattering hope the fancy warms,
That none can fly from beauty's charms,
And fill allures us with a scene
Of pleasure lovely and serione.
When out the dawn is roly red,
Succeeding clouds the skies o'erspread,

So love, that feems at once to fair, Its joys oft changes to despair.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends keye neighThe lovers their bliss can no longer delay;
Forget all your forrows, your care, and your labours,
And let ev'ry heart best with rapture to-day;
Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call,
Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy.
Come, see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy,

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,
Still croud to, and beat at the breat of the great;
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise ones of state;
We boast of no wealth, but contenument and health,
In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.
Come, see rural felicity, &c.

With reason we take of each heart firring pleasure
With reason we drink of the full-flowing bowl;
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.
Then come at our bidding to this happy wedding,

Then come at our bidding to this happy wedding, No care shall intrude, here, our bliss to annoy. Come, see rural felicity, &c.

Come hither my country squire,
Take friendly is structions from me to
The lords shall admire
Thy taste in attire.
The ladies shall languish for thee.
Such staunting, gallanting, and jaunting,
And strolicking thou shalt see,
Thou ne'er, like a clown,
Shall quit Landon's sweet town,
To live in thine own country.

A skimming dish hat provide,
With little more brien than lace!
Nine hairs on a side,
To a pigtail ty'd,
Will set off thy jolly broad sace,
Such flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a footman's frock,
A cudgel quite up to thy nose;
Then frize like a shock,
And plaister thy block,
And buckle thy shoes at thy toes.
Such flaunting, &c.

A brace of ladies fair
To pleasure thee shall strive;
In a chaise and pair
They shall take the air,
And thou on the box shall drive.
Such flaunting, &c.

Convert thy acres to cash,

And saw thy timber trees down;

Who'd keep such trash,

And not cut a flash,

Or enjoy the delights of the town?

Such flaunting, gallanting, and jaunting,

And srolicking thou shalt see,

Thou ne'er, like a clown,

Shall quit London's sweet town,

To live in thine own country.

WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave, [Greve, Where honour and justice most addly contribute To ease heroes pains by a halter and gibbet,

Derry down, down, hey derry down. [put on, There death breaks the shackles which force had And the hangman compleats what the judge but begun There the squire of the pad, & the knight of the post Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes Derry down, &c. [no more cross.]

Great claims are there made, many fecrets are known And the king, & the law, & the thief has his own: But my hearers cry out, what a duece doft thou ail? Cut off these reflections, and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws, And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,

A Norman of late was oblig'd to appear, And who to affift, but a grave cordelier. Derry down, &c.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene, Seem'd not in great haste that the shew should begin Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart, And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good fon, fays the priest You murder'd are forry, and have been confest? O, father! my forrow will scarce save my bacon, For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken. Derry down, Sc.

Poh! pr'ythe, ne'er trouble thy head with such fan-Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis: [cies If the money you promis'd be brought to the cheft, You have only to die, let the church do the rest. Derry down, Sc.

And what will folks fay, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; to day is your period of forrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to morrow.
Derry down, See

To-morrow! our hero reply'd, in a fright; [night, He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-Tell your beads, quoth the prieft, & be fairly tuck'd For you furely to-night shall in paradife sup. [up, Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the fquire, howe er sumptuous the treat Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat: I should therefore esteem it a favour and grace, Would you be so kind as to go in my place. Derry down. Sec.

That I wou'd, quoth the father, & thank you to boot, But our actions, you know, with our duty must fuit. The feast I propose to you I cannot taste, For this night by our order is mark'd for a fast,

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about, to the hangman he faid, Dipfatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade; COI Becau Laugh

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for thy cord, and my cord both equally tie, And we live by the gold for which other men die. Derry down, &c.

COLIN. one day, in angry mood,
Because Myptilla, whom he tov'd,
Laugh'd at his flame, and mock'd his sight,
Thus servently to Jopa applies:
Oh, Jove! thou sov'reigh god above,
Who know'st the pains of slighted love;
Hear a poor mortal's pray'r, and take
All the whole sex for pity's sake;
And then we men might live at ease,
Secure of happiness and peace.

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Jove kindly heard, (he pray'd not twice;)
And took the woman in a trice.
When Colin faw the coast was clear,
(For not a fingle girl was near,)
Reflecting with himself, 'twas kind,
Says he, to gratify my mind;
But now my passion's o'er, O! Jove,
Give me Myrtilla back, my love;
Let me with her on earth be heat,
And keep in heaven all the rest.

COME liften, ye fair,
And the reason declare,
('Tis a point much your answer behaving)
Why the words of a feeld,
As we often are told.
Are so very pathetic and moving?
Why the reason's soon shewn;
Was there ever man known,
In his senses, would tarry to hear her?
Then there are desirate arraying.

Then there needs little proving

Her words must be moving.

Since none who can move will stay near her.

COME all ye shepherds of the plain, Come ev'ry nymph, and ev'ry swain, Leave all your work, and haste away, For Damon weds his Politids. Let mirth and pleasure then go round, Let ev'ry heart with joy abound; And we'll be merry, brifft, and gay, For Damon weds his Philida.

The swains shall pipe in pleasing strains,

The nymphs shall dance blithe o'er the plains, In honour of this happy day, In honour of this happy day, That Damon weds his Philida.

No melancholy shall be seen, All shall be happy on the green; For we'll cast all our care away, When Damon weds his Philida.

The rose and lily we'll entwine, And ev'ry pleasing flower we'll join. And make a chaplet fair and gay, To deck the lovely Philida.

Beneath their feet we flowers will firew, And garlands hang on ev'ry bough; And all to grace the wedding-day

F AIREST isle, all isles excelling.
Seat of pleasure and of love,
Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
And for sake her Cyprian grove;
Cupid, from his favourite nation,
Care and envy will semove,
Jealousy that poisons passion,
And despair that dies for love.

Of Damon and his Philida,

Gentle murmurs, fweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love,
Soft repulfes, kind diffaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove,
Ev'ry fwain shall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove,
And, as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for loves

F AIR Kitty's charms young Johnny took,
So eager he for billing,
When lo! the nymph the fwain forfook,
To show her pow'r of killing:
The shepherd brifkly chang'd his tune,
And cry'd, toquette, remember,

The

The lover you refuse in June, You'll wish for in December.

Young Johnny foon met Philomel,
Good-natur'd, blithe, and bonny,
She footh'd the love-fick fwain fo well,
Proud Kate's forgot by Johnny.
Coquettes take warning, change your tune,
This woeful truth remember,
The lover you refuse in June,

You'll with for in December.

Alas! poor Kate! with feythe fo sh arp,
Time o'er her forehead struck her,
And now her charms begin to warp,
She's in a piteous pucker.
Coquettes, take warning, change your tune,
This weeful truth remember;
The lover you refuse in June,
You'll wish for in December.

I ROM filent shades and the Elyfian groves, Where fad departed spirits mourn their loves; From eryftal streams, and from the country where Your crowns the fields with flow'rets all the year : Poor senseles Bess, in atters cloath'd and folly, Is come to cure her love fick melancholy : Bright Cynthia kept her revels late, While Mab, the fairy queen did dance; And Oberon did fit in fate. When Mars at Venus ran his lance. In yonder cowflip lies my dear, Intomb'd in liquid gems of dew; Each day I'll water it with a tear, Its fading bloffom to renew. For, fince my love is dead, And all my joys are gone, Poor Befs, for his fake, A garland will make, My mufic shall be a groan :

I'll lay me down and die within fome hollow tree,
The raven and cat, the owl and bat,
Shall warble forth my elegy;
Did you not fee my love as he pass'd by you,
His two slaming eyes, if he come nigh you

They will fcorch up your hearts.

Ladier, beware ye,

Left he should dart a glance that may ensure ye;
Hark! hark! I hear old Charon bawl,
His boat he will no longer stay;

The furies lash their whips and call, Come, come away, come, come away:

Poor Best will return to the place whence she came Since the world is so mad she can hope for no cure,

For love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name, Which fools do admire and wife men endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown,
Ambrofia will I feed upon.
Drink nectar ftill, and fing
Who is content, does all forrow prevent,
And Befs in her ftraw, whilft free from the law,
In her thoughts, is as great as a king.

HONEST lover, whosoever,

If in all thy love there ever

Was one wav'ring thought; if thy flame

Were not fill even, fill the same:

Know this;
Thou lov'ft amifs;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and lov

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when she appears i' th' room,

Thou doft not quake, and art firuck dumb; And in firiving this to cover, Doft not speak thy words twist over:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou doft not mistake,
And all defects for graces take;
Persuad it theself that jests are broken,
When she hath little or nothing spoken;

Know this,
Thou lov'st amis;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

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If when thou appear's to be within,
Thou lett's not men ask and ask again;
and when thou answer's, if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly:
Know this,

Thou lov'st amis;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.
If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not singers 'stead of meat,
And with much gazing on her face

Doft not rife hungry from the place:

Know this,
Thou lov ft amift;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

f by this thou doft discover That thou art no perfect lover, And defiring to love true, Thou doft begin to love anew s

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

HOW prone the bosom is to sigh!

Now prone to weep, the human eye!

As thro' this painful life we steer,

This valley of the sigh and tear,

When by the heart with forrow griev'd,

A thousand blessings are receiv'd,

With ev'ry comfort that can chear;

Tis then bright virtue's grateful tear.

When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,

and friends long absent meet once more,

taught with delight, and love sincere;

Tis then sweet friendship's joyful tear.

When two fond lovers, doom'd to part,

teel deadly pangs invade their heart,

orn from the object each holds dear;

is then, O then! the parting tear.

When wretches, on the earth reclin'd,
Their doom of condemnation fign'd,
(The end of earthly being near;)
'Tis then foft pity's gentle tear.
If on fome lovely creature's face,
Rich in proportion, colour, grace.

If on some lovely creature's face, Rich in proportion, colour, grace, A pearly drop should once appear; 'Tis then the lovely, beautoous tear.

When mothers, (O! the grateful fight)
Their ch ldren view with fond delight;
Surrounded by a charge fo dear,
'Tis then the fond, maternal tear.

When lovers see the beauteous maid, To whom their fond attention's paid, With conscious blushing sobs draw near; 'Tis then the lovely, pleading tear.

When two dear friends, of kindred mind, By ev'ry gen'rous tie conjoin'd, Behold their dreaded parting near, 'Tis then, O then! the bitter tear.

But when the wretch, with fins oppress'd, Strikes in an agony his breast; When torn with guilt, remorse, and fear; 'Tis then the best, the saving tear.

AH I why should fate, pursuing
A wretched thing like me,
Heap ruin thus on ruin,
And add to misery.
The griefs I languish'd under,
In secret let me share,
But this new stroke of thunder,
Is more than I can bear.

How pleasant a failor's life passes,
Who reams o'er the watery main!
No treasure he ever amasses,
But chearfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
o himour and honesty true,

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And would not commit a base action,

For power or profit in view.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,

Or any such glittering toys?

A light heaft, and a thin pair of breeches, Goes thorough the world, my brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the bleffings of life.
The toiler with plenty rewarding.
Which plenty too effen breeds firife.
When terrible tempers affail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.

Then why, &c.
The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the flate,
Than we, that to politicks strangers,

Escape the snares laid for the great.

The various bleffings of nature,

In various nations we try;

No mortals than us can be greater,

Who merrify live till we die.

Then why, &c.

IF you at an office folicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected,
You must quicken the clerk with the perquifite too,
To do what his duty directed.

Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent, She, too, has this palpable failing, The perquifite foftens her into confent; That reason with all is prevailing.

If the whitners the judge, he he ever to wife,
I ho' great and important his trust is;
His hand is unfleady, a rair of black eyes
Will kick up the balance of judice.

If his passions are strong, his judgment grows weak. If so happy a miller, then who's be a king I For love through his veins will be creeping;

And his worship, if near to a round dimpt'd cheek,

Though he night to be blind, will be peeping.

WHEN the joly morn appearing,
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees on banks of thyme disporting.
Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming Carol fweet the lively strain They for ake their leafy dwelling, To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner, Takes the featterid cars that fall Nature, all her children viewing Kindly bounteous cares for all.

HOW happy a flate does the miller poffels, Who would be no greater; nor fears to be lefs; On his mill and himself he depends for support, Which is better than fervilely cringing at court. What tho' he all whiten'd and dufty does go, The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau; A clown in his dress may be honester far Than a courtier who firuts in his garter and far. Tho' his hands are fo daub'd, they're not fit to h The hands of his betters are not very clean; [lees A palm more polite may as dirtily deal' Gold, in handling, will flick to the fingers like meal What the' if a pudding for dinner he lacks, He cribs, without feruple, from other men's fackt In this, of right noble example he brage. Who borrow as freely from other men's bags. Or should he endeavour to heap an estate, in this too he missicks the tools of the flare; Whose aim is alone his own collers to full,

As all his concern's to bring grifts to but mill.

He ears when he's hungry, & dripks when he's do

And down when he's weary contented does lie;

Then rifes up openful to work and to fing;

If so happy a miller, then who's be a king?

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WHEN Britain's queen on Albion's strand First landed from the German main, Neptune, the guardian of our land, With Naids join'd, and sung this strain:

Hail, happy ifle;
Whose sun has seldom seen,
So gracious, so
Belov'd a queen.

Fair freedom dreads no galling chain, In George and Charlotte's love fecure; For while the laws his will restrain, Her mild commands our hearts allure.

Britons with glory,
With glory crown the day,
From whence fprung George
And Charlotte's fway.

In her the power to charm is seen, With unaffected wit and sense; A truly great, yet humble mien, Esfulgent truth and innocence.

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And when no more these virtues shine, Save in the bright historic page, Or in her own illustrious line, Prolong'd by heav'n from age to age,

Still Britannia

Her grateful voice shall raise,
In joyful strains,
To Charlotte's praise.

THE breed came forth frae the barn,
And she was diting her cheeks;
How can I be married to day,
That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets?
That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets,
And wants a covering too?
The breed that has aw things to borrow,
Has e'en right muckle to do,

Woo'd and marry'd and aw; Marry'd and woo'd and aw; And was she not very weel off,
To be woo'd and marry'd and aw?

What is the matter? quoth Wolly,
Though we be feant o' claiths,
We's creep the claifer together,
And drive away the fleas.
The fummer is coming on,
And we's get pickles of woo;
We's fee a lafs of our ain,
And fhe'llfpin blankets enow

Then up spake the breed's mother,
The deel stick aw this preed!
I had ne a plack in my pocket,
The day I was made a breed.
My gown was linsy winsey,
And ne'er a fark at aw;
Ane you ea' gowns and buskins,
Mair than ane or twa.

Then up spake the breed's fether,
As he came frae the plough:
Hawd your tongue, my daughter,
And yese get geer-enough;
The stirk that gaus in the tether,
And our brawd bassen yade,
To lade your corn in harvest:
What wad ye ha', ye jade?

Then up spake the breed's brother,
As he came home frae the kye;
Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you.
Hiad he known you as well as I.
For you're baith proud and faucy,
Ne fit for a poor mon's wife;
Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,
I'fe ne'er ha' ane in my life.

Then up spake the breed's fister,
As she sat down by the fire:
O, gin I married to neet,
'Tis aw that I'd defire;
But I, poor girl, must live single,
And do the best I can;

Mm

For power or profit in view.

Then why should we quarrel for riches.

Or any such glittering love?

Or any fuch glittering logs?
A light heaft, and if thin pair of breeches,
Goes thorough the world, my have book.

The world is a beautiful satura.

Enrich'd with the Alemans of life.

The toiler with plenty rewarding.

Which planty to diffur breed firife.

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Than we, that to politicity stangers,
Escape the snares laye for the press.
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In various nations we try;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who mertify sive till we dis-

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If the whitness the judge, he he over to wife,
The great and appetitude his small in a
His hand is unfleady, a sair of black ages
Will kick up the balance of judice.

If his passions are drang, his judement grows weak For love through his veins will he erceping; And his worship, if near to a round dimpt defreek, Though he night to be blind, will be peoping.

WHEN the paly morn appearings a Paints with gold the versions laws.

Bees on banks of physics difference:

Sip the fweets and hall the dawner

Warbling birds the day proclaiming.

Carol fweet the lively first.

They forfake their leary dwelling.

To fecure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,

Fakes the featurald estatute full

Nature, all her children viewing,

Kindly bounteous cares for all.

How happy a frate does the miller poffets. Who would be no greater; and fines table lefts; On his mill and himself haltenance for support, Which is better than fervitely evinging at court. What the he all whiten a and dury over go. The more he is powder'd, the more lift a beau; A clown in his drefs may be hollefter for Than a courtier who firsts in Mil sures and frat. The hands are so daub'd, they re not fit to hands are so daub'd, they re not fit to hands a his hetters are not cory clean; see A palm more public may as distily lead. Gold, in handling, will fich to phosphorous like measure the facks. He cribs, without sounds from the facks. He cribs, without sounds from schools and he had who borrow as street from the same and the hand. Who borrow as street from the same and the hand. Whose sim is alone by the same and the mill. He care when he is hour; who are sounds to him and down when he had and sounds to him a sile of hand down when he had a same so had a same so had a same so he will. He care when he had a had so he made to him a same so he will be sounds as him as so he will be sounds as him as so he will be sounds as him as so he will be sounds. If so happy a miller, then made by a first if so happy a miller, then made by a first.

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WHEN Britain's queen on Albion's strand First landed from the German main, Neptune, the guardian of our land, With Naids join'd, and sung this strain t

Hail, happy ifle;
Whose sun has feldom seen,
So gracious, so
Belov'd a queen,

fair freedom dreads no galling chain, In George and Charlotte's love fecure; For while the laws his will restrain, Her mild commands our hearts allure.

Britons with glory,
With glory crown the day,
From whence fprung George
And Charlotte's fway.

In her the power to charm is feen, With unaffected wit and fenfe; A truly great, yet humble mien, Effulgent truth and innocence.

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VHE

And when no more these virtues shine, Save in the bright historic page, Or in her own illustrious line, Prolong'd by heav'n from age to age,

Still Britannia
Her grateful voice shall raise,
In joyful strains,
To Charlotte's praise.

THE breed came forth frac the barn,
And she was diting her cheeks;
How can I be married to day,
That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets?
That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets,
And wants a covering too?
The breed that has aw things to borrow,
Has e'en right muckle to do,

Woo'd and marry'd and aw; Marry'd and woo'd and aw; And was she not very weel off,
To be woo'd and marry'd and aw?

What is the matter? quoth Wolly,
Though we be fcant o' claiths,
We's creep the claifer together,
And drive away the fleas.
The fummer is coming on,
And we's get pickles of woo;
We's fee a lafs of our ain,
And fhe'llfpin blankets enow.

Then up spake the breed's mother,
The deel stick aw this preed!
I had ne a plack in my pocket,
The day I was made a breed.
My gown was linsy winsey,
And ne'er a sark at aw;
Ane you ea' gowns and buskins,
Mair than ane or twa,

Then up spake the breed's fether,
As he came frae the plough:
Hawd your tongue, my daughter,
And yese get geer-enough;
The flirk that gaus in the tether,
And our brawd bassen yade,
To lade your corn in harvest:
What wad ye ha', ye jade?

Then up spake the breed's brother,
As he came home frae the kye;
Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you.
Had he known you as well as I.
For you're baith proud and saucy,
Ne fit for a poor mon's wife;
Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,
I'se ne'er ha' ane in my life.
Then up spake the breed's fifter.

Then up spake the breed's fister,
As she sat down by the fire;
O, gin I married to neet,
'Tis aw that I'd defire;
But I, poor girl, must live single,
And do the best I can;

M m

I did not care what came o' me, So I had but a gude man, Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing apace, The role-bud beginning to blow on her face; For mamma's wife precepts the cares not a jot, Her heart pants for fomething, but cannot tell what. No fooner the wanton her freedom obtains, Than, among the gay youths, a tyrant she reigns; And finding her beauty fuch power has got. Her heart pants for fomething, but cannot tell what, Tho' all day in splendour she flaunts it about. At court, park, and play, the ridotto and rout; Tho' flatter'd, and envied, yet pines at her lot, Her heart pants for fomething, but cannot tell what. A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye, From him the likes best, makes her ready to die; Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot, Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what. Ye fair, take advice, and be bleft while you may; Each look, word. and action, your wishes betray Give ease to the heart by the conjugal knot, [what. Tho' they pant e'er so much, you'll soon know for

- 144 HEY fay there is an echo here, I'll try, I'll try, I'll try; Ha !- 'tis not here-ha !- nor is it there, You'll find it by-and-by. Pray try again-ha!-try again. Perhaps this place more likely is; We'll find it by-and-by. Ha! - - Ha! Echo. - ha! - ha! That's it-that's it: By Jove, you've hit it to a T. Echo. Tea; The echo calls for tea. Ecbo. It calls for tea-'tis very droll, Hiche.

The echo calls for tea and roll,

Echo. — roll.

It feems to be in a humour to cram,

Echo. — ham.

To cram — cram, cram, cram, cram,

Echo. — ham — ham, ham, ham.

As I hope to live, it calls for ham.

THERE was an old man, & tho' it's not common Yet, it he said true, he was born of a woman; And tho' its incredible, yet I've been told He was once a mere infant, but age made him old! Whene'er he was hungry, he'd long for some meat, And, if he could get it, 'tis said he would eat; When thirsty he'd drink, if you gave him a pot, And his liquor, most commonly ran down his throat, He seldom or ever could see without light, And yet, I've been told, he could hear in the night; He has often been awake in the day time, 'tis said, And has fallen asseep as he lay in his bed.

'Tisreported his tongue always mov'dwhen he talk'd And he stirr'd both his arms & his legswhen hewalk'd And his gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd For one leg or t'other would always be first. [burst, His face was the oddest that ever was seen.

For if 'twas not wash'd, it was feldom quite clean; He shew'd most his teeth when he happen'd to grin And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose & his chin [man,

Among other strange things that befel this good yeo He was married poor soul, & his wise was a woman; And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're beguil'd, We may roundly affirm he was never with child. At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell, And then, as folks say, he was not very well; But what was more strange, in so weak a condition As he could not give fees, he could get no physician. What pity! he died; yet, 'tis said that his death Was occasion'd at last by a stoppage of breath;

But peace to his bones that in after now moulder!

Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older. WITH

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WITH a chearful old friend, & a merry old fong, And a tankard of porter, I could fit the night long, And laugh at the follies of those that repine, [wine Tho' I must drink porter, while they can drink

I envy no mortal, be he ever so great; Nor scorn I the wretch for his lowly estate; But what I abhor, and deem as a curse, Is meanness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

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Then let us, companions, be cheerful and gay, And cheerfully spend life's remainder away; Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll despise, For, the mose we are envy'd the higher we rise.

THE farmer's dog leapt over the ftyle,
His name was little Bingo.
The farmer's dog leapt over the ftyle,
His name was little Bingo.
B with an I—I with an N,
N with a G—G with an O;
His name was little Bingo:
B—I—N—G—O!
His name was little Bingo.

The farmer lov'd a cup of good ale, He call'd it rare good flingo. The farmer lov'd, &c.

S-T with an I, Sc.

And is not this a sweet little song?

I think it is by jingo.

And is not this, &c.

J with an I, &c.

YOU know I'm your priest and your conscience is But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign, [mine so leave off your raking, and marry a wife, And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life.

Sing Ballynamono, oro,

A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go, The bride & the bridegroom in coats white as frow

So modest her air, and so sheepish your look, You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing Ballynamono, oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
She blushes at love, and she whispers, obey.
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing, &c.

That foug little guinea for me.

Since Kathleen has prov'd so untrue, Poor Darby! ah, what can you do? No longer I'll stay here a clown, But sell off, and gallop to town: I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air, The barber shall frizzle my hair.

In town I shall cut a great dash;
But how for to compass the cash. †
At gaming, perhaps, I may win ;
With cards I can take the flats in,
Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd;
If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But first for to get a great name,
A duel establish my fame;
To my man then a challenge I'll write;
But first, I'll be sure he won't fight.
We'll swear not to part till we fall,
Then shoot without powder, and the devil a ball.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt, Find sleep how very sweet 'tis; Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,

You never dream how late 'tis, This morning gay,

I post away,
To have with you a bit of play.
On two legs rid
Along, to bid

Good morrow to your night-cap,

Lat

Last night a little bowly With whiskey, ale, and cyder, I alk'd young Betty Blowzy, To let me fit befide her. Her anger role, And four as floes, The little gypley cock'd her nole :

Yet here I've rid Along, to bid Good morrow to your night cap.

" Beneath the honey-suckle,

" The daify and the vi'let " Compose so sweet a truckle,

" They'll tempt you fure to fpoil it. " Sweet Sal and Bell

" I've pleas'd fo well-

" Bu hold, I mut'nt kiss and tel

" So here I've rid. " Along, to bid

" Good-morrow to your night cap."

OUR reck'ning we've paid, here's to all bon repos, The decks we have clear'd, & 'tistime we should go A coach did you fay? no, I'm fober and firong, Waiter! call me a link boy, he'll light me along.

Obsequious the dog with his dripping-torch bows, Your honor, poor Jack, fir, your honor, Jack knows For the fake of the pence : hus he'll honour me on, Gold-dust strows the race-ground where all honor's

won. Hold your light up! what half-naked objects here lye, Thus huddled in heaps ? good your honour, they cry; To poor creatures, your honour, some charity spare Honour's phrase is necessity's common-place prayer Young perishing out-casts thus nightly are found, No parishes care, they're too poor to be own'd. For he, in these times, wou'd be policy's scorn. Who diffress wou'd affift, yet expect no return. With courtier-like bowing the shoe cleaners call.

And offer their bruth, flool, & thining black ball Japanning, your honour, these colouritts plan, And, really, some honours may want a japan.

To varnish the taste is, -as eases from dust, Each picture now glares with a transparent cruft; Nay, some ladies faces are colour'd like blinds, While men use japanning, which masquerades minds Of honour, of freedom, yet England can boaft,

And honour and freedom's an Englishman's toaft; May infamy ever deferters attend,

But honours crown those who our honours defend,

OCKEY faid to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't ? Ne'er a whit, quoth Jenny, for my fortune good, For my fortune good, I winna marry thee, E'en's ye like, quoth Jockey, ye may let me be.

I ha'e gold and gear, I ha'e land enough, I ha'e feven good oxen ganging in a pleugh, Ganging in a pleugh, and wand'ring o'er the lee; And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I've ain geud house and barn, and eke a bire, A peat flack 'fore the door, will make a ranting fire I'se make a ranking fire, and merry we will be, And gin you will not ha've me, ye may let me be

Jenny faid to Jockey, gin ye winna tell, Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel; Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laffie free, Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be.

153 -AS you mean to fet fail for the land of delight, And inwedlock's foft hammocks to fwing ev'ry night If you hope that your voyage successful should prove Fill your fails with affection, your cabin with love Let your heart, like the mainmast, be ever upright, And the union you boatt like our tackle be tight; Of the sheats of indiff'rence be sure to keep clear, And the quickfands of jealoufy never come near.

If hufbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives, [wive They must reckon themselves, give the helm to their For the evener we go, boys, the better we fail, And on thip-board the helm is fill rul'd by the tail

Then lift to your pilot, my boy, and be wife; If my precepts you fcorn, and my maxims despile A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn, And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horni

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WHENCE comes it, neighbour Dick, That you with youth uncommon, Have ferv'd the girls this trick, And wedded an old woman? Happy Dick!

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Lach belle condemns the choice Of a youth to gay and fprightly; But we, your friends, rejoice, That you have judg'd so rightly : Happy Dick!

Though odd to some it sounds, That on threefcore you ventur'd, Yet in ten thousand pounds Ten thousand charms are center'd: Happy Dick!

Beauty, we know, will fade, As doth the fort liv'd flowers Nor can the fairest maid Infure her bloom an hour a Happy Dick!

Then wifely you relign, For fixty, charms to transient; As the curious value coin The more for being ancient a Happy Dick !

With joy your spouse shall see The fading beauties round her. And the herfelf still be The same that first you found her? Happy Dick!

Oft is the married state With jealoufies attended; And hence, through foul debate, Are nuptial joys suspended: Happy Dick!

he tail. But you, with fuch a wife, No jealous fears are under ; She's yours alone, for life, Or much we all fhall wonder : Happy Dick!

Her death would grieve you fore, But let not that torment you ; My life! she'll see fourscore, If that will but content you : Happy Dick!

On this you may rely, For the pains you took to win her, She'll ne'er in child-bed die, Unless the devil's in her a Happy Dick!

Some have the name of hell To matrimony given; How falfly you can tell, Who find it fuch a heaven : Happy Dick!

With you, each day and night Is crown'd with joy and gladness; While envious virgins bite The hated sheets for madnels : Happy Dick!

With spoule long share the blise Y' had mis'd in any other; And when you've buried this, May you have fuch another: Happy Dick!

Observing hence, by you In marriage fuch decorum, Our wifer youth shall do As you have done before 'em ! Happy Dick!

- 155 -My wife the died last Saturday night, I buried her on the Sunday; I courted another, in coming from church, And I married again on Monday

On Tuefday after, I ftole a horfe; On Wednesday apprehended; On Thursday, I was tried and caff, And To morrow the week will be ended.

Mms

NEW

## NEW SONGS fung at Public Places in 1784.

## SONG I.

HEN I was of a tender age, And in my youthful prime, My mother oft wou'd in a rage, Cry, girl take care in time; For you are now fo forward grown, The men will you purfue, And all the day this was her tone. Mind, hufley, what you do!

Regardless of her fond advice. I hasten o'er the plain, Where I was courted in a trice, By each young fylvan fwain; Yet by the bye, I must declare, I virtue had in view, Altho' my mother cry'd beware, Mind, buffey, what you do.

To Damon, gaveft of the green. I gave my youthful hand; His blooming face and comely mien I could not well withstand; But frait to church we tript away, With hearts both firm and true, Ah! then my mother ceas'd to fay-Mind, huffey, what you do !

Ye laffes all attend to me, And hence this lefton learn, When to your mind a man you fee, Ne'er look morose or stern; But take him with a free good will, Should he have love for you, Altho' your mother's crying ftill, Mind, huiley, what you do!

LET poets praise the flow'ry mead, The moss-clad hill, the dale; The shepherd piping on his reed, The maid with milking pail; The lark who foars on pinions high, Or fweetly purling rill, While I breath forth a tender figh For Molly of the Mill.

In vain to fing her charms I try, And all her beauties trace; Such brilliancy informs her Eye, Such excellence her face, Her easy shape, engaging air My breaft with transport fill; No nymph fo pleafing or fo fair As Molly of the Mill.

Tis not her person charms alone, The beauties of her mind; Wit, fense, and fentiment, we own, In her are all combin'd; Such is the nymph who fways my heart, And makes my bosom thrill, Adorn'd by nature more than art, Sweet Molly of the Mill.

I'OR the brook and the willow forfaking the plain Young Celia came mournfully speaking her pain, Soft zephyrs and willow, kind brook lend your air Regard the complaint of a wrerched fond maid, To the willow, the willow complain. While echo repeats the fad cause of my pain.

If the man that I love should here chance to firm In murmuring founds, let the brook fofily fay,

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For you ev'ry shepherd she us'd with disdain, But Strephon, alas, is a false-hearted swain.

To the willow, &c. [enfnare For the fake of the nymph, whom your wit did Add a tear to the brook, add a figh to the air; But if your hard heart doth relentless remain,

May you love as I love, and like me love in vain.

To the willow, &c.

WHEN first my fage mother began to advise, Dearest Nancy (faid she) to be virtuous and good, To treacherous man thut your ears and your eves." I promis'd for certain I wou'd if I cou'd. On the green when I danc'd, and the lads call'd me While fighing and flatt'ring on tip-toe they stood, They begg'd I'd believe them their Vows were fin-I told them I certainly wou'd if I cou'd. And when my dear Jockey appear'd on the plain, Each elde:ly maiden and ill-natur'd prude, All bid me beware of the blooming young swain. I faid with a figh I won'd if I cou'd. He approach'd with delight, and call'd me fweet Then whisper'd with all the respect that he shou'd If I offer'd my hand, you'd refuse, I'm afraid; I, laughing, reply'd, I wou'd if I cou'd.

Those smiles are propitious, the shepherd then cry'd
Thy meaning, tho' humble, be soon understood,
We'll meet in the morn, & I'll make you my bride,
I promis'd, with blushes, I wou'd if I cou'd.
We met this blest morning, and hasten'd away.

For my shepherd is honest, and faithful, and good And I, simple I, said I'd love and obey;

But certainly meant, that I wou'd if I cou'd.

WHEN dewy morn on moon beams bright,
Invite our nymphs to sport and play;
To me their songs give no delight,
Love tunes my sad and mournful lay;
And all the day long,
I sing this sad song,
Return to my arms, my dear swain;

O love bring him here,
To banish my care,
Or—give me my heart back again,
He promis'd he soon wou'd return,
While tender sighs bespake his truth;
Yet still my Jemmy do I mourn,
I still lament the absent youth.
And all the day long, Sc.

Thus Jenny fung among the broom,
Where list'ning stood her constant swain;
The lad came forth, she ken'd him soon,
And carroll'd sweet her alter'd strain.
Now all the day long,
Love and joy claims my song;

For Jemmy once more cheers our plain;
Fond love brought him here,
To banish my care,

Not to-give me my heart back again.

I Told a sweet damsel a tender soft tale,
Each eve as we sat in the shade,
In hopes that in time my fond suit might prevail.
For she was a delicate maid.
I said that my love was so ardent and true,

That nothing my passion cou'd cure, But she only answer'd, ah! what will you do? 'Tis a pity indeed to be sure.

I play'd on my pipe, and fung a fost song, The sentiments warm from my heart: She listen'd attentive, but then ere 'twas long, Declar'd it was time to depart.

I press'd her white hand with a languishing smile, And said, pity the pangs I endure,

But no other answer cou'd gain all the while,
Than, pity indeed to be sure.

At length little Cupid affifted my plan, To foften the nymph to my mind,

My wishes to crown, and my heart more trepan, She soon became tender and kind;

To church the next day she consensed to go, Suspense I no longer endure,

For wedlock's the greatest delight we can know,
'Tis charming indeed to be sure, COME,

e plain pain, our aid aid,

aid,

fay,

Come, and crown your Billy's wishes,
Vain's the task you now pursue;
Leave, O leave, those pewter dishes,
Think not they can shine like you.

What, tho' curling streams around thee, Quick in circling eddies play, Beauty's lustre might confound me, Did not those obscure its ray.

While you scour that radiant pewter,
Which reflects our roly hue;
Who'd not wish to be a suitor
To its bright reflexion too.

FORTUNE's like a tight—or flip shoe,
As I've heard that poets fay;
If tight it galls—if loose it trips you—
So I'll keep the middling way.
Tight shoe nips you—
Loose shoe trips you.—
Nips you,

Trips you; So I'll keep the middling way.

SINCE I feel I am growing old,
Let me not united prove

Fire and water—heat and cold—
The feythe of time and shaft of love.

But would you know the art
Of possessing the heart,
Unrivall'd fix'd—constant and kind,
That loves you—not your pelf,
Fall in love—with yourself,
And the devil a rival you'll find.

BILLY Briftle scorns to rank with those sliming Who with heelpiec'd constitution, and with never Yawn out a life of pleasure: [paid for clothes, They faintly squeeze the hand, while I boldly squeeze the toe; [cry out oh! But 'tis all in the way of business, tho' the ladies Of the foot and the heart I take measure,

Like a double channel pump, & as fmart as a fealfkin shoe,

Tho' I don't much look the beau—but egad I'll
Who yawn out life a pleasure,

And faintly squeeze the hand! while I boldly
squeeze the toe,

[cry out oh!
For 'tis thus I fit the ladies, tho' they sometimes
Of the foot and the heart I take measure.

THE stag through the forest, when rouz'd by the Sore frighted, high-bounding. slies wretched, forlorn Quick panting heart bursting, the hounds now inview Speed doubles! speed doubles! they eager pursue. But 'scaping the hunters again through the groves, Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves. Not so in his soul who from tyrant love slies, The shaft overtakes him, despairing he dies.

BEAT on my heart, eyes pour your tears, Corroding grief confumes my years; As thou, my girl, I once was glad, But now a widow ever fad.

Love made me happy for a while, And then, like thee. I'd chearful smiles Now like the willow droops my head, I mourn a lover husband dead.

WHEN cruel parents fullen frown,
And loud complaints and chidings stun me,
I cry, "alas! if I'm undone,
"Tis love, dear love! that has undone me."
Oh how happy, happy e'en in ruin!
What pleasures flow from my undoing!
My parents, friends, were all forgot,
When once my true love came a-wooing!

No terrors from the world I fee,

No fear of babblers I discover;

Talk on, gay world! the world to me

Is my dear constant, constant lover!

O how happy, &c.

Can ye, ye old, refuse consent?
Oh let not rigid rules entrap ye!

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For what means prudence, but content?

Or what content, but to be happy?

Oh how happy, happy! &c.

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Ves,

Sc.

AS once a gentle red-breast took his stand,
To chant his song upon Eliza's hand;
Viewing the garden with a wishful eye,
He from his lovely mistress strove to sty:
Alarm d, she caught him quickly to her breast,
And thus the foolish stutt'ring bird address'd:
What though, when morning gilds the plain,
Mand nature's songsters crowd the spray,

"You never trill your love-taught ftrain, "Melodious to the bright'ning day:

Torn from its mate, thou ne'er shalt know "What pangs a lover's breast invade,

Nor pour thy tale of tender woe "Mid the dark forest's dreary shade."

The faithful Damon, who had feen him fip Ambrofial fragrance from Eliza's lip, Had heard him oft his plaintive notes prolong, and footh her with his foft enchanting fong, To his feather'd friend this leffon did impart, Which foon recall'd and fix'd his wand'ring heart:

"Sweet focial bird, contented rest,
"Eliza's captive still remain,
"With every kind endearment blest—
"'Tis liberty to wear her chain,

Then swell for her thy little throat,
For her attone thy sweetest lay;
Her beauty will inspire each note,
Her smiles thy labour well repay."

AH! where is my Damon, ye fongsters, ah where!

Say, what can occasion his stay?

He press'd me to go with him once to the fair,

And I told him it must be to day:

When he ask'd my consent, I agreed with a smile,

And soon as we settled the plan,

He promis'd to wait for me here at the stile,

For And I'm certain he'll come if he can.

But 'tis not the crowd of the village I feel,
Nor does Damon delight in fuch joys;
For well I remember he told me last week,
Content sled from tumult and noise:
His heart is a stranger to falshood and guile
No virgin hestrives to trepan;
He promis'd to wait for me here at the stile,
And I'm certain he'il come if he can.

Though great folks, to make me a wife may be Though Damon no riches can boath, [glad, From his childhood he shar'd with me all that he And his kindness shall never be lost. [had, As a boy I partook of his sports and his toil, So his fortunes I'll share as a man;

He promis'd to wait for me here at the stile, And I'm certain he'll come if he can,

WHEN o'er the downs, at early day,
My lowland Willy hi'd him
With joy I drove my cows that way,
In milking to abide him;
My bonny bonny lowland Will,
My bonny lowland Willy;
My bonny bonny, &c.
O love, to flew thy pow'r divine,
Make the lowland laddy mine,

'Twas o'er the downs he first began
To tell how well he lov'd me;
Cou'd I refuse the charming man
Ah! no, his passion mov'd me.
My bonny bonny, &c

My bonny bonny, &c.

My Willy's love to me is joy,
I own'd it soon believe me;
To Kirk I'll hie me wi' the boy,
For he will ne'er deceive me.
My bonny bonny, &c.

WHAT virgin or shepherd in valley or grove,
Will envy my innocent lays,
The song of the heart and the offspring of love,
When sung in my Corydon's praise. O'er

O'er brook and o'er brake as he hies to the bow'r, | My love to obtain with endearments effay'd How lightsome my shepherd can trip,

And fure when of love he describes the lost power,

The honey dew drops from his lip.

How sweet is the prim ofe the violet how sweet. And sweet is the eglantine breeze,

But Corydon's kife when by moonlight we meet, To me is far sweeter than these.

I blush at his raptures, I hear all his vows, I figh when I offer to speak.

And oh what delight my fond bosom o'erflows, When I feel the fort touch of his cheek.

Responsive and shrill be the notes from the spray, Let the pipe thro' the village refound,

Be smiles in each face O ye shepherds to day, And ring the bells merrily round :

Your favours prepare my companions with freed, Affif me my blufhes to hide,

A twelvemonth ago on this day I agreed, To be my lov'd Corydon's bride.

WHILE absent from the swain I love, Tho' dull each season of the year, I know his mind can never rove, And still to him I'll prove fincere, While absent, &c.

What are all the beaux of pleasure, That around the city rove, Or the misers wealth or treasure, To the flepherd I approve, He has ev'ry charm to please me, He alone is my defire, Cease ye coxcombs then to teazeme, Damon only I admire. Damon, &c.

N fearth of fome lambs from my flocks that had One morning I roam'd o'er the plain, [ftray'd, But alas, after all the enquiries I made, I found it was labour in vain.

Then vex'd and fatigu'd I reclin'd in the shade, And fung how young Colin the fwain,

But he figh'd and he footh'd me in vain-

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Ah me! filly fool thus I chid my coy heart, Who cou'd let him unpitied complain, And fuffer a bosom untainted with art To despair and still labour in vain.

From the copie full of rapture my Colin flew light Where he lurk'd and had heard my fond frain Now, now, said he, Phabe my passion requite And no more let me labour in vain.

A blush gave my hand and my heart to the youth While he thank'd me and thank'd me again, And now to deny a return to his truth

Lack a day, it were labour in vain.

20 . RECITATIVE. AH Celia why affect difdain, To vex the heart you most approve, Why wou'd you give the shepherd pain, Because he's true to thee and love, Coquettish airs and pride give o'er, In time (weet maid, in time relent, The fwain tir'd out may fue no more And you too late, too late repent.

Celia let not pride undo you, Love and life fly fwiftly on, Love and life fly fwiftly on, Let not Damon still pursue you, Still in vain till love is gone, Let not, &c. When your beauties are decay'd, You'll repent and die a maid.

You'll repent, &c. See how fair the blooming role is, Once by all fo juffly prais'd, When the role its fragrance looles,

See the wither'd thing despis'd. When the role, &c.

day I ar WHAT foft pretty things both by night and brad Was it not your fond custom to promise and lay,

You preft me, Careft me, hardly was sole to answer you nay. I hardly, &c.

at then you cou'd go, and to others be kind, by to bring other maidens as much to your mind, Careft them.

And preft them,

ight

uth

nd lay

n,

faw not your falshood, for love made me blind.

at now all my fondness is turn'd into hate,

ll have my revenge you shall feel 'tis from Kate,

I'll haunt ye,

To daunt ye, sy doubts and suspicions thro' life be your fate.

O court at one time three young maids ye bold by well must you think of that creature yourself incy one of us might very well do, bu'd find me enough of all conscience for you.

hat wou'd you have done if all three had complied he law fays one thepherd can have but one bride, I had been rated the third of a wife, my rage I had made yon be tried for life. In my rage, &c.

once we cou'd do without love and the men, e shou'd not be cozen'd again and again, it love is our errand, and swains speak their mind they were more sheepish we might be too kind,

WHEN you knelt at my feet,
And kis'd me so sweet,
hat was I to think or to do?
With joy and with pain,
I saw my dear swain,
h! I had not been in love but for you,
Oh! I'd not, Se.

Was it worth so much art,
To win a poor heart,
and leave its young owner to grieve,
Tho' a dupe to your charms,
[day I am safe from your arms,
at and be at the tongue that was made to deceive.

Get you gone you false lout,
Your tricks are found out,
Be hooted for this off the plain s
May the nymph ne'er be true,
Who is courted by you,
May you love, and be lov'd not again.

I'M not to be flinted in love,

Nor yet to be flinted in ladies,

I thought I cou'd bill like a dove,

And courting my pleasure and trade is i

I lik'd one for the charms of her face, For wit and for wisdom another, The third for a nameles soft grace, Then why is so mighty a pother?

Put all these perfections in one,
To one only one I'll be steady,
But surely the swain you won't shun,
Who for beauty at all times is ready.
Who for, &a

LET us fly to cooling bowers,
From the hot and fultry hours,
From the bot and fultry hours;
Let us feek the shelt'ring shade,
Where the sun beams can't invade,
Where the sun beams can't invade,
Let us, &c.

All our passions may be still,
Near the gently purling rill.
Ev'ry tumult of the breast,
Silent groves can full to rest.
Farewel then to strife and noise,
Welcome sweet and tranquil joys.
Silent groves, &c.

Farewel sweet and tranquil joys, Sounds of riot charm no more, Rural scenes can peace restore, Rural scenes can peace restore, Rural, Sc.

WHEN

WHEN the trumpets shrill notes call'd the sold-Each youth left soft pleasure for wars rude alarms. The trumpets shrill notes led to conquest & same, And each youth is return'd with a heroes great name. And each, &c.

Fair beauty now invites the swain,
Where peace and pleasure ever reign,
To fragrant wood and shady grove,
Sacred to friendship and to love.
Sacred to, &c.

When the trumpets shrill notes shall again call to Again our protectors shall shield us from harms, When the trumpets shrill notes shall again lead to same Bright conquest their valour and worth shall pro-Bright conquest, &c. [claim.

A SOLDIER, a foldier, a foldier for me,
His arms are to bright,
And he looks fo upright,
So gallant and gay,
When he trips it away,
Who is fo rice and well-powder'd as he.
Sing rub a dub rub a dub a dub dub

Thunder and plunder, A foldier, a foldier for me.

Fach morn when we see him upon the parade,
He cuts such a slash,
With his gorget and sask,
And makes such ado,
With his gaiter and queue,
Sleeping or waking, who need be afraid,
Sing, rub a dub, Sc.

Or else when he's mounted so trim and so tall,
With broad sword in hand,
The whole town to command,
Such capers, such prances,
Such ogling, such glances,
Our hearts gallop off, and are left at W biteball.
Sing taran tantaran tantaran tan

Trumpet and thump it,
A foldier, a soldier, a soldier for me.
A soldier, &c.

Young Patie blames me ev'ry day,
For having 'gin my hand away,
For, having, &c.
Unto a care that's dim and auld,
Because that ne had store of gold,
Yet Patie must by me be taught,
It was not mine but Mither's fault.

I was too young to think of love,
Which made me then her choice approve,
But had I then my Patie seen,
Auld Gilpin's wife I ne'er had been.
By charms of gold I then was caught,
Yet 'twas not mine but Mither's tault.

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Yet fince I'm wedded I'll be true, And keep my word and honour too, Perhaps Auld Gilpin foon may die, Then Patie may his place supply, But if by age again I'm caught, It sha'no be my Mither's fault.

FINIS.

dub

## MISCELLANEOUS SONGS,

From the Year 1784 to 1792.

SONG 1.

A Linnet's nest with anxious care,
Young Strephon one day found me,
When instantly the plunder'd pair,
With cries came fluttering round me:
And is it thus, cries I, unkind,
You'd raise compassion in me?
Hence, cruel, hence—unless you find
Some better way to win me.

Alas! if to give pain, cry'd he,
My love for you has wrought me,
I practife but that cruelty,
You have so often taught me.
If thus the Linnet, and his mate,
Can raise compassion in you;
No more unkindness intimate,
But let your Strephon join you.

This faid, like lightning back he flew,
The mostly nest restoring;
The linnets kept their young in view,
No more their loss deploring:
Mean-while this act so sweet, so kind,
Had rais'd affections in me;
And Strephon was well pleas'd to find
This certain way to win me,

AH! rofe, forgive the hand fevere,
That fratch'd thee from thy fcented bed,
Where bow'd with many a pearly tear,
Thy widow'd partner droops its head,

And thou fweet violet, modest slow'r,
O take my sad relenting sigh,
Nor sain the breast whose glowing pow'r
With too much fondness bid thee die.

Sweet lilly, had I never gaz'd

With rapture on your gentle form,
You might have dy'd, unknown, unprais'd—
The victim of fome ruthlefs fform.
Where fickle Love his altar rears,
Your little bells had learnt to wave,
Or fadly gem'd with kindred tears,
Had deck'd fome haplefs maiden's grave.

Inconstant woodbine, wherefore rove,
With gading stem about thy bow'r,
Why with my darkling myrtle wove,
In bold defiance mock my pow'r:
Why quit thy native garden fair,
To flaunt thy buds, thy odours sling,
And idly greet the passing air,
On every wanton zephyr's wing?

Yet, yet, repine not, tho' stern Fate
Hath nip'd thy leaves of varying hue,
Since all that's lovely, soon or late,
Shall sick'ning fade, and die like you s
The fire of youth, the frost of age,
Nor Wisdom's voice, nor Beauty's bloom,
Th' insatiate tyrant can assuage,
Or stop the hand that seal'd your doom.

N n

STAY

STAY, traveller, tarry here to night, The rain yet beats, the wind is loud, The moon has too withdrawn her light, And gone to fleep behind a cloud :

"Tis fev'n long miles across the moor, And fhou'd you chance to go affray, You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door, . Nor Soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, our meal prepare, This stranger shall partake our best, A cake and rather be his fare, With ale that makes the weary bleft:

Approach the hearth, there take a place, And till the hour of dress draws nigh, Of Rebin Hood and Chevy Chace We'll fing-then to our pallets hie.

Had I the means I'd use you well, "Tis little I have got to boaft; Yet should you of this cottage tell, Say, Hal, the woodman, was your hoft,

IMPREST with every fond defire, My troubled mind has strove To check the thought that dare afpire To gentle Anna's love.

But reaton cannot love reftrain. And vain my efforts prove; My heart fill fondly longs to gain In gentle Anna's love.

COLD blew the wind, no gleam of light, When Ellen left her home. And brav'd the horrors of the night, O'er dreary wilds to roam. The lovely maid had late been gay, When Hope and Pleasure smil'd; But now, alas! to Grief a prey Was Ellen, Sorrow's child.

She long was William's promis'd bride. But ah! how fad a doom. The gentle youth in Beauty's pride, Was fummons'd to the tomb! No more those joys shall Ellen prove. Which many an hour beguil'd; From morn till eve the mourns her love. Sweet Ellen, Sorrow's child. With falt'ring step away she hies, O'er William's grave to weep, For Ellen there with tears and fight, Her watch would often keep: The pitying angel faw her woe. And came with aspect mild-Thy tears shall now no longer flow, Sweet Ellen, Sorrow's child. Thy plaintive notes were heard above, Where thou shalt foon find rest, Again thou shalt behold thy love, And be for ever bleft: Ah! can fuch blifs be mine, fhe cry'd. With voice and looks fo wild, Then funk upon the earth and dy'd-Sweet Ellen, Sorrow's child.

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godfhip adore, And love at his shrine gay libations to pour; And Venus, bleft Venus, my bosom inspires, For the lights in our fouls the most facred of fires: Yet to neither I fwear fole allegiance to hold, My bottle and lass I by turns must enfold; For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love. When fill'd to the fair, the brifk bumper I hold, Can the mifer furvey with fuch pleasure in gold; The ambrofia of gods no fuch relish can boaft. If good port fill your glass, and fair Kitty's the

And the charms of your girl more angelic will be, If her fofa's encircled with wreaths from his tree; For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

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All partial distinctions I hate from my foul,
O give me my fair one and give me my bowl;
Blis reslected from either will fend to my heart
Ten thousand sweet joys which they can't have
apart;

Go try it ye smilling and gay looking throng, And your hearts shall in unifon beat to my song, That the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

THE topfail fills, the waving bark unmoors, Adieu, dear isle, I sty thy charming shores, Where oft, alas; attention fondly strove In Delia's heart to trace her Henry's love.

Go, gentle gale, ! ah waft my parting fighs, Fraught with the anguish of a heart that dies; Breath all the forrows of a sad adieu, Then swiftly speed me from the syren's view.

And thou, fweet foother, whose responsive strain Returns each sigh and echoes every pain,

O bear this poignant pang, these pangs of wild And softly sigh them to the cruel fair. [despair,

MUSIC charms the ravish'd soul, Every passion can controul; Sounds though rais'd by human art, Can strike the car and souch the heart.

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A.

Why should love and wine, a bleffing
So divine, with words unhallow'd, dare profane;
Muse descend, and O desend,
From rude hands, the facred strain.

O Flowing fountain should'st thou e'er In silver'd wave around her glide, Say thou art swell'd by love's fond tear, But murmur not whose eyes supply'ds

Or should'ft thou gentle sephyr e'er
Approach the idol of my heart,
Tell her then, breath a figh sincere,
But whisper not whose figh thou art.

If a failor would not like a lubber appear, He must very well know how to hand, seef and steer;

But a better manœuvre 'mongst seamen is found,
'Tis the tight little maxim to know how to sound,
Which a sailor should learn from a bay to a shoal,
But the best kind of sounding, is sounding the
bowl.

I've founded a-shore and I've founded at sea,
I've sounded a-weather. I've sounded a-lee,
I've sounded my quine at the rendezvous house,
And I've sounded my purse without finding a souse;
What then, they've a brother in each honest soul,
And sailors can ne'er want for sounding a bowl.
All men try for soundings wherever they steer;
Your Nabobs for soundings try hard in Cape Clear;
And there is not a soul from the devil to the Pope,
That could live but for sounding the Cape of Good
Hope:

Nor fear then, nor danger, our hearts shall controul,

Tho' at fea we're in foundings-while founding the bowl.

BE still my heart, embrace thy chain, Nor strive for liberty in vain; For all thy essorts only prove How much I feel, how much I love. The day and night devoid of rest, The anxious fears that fill my breast—These witness to the pow'rs above How much I feel, how much I love. Then wast her, Zephyrus, my sighen And tell her, Cupid, though my eyes, With what a passion long I've strove—How much I feel, how much I love.

WHAT is beauty but a flower, A rose that blossoms for an hour, Cherish'd by the tears of Spring, Fan'd by ev'ry zephyr's wing; See how foon its colour flies, Blushing, trembles, droops and dies; Age will come with wint'ry face, Ev'ry transient joy to chace.

Friendship's but an empty name, Glitt'ring like a vap'rish slame; Youth slies sast and soon dacays, Bliss is lost while time delays; Deck, O deck, your couch with slow'rs, Laugh away the sportive hours; Then since life's a sleeting day, Ah! enjoy it while you may.

TELL me babbling echo why You return me figh for figh; When I of flighed love complain, You delight to mock my pain.

Bold intruder night and day, Bufy tell-tale hence away; Me and my cares in filence leave, Come not near me whilft I grieve.

But if my swain in all his charms, Returns to bless my longing arms, I'll call thee from thy dark retreat, The joyful tidings to repeat. Repeat, repeat, repeat thy strain, Tell it o'er and o'er again; From morn till night prolong the tale, Let it ring from vale to vale.

IN am'rous mood young Strephon long
Had told a melting tale,
And tun'd his pipe and rais'd his fong
To Fanny of the vale:
The blooming Nymph attentive heard
Whate'er the shepherd said,
And oft as seriously declar'd,
She vow'd to die a maid.

The ardest youth his fuit to gain,
And all her fears remove,
Said, That fuch sows were held in vain
By Jupiter and Love;

Then grasp'd her hand, and look'd and sigh'd, and ev'ry art display'd,
Yet still she jeeringly reply'd,
She vow'd to die a maid.
The church in view, across the mead,
He pointed to the place;
The fair one let him gently lead,
And soon said Hymen's grace:
With sparkling eyes she view'd the swain,
And laughingly she said,
'Tis your fault if my vow remain,
To let me die a maid.

DE AR image of the maid I love,
Whose charms you bring to view,
In absence some delight I seel,
By gazing still on you:
Debar'd her sight by tyrant pow'r,
How wretched should I be,
But that I cheer each lonely hour
By gazing still on thee.

Oh! could I call this fair one mine,
What rapture should I feel;
Oh! could I press that form divine,
Each hour my bliss wou'd feal:
But, ah! depriv'd of all her charms,
My soul can find no rest;
And should she bless another's arms,
Despair would fill my breast.

A Tinker I am,
My name's Natty Sam,
From morn to night I trudge it;
So low is my fate,
My perfonal effate
Lies all within this budget,

Work for the tinker ho! good wives,
For they are lads of mettle—
'Twere well if you could-mend your lives,
As I can mend a kettle.

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The man of war,
The man of the bar.
Physicians, priests, free thinkers,
That rove up and down,
Great London town,
What are they all but tinkers?
Work for the tinker, &c.

Those 'mong the great
Who tinker the flate,
And badger the minority,
Pray what's the end
Of their work my friend,
But to rivet a good majority?
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name,
That cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation;
And thus, had I time,
I could prove in my thyme,

Jolly tinkers of all the nation.

Work for the tinker, &c.

Sing the British seaman's praise, A theme renown'd in ftory; It well deserves more polish'd lays, Oh! 'tis your boaft and glory. When mad-brain war spreads death around, By them you are protected; But when in peace the nation's found, These bulwarks are neglected. Then O! protect the hardy tar. Be mindful of his merit, And when again you're plung'd in war, He'll shew his daring spirit. When thickest darkness covers all, Far on the trackless ocean ; When lightnings dart, when thunders toll, And all is wild commotion : When the bank on the white top'd waves, With boiff rous fweep is rolling; let coolly fill the whole he braves, Untam'd amidft the howling. Then oh! protect, de When deep immers'd in fulph'rous smoke,
He feels a glowing pleasure;
He loads his gun, or cracks his joke,
Elated beyond measure:
Tho' fore and aft the blood stain'd deck,
Should lifeles trunks appear;
Or should the vessel float a wreck,
The sailor knows no fear.

Then oh ! protest, &c:

When long becalm'd on fouthern brine,
Where scorching beams assail him;
When all the canvas hangs supine,
And food and water fail him:
Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
Where plenty still is reigning—
They call the watch—his rapture's o'er—
He sighs, but scorns complaining.
Then oh! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coaft,

Where death so oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,

True courage still attends him;
No clime can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance,
He fearless braves the storms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.

Then oh, protest, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fears,
In peace be then neglected;
Behold him moving 'long the piers,
Pale, meagre and dejected:
Behold him begging for employ,
Behold him difregarded;
Then view the anguish in his eye,
And say, are tars rewarded?
Then oh! protest, &co.

To them your dearest rights you owe,
In peace then would you starve them;
What say ye Britain's sons;—Oh! no,
Protest them and preserve them +
N n 2

Shield

Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or when grim war shall come again,
Oh, Britons, you may rue it!
Then oh! protect, &c.

WHEN first I saw the village maiden,
Like Cymon, motionless I stood,
'Twas Iphigenia's felf appearing,
So lovely, beautiful and good;
Her cheeks out blush'd the rip'ning rose,
Her smiles would bani'h mortal's woes—
So sweet the village maiden.

Clariffa's eyes, all eyes attracting,
Her breath Arabian spices seign;
For her, like ore, would Avarice wander,
Adventure all the prize to gain;
I told my dove with many sears,
Which she returned with speaking tears—
Then sigh'd the village maiden

She figh'd because the had no siches,
To make her lady-like and gay;
Tho' virtue was her only portion,
I dar'd to name the wedding day.
The care of wealth let knaves endure,
I shall be rich and envied sura,
To gain the village maiden.

THO' Bacchus may boaft of his care killing bowl,
And follow in thought drowning revels delight,
Such worship, alas! has no charm for the foul,
When foster devotion the fenses invite:
To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
His portion oblivious a balm may bestow;
But to Fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of Restection's the birth of all woe.

What foul that's poffess'd of a dream so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone.
For the tear that bedows Sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun;

Each change and excels has through life been my doom,

And well can I speak of its joys and its strife;
The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom.
But Love's the true sun-shine that gladdens our life.

Come then, rofy Venus, and spread o'er my fight,
The magic illusions that ravish the soul;
Awake in my breass the fost dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one least in my bowl:
Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly god, from thy banquet remove;
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
That's mellow'd by Friendship and sweeten'd
by Love,

WHEN Night her fable curtain drew,
And featter'd darkness o'er the plans,
Foor Charlotte from her home withdrew,
To weep o'er Werter's dear remains:
She to his facred tomb drew near,
And mound'd his fad untimely end;
In pity shed the tender tear,
For her much-lov'd departed friends

Oh; Werter! Werter! Charlotte cry'd,
Had we each other fooner feen,
Thou wouldft not in despair have dy'd,
For thine alone I should have been,
But heav'n otherwise ordain'd,
And thou, alas! art now no more;
Whilst I on earth am yet detain'd,
And shall, till death, thy fate deplote.

Just as she spoke, array'd in white,
Stood Werter's ghost before her eyes;
She trembling view'd the awful fight,
That still'd her foul with dread surprize:
"Unhappy fair," the spirit faid,
"Thy fighs forbear, thy forrows cerse;
"And tears for me no longer shed,

"Who now enjoy eternal peace.

Thou

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"Thou too, like me, wilt foon be bleft
"With lasting joy and true delight,
"Where nought can e'er thy bliss molest?"
It bow d, then vanish'd from her fight,
With downcast look and solemn pace,
Poor Charlotte homeward bent her way;
And ne'er again approach'd the place.
Where Werter's hallow'd relics lay.

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WHEN dark ling tempefts threaten wide,
And clouds obscure each light,
The moon and stars no longer guide—
How terrible the night:
Now up, now down, now high, now low,
While lightnings stash and winds do blow;
What dreadful images appear—
Yet then the sailor must not fear.

Yet do not mourn, my dearest Sue,
Or give thy breast alarms;
My love and constancy to you,
Shall save me from all harms:
Tho' thunders roll and lightnings sly,
And billows toss the vessels high;
Tho' dreadful images appear,
Thy Jack shall think on thee, my dear.

Perhaps the tempest soon may cease,
And morning beam with light,
And halcyon days of love and peace,
Shall crown us with delight.
Safe wasted to my native shore,
My faithful Sue to meet once more;
Each prospect then my heart would cheer,
When bless'd with thee, my only dear.

FILL high the bowl, an ample tide, I love to fee it foaming wide;
The chearful Bomper then display, Drink to the friendly and the gay.
Drink will exhibitate the foul,
And make wit sparkle like the bowl.
Like Bacchus, round my temples twine.
The clusters of the juicy vine;

Pour in the clavet, 'twill impart
New raptures to the drinker's heart;
'Twill then exhilirate the foul,
And make wit sparkle like the bowl.
Let Love and Bacchus both unite,
Each join d, affords supreme delight;
A bumper and a kiss inspire
The mind with mirth and fond defire;
Both will exhilirate the soul,
And make wit sparkle like the bowl.

The gods themselves to drink incline, Nectar is punch infus'd with wine—Inspiring mirth, and love, and joy, Such raptures which can never cloy: Drink will exhibitate the soul, And make wit sparkle like the bowl.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tem Bowling.
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broch'd him to:
His form is of the manifest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd fing so blith and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The words to pipe all hands.
Thus death who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'es
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

NOW

Now the bluftering Boreas blows, See all the waters round are froze; The trees that fkirt the dreary plain, All day a murm'ring cry maintain; The trembting forest hears their moan, And fadly mingles groan with groan. How dismal all from East to West, Heaven defend the Poor distrest;

Such is the tale
On hill and vale,

Each Traveller may behold it is;
While low and high
Are heard to cry,

Blefs my heart, how cold it is!

Humanity, delightful tale!
While we feel the Winter gale,
May the high Peer in ermin'd coat,
Incline the ear to Sorrow's note;
And where with Mis'ry's weight oppress,
A fellow fets a shiv'ring guest,
Full ample let his bounty slow,
To soothe the bosom chill'd by woe;

In town or vale,
Where'er the tale
Of seal grief unfolded is,
O may he give
The means to live,
To those who know how cold it is,

Perchance some warrior, blind and lam'd, Some dauntless tar for Britain maim'd—Confider these, for thee they bore
The loss of limbs, and fusser'd more;
O pass them not, or if you do,
I'll figh to think they sought for you.
Go pity all, but 'bove the rest,
The soldier, or the tar distrest;

Thro' Winter's reign
Relieve their pain,
For what they've done fure bold it is;
Their wants supply,
Where're they cry,
Bless my heart, how cold it is!

And now ye fluggards, floths and beaus,
Who dread the breath that Winter blows,
Purfue the conduct of a friend,
Who never found it yet offend;
While Winter deals its frosts around,
Go face the air and beat the ground,
With cheerful spirits exercise,
'Tis there Health's balmy blessing lies:
On hill or dale,
Tho' sharp the gale,
And frozen you behold it is—
The blood shall glow,
And sweetly flow,
And you'll ne're cry, how colds t is!

In wain to me the hours of care, When ev'ry daily toil is o'er; In my fad heart no hopes I find, For Oran is, alas! no more.

Nor funny Africa could please,
Nor friends upon my native shore;
To me the dreary world's a cave,
For Oran is, alas! no more.

In bowers of blifs, beyond the moon,
The white man fays his forrow's o'er;
And comforts me with foothing hope,
Tho' Oran is, alas! no more.

O come then, meffenger of Death, Convey me to the starry shore, Where I may meet with my true love, And never part with Oran more.

THE morning smil'd serenely gay,
Sweet music fill'd the grove;
Bright beam'd the cheerful God of day,
And fill'd each breast with love.

The lark attun'd his fong on high, All nature blith was feen; A sweeter voice feem'd to reply, Twas Polly of the green She W The

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My oaten pipe beneath the shade,
I tune to mirth and glee;
She stood and listen'd white I play'd,
What charms I then did see:
The rosy blush which deeks the morn,
Upon her cheek was seen;
The graces did her form adorn,
Dear Polly of the Green.

I gaz'd, fhe fmil'd, I fmil'd again,
With infinite delight;
Fond love I found in ev'ry vein,
Her form fo charm'd my fight:
No maid that ever I beheld,
Had fuch a graceful mein;
So much the ev'ry one excell'd—
Sweet Polly of the green.

Ye pow'rs who rule the realms above,
Attend my ardent pray'r;
Let Polly to my wishes prove,
As kind as she is fair:
O! Venus, to my suit incline,
As thou art Beauty's queen,
And let the charming maid be mine—
Dear Polly of the green

WHEN Arthur first in court began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He entertain'd three serving mea,
And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Isishman, The second was a Scot, The third he was a Welchman; And all were knaves, I wot.

The Irifhman lov'd usquebaugh,
The Scot lov'd ale call'd blue cap;
The Welchman he lov'd toafted cheefe,
made his mouth a moufe-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
The Scot was drown'd in ale;
The Welchman had like to've been choak'd with
But he pull'd her out by the tail.

A Sailor's life's a life of woe, He works now late, now early, Now up and down, now to and fro, What then, he takes it cheerly. Bieft with a smiling can of grog. If duty call, Stand, rife, or fall, To Fate's last verge he'll jog : The kedge to weigh. The sheets belay, He does it with a wish; To heave the lead-Or to cat-head. The pond'rous anchor tish : For while the grog goes round, All sense of danger's drown'd. We despise it to a man ; We fing a little, and laugh a little. And work a little, and fwear a little. And fiddle a little, and foot it a little.

And fwig the flowing can.

If howling winds, and roaring fees, Give proof of coming danger; We view the form, our hearts at eafe, For Jack's to fear a ftranger. Bleft with the fmiling grog we fly. Where now below We headlong go, Now rife on mountains high; Spite of the gale, We hand the fait. Or take the needful reef; Or man the deck, To clear fome wreck. To give the ship relief : Tho' perils threat around, All fenfe of danger's drown'd, We despise it to a man.

We hag a little, fees

But yet think not our case is hard, Tho' forms at fea thus treat us, For coming home-a sweet reward. With fmiles our fweethearts greet us. Now to the friendly grog we quaff, Our am'rous toaft. Her we love moft. And gaily fing and laugh ; The fails we furl. Then for each girl. The petticoat difplay. The deck we clear. Then three times cheer. As we their charms furvey : And then the grog goes round, All fense of danger's drown'd.

We fing a little, &c.

TWAS in the good ship Rover,
I fail'd the world around,
And for three years and over,
I ne'er touch'd British ground:
At last in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

We despise it to a man-

That time bound firait to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore;
But when we made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore.

She lay—so did it shock her,
A log upon the main,
Till sav'd from Davy's locker,
We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate failing,
Upon a fqually night,
Thunder and lightning hailing
The horrors of the fight;
My precious fimb was lopped off,
I, when they eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popped off,
And went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier.
The King, God bless his royalty,
Who sav'd me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

I Travers'd Judah's barren fand,
At Beauty's altar to adore;
But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters weep ao more,

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In Greece, the bold imperious mein, The wanton look, the leering eye, Bade Love's devotion not be feen, Where constancy is never nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair shore,
I bent my never-ceasing way,
And to Loretta's temple bore,
A mind devoted still to pray.
But there too, Superstition's hand
Had sickly'd every feature o'er;

Had fickly'd every feature o'er; And made me foon regain the land, Where beauty fills the western shores

Where Hymen, with celestial pow'r,
Connubial transport doth adorn;
Where purest virtue sports the hour,
That ushers in each happy morn,
Ye daughters of Old Albion's life,

Where'er I go, where'er I ftray, Oh! Charity's fweet children, fmile, To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

THE twins of Latona for kind to my boon,
Arife to partake of the chafe;
And Sol lends a ray to chafte Dian's fair moon,
And a fmile to the fmiles on her face.
For the fport I delight in, the bright queen of love,
With myrtles my brow fall adorn, [grove,
While Pan breaks his chaunter, and fkulks in the
Excell'd by the found of the horn, The

The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,
Yet sweeter the note of sweet echo's reply;
Hark ferward, hark forward, the game is in view,
But love is the game that I wish to pursue.
The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,
His sentence he hears in the gale,
Yet slies 'till entangled in fear and in doubt,
His courage and constancy fail;
Surrounded by soes he prepares for the fray,
Despair taking place of his fear,
With antlers erected awile stands at bay,
Then surrenders his live with a tear.

A Rose from her bosom has stray'd,

I'll seek to replace it with art:
But no—'twill her slumbers invade,

I'll wear it (fond youth) next my heart.
Alas! filly rose, hast thou known

'Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place,
Thou ne'er from thy station hadst slown—
Her bosom's the mansion of peace.

SEVERE the pangs of flighted love,
Each hill and dale my plaint shall ring;
And as the woodlands wild I rove,
Sweet Philomel shall hear me fing.
Flower of the forest was my dear.
Sweet as the vi'let in the vale;
Her vows of love were sweet to hear,
But transient as the passing gale.

Beneath the willow—by the brook.
I'll filent fit with folded arms,
And on the heedless ftream I'll look,
While heaven reminds me of her charms.
Flower of the forest, &c.

O Fortune how strangely thy gifts are rewarded—
How much to thy shame thy caprice is recorded;
As the wife, great, and good, from thy frowns
never 'scape any—
[penny.
Witness brave Bellisarius, who begg'd for a half-

love,

rove,

The

Date Obolum, date Obolum, date Obolum, Belli-He whose fame from his valour and victories arose

His country's protector, and scourge of his foer, firs By his poor faithful dog blind and aged is led, fir, With one foot in the grave, thus to beg for his bread, fir.

Date Obolum, &c.

A young Roman knight in the fireet passing by, fir,
The veteran survey'd with a heart-rending sigh, sir,
And a purse in his helmet he dropt with a tear, sir,
While the soldier's sad tale thus attracted his ear, sir

Date Obolum, &c.

I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for
Rome, fir.

I have crown'd her with laurels which for ages

I've enrich'd her with wealth, swell'd her pride, and her pow'r, fir,

I've espous'd her for life-and this is my dower, fir, Date Obolum, &c.

Yet blood I ne'er wantonly wasted at random.
Losing thousands their lives by a nil desperandum;
And conquest obtain'd, I made both friend and
foe know.

That my foul's only wish was, pro publico bono.

Date Obolum, &c.

If foldier, or statesman, whate'er rank or station, Hereaster shall meet this my sad strange relation; Depriv'd of his sight, forc'd to grope out his way, sir, The bright beams of virtue will turn night into day, . sir.

Date Obolum, &c.

But wanting light, the dread contrast remark, fir, When he comes for to take the great leap in the dark, fir,

He may wish, whilst his friends wring their hands round his bed, fir,

He, like poor Bellifarius, had begg'd for his bread fir,

Date Obolum, &c.

Whilf

Whilf I, poor, diffrels'd, and to darkness inur'd, fir, In this vile craft of clay, when no longer immur'd fire

At Death's welcome stroke my bright course shall begin, fir,

And enjoy endless light from the funshine within fir, [fario. Date Obolum, Date Obolum, Date Obolum, Belli-

When first I began, fir, to ogle the ladies,
And prattle fost nothing, as a pretty fellow's
trade is;
[feature—
whilst with rapturous praises. I dwelt on every
If I fiole ally kiss, twas sye you wicked creature:
But soon in tunes lower, and softer, and sweeter,
Half pleas'd, they'd whilper sye, sye, you wicked
creature.

Indeed my attractions no gallantry needed,

Each evening new conquest to conquest succeeded;

Perpiex'd how so many fond claims I could parry,

To seule them all, I resolv'd, faith, to marry—

And press'd lovely Laura in language still sweeter,

Till biothing she whisper'd, I'm your's you wicked

creature.

THE fun fets in night, and the flare flun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away,
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the fon of Alknomoole shall never complain.
Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
Why fo flow? do ye wait till I shrink from my
pain.

No! the fon of Alknomook firall never complain. Remember the wood where in ambush we lay, and the scalps which we note from your nation

Now the flame rifes fast, ye exult in my poin,
But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.
I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son:
Death comes as a friend, he relieves me from pain,
And thy son O Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain,

To hear a fweet goldfinch's fonnet,
This morning I put on my bonnet,
But scarce in the meadow, pies on it,
When the Captain appears in my view,
I felt an odd fort of fenfation,
My heart beat a ffrange pit-a-pation,
I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
When says he, my dear, how do you do:

The dickins, thinks I, here has popp'd him, I thought to flip by, but I flopp'd him, So my very best courtsey I dropt in;

With an air—he then took off his hat, He feem'd with my person enchanted, He squeez'd my hand, how my heart panted! He ask'd for a kis, and I granted,

And pray now, what harm was in that?

Says I, fir, for what do you take me?
He fwore a fine lady he'd make me,
No, damn him! he'd never forfake me,

And then on his knee he flopp'd down, His handkerchief, la! fmelt fo fweetly, His whiteteeth he shew'd so completely, He managed the matter so neatly,

I ne'er can be kiss'd by a clown.

NO more l'il court the rown-bred fair, Who shines in artificial beauty; For native charms without compare, Claim all my love, respect, and duty.

Oh my bonny, bonny, Bet, sweet bloffem, Was I a king, so proud to wear thee, From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee, To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.

Yet ask me where these beauties lie,
I cannot say in smile or dimple;
In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
'Tie happy nature wild and simple.

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AH! Sad I Sighs Henry Thy R Thy le But, de Thy le

Throu Sighin Oft th As I w See fro And lo For oh Thy lo

My dad My und Till I v Och! r My dea

I march On She But foo

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Oh my beany Bet, &c For fear

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And figh in numbers trite and common;
Le gods, one darling wish be mine,
And all I ask is—lovely woman.
Oh my bonny Bet, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing;
My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.
Oh my bonny Bet, &c

AH! where can fly my foul's true love,
Sad I wander this lone grove,
Sighs and tears for him I shed,
Henry is from Laura fled:
Thy love to me thou didst impart,
Thy love foon won my virgin heart;
But, dearest Henry, thou'st betray'd
Thy love—with thy poor Cottage Maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing fad with pearly tears;
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green:
See from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's freet hope within me dies;
For oh, dear Henry, thou'ft betray'd
Thy love—with thy poor Cottage Maid.

23

W HEN I was at home I was merry and frisky, My dad kept a pig, and my mother fold whisky; My uncle was rich, but would never be asy, Till I was inlisted by Corporal Casey.

Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!

My dear little Shelah, I thought would rub crazy, When I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Casey!

I march'd fagra Kilkenny, and as I was thinking On Shelah, my heart in my bosom was finking; But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisey, at, at For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.

L. Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!

The devil go with him! I ne'er could be afy,
He fluck in my fkirts fo, ould Corporal Cafey!
We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely;
And who fhould the first be that dropt? Why, an't
please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey; Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey, Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be asy, So eight years I sought without Corporal Casey.

No sport to the chace can compare,
So manly the pleasure it yields;
How sweet, how refreshing the air,
Inhal'd in the woods and the fields.
As we rush in pursuit, new scenes still appear,
New landscapes encounter the eye;
Not Handel's sweet music more pleases the ear,
Than that of the hounds in full cry.

New strength from the chase we derive,

It's exercise purges the blood;

How happy that mortal must live,

Whose sport yields both physic and food;

So new and so varied its charms they ne'er cloy,

Like those of the bottle and face;

The oftener, the harder, the more we enjoy,

The more we're in love with the chase.

GO patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
'Bout danger, and feer, and the like!
A tight water boat, and good sea room give me
And it e'nt to a little l'll strike;
Tho' the tempest top-gallant-mast smack smooth
shou'd smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood.
Clear the wreck, flow the yards, and bowse every
thing tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.

Avast! agr don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
To be taken for trifles a-back;

For they fay, there's a Providence fits up aloft,— To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good Chaplain palaver one day,
About fouls—heaven—mercy—and fueh;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!

Why, twas just all as one as High Dutch. But he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,

Without orders that come down below;
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow-

For, fays he, do you mind me, let florms e'er so oft Take the top-lifts of satiors a-back,

There's a fweet little cherub fits perched aloft, To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack.

I faid to our Poll (for you fee the would cry)
When last we weigh'd anchor for fea,
What argustes sniv'ling and piping your eve?
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
Cant' you fee the world's wide, and there's room
for us all.

Both for feathers and lubbers ashore;
And if to Old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more!
Why then !-all's a hazard, come, don't be so soft,

Perhaps I may faughing come back;
For d've foe, there's a cherub fits fimiling sloft,
To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack.

Dy'e mind me, a failor should be ev'ry inch,
All as one as a piece of the thip,
And with her brave the world, without off'ring to

From the moment the anchor's a-trip.

As to me, in all weathers, all times, tides, and

Nought's a trouble from duty that forings;—
My heart is my Poll's—and my thino my friend's,
And as for my life,—'th my King's !
E'en when my time comes, no et believe me so soft,

As with grief to be taken a-back;—
The fame little cherub that fits up aloft,
Will look out a good bigh for Poor fack!

I WAS, d'ye fee, a waterman, And fpruce and tight as any; From Horsleydown to Richmond town, I turn'd an honest penny:

More could of fortune's favours brag More than could lucky I; My cot was faug, well fill'd my cag, With grunter in my five.

With grunter in my ftye, With bosom light, and wherry tight, I cheerfully did row:

And to complete this princely life, Sure never man had friend and wife Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like thefe awhile, Folks far and near earefs'd me; 'Till woe is me, to lubberly,

The failors came and prefa'd me! How could I all these pleasures leave?

How with my wherey part?

I never fo took on to grieve,

It wrung my very heart.

But when on board they gave the word
To foreign parts to go,
I ru'd the moment I was born
That ever I should thus be torn
From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully
While on the billows rolling;
And night or day could find the way
Blindfold to the main-top bowling.
Thus all the dangers of the main.

Quickfands and gales of wind
I brav'd, in hopes to meet again
Thole joys I left behind.
In climes afar, 'midth hottest war,
Pour'd broadfides on the foe;
In hopes these perils to relate,
As by my fite attentive fat

My Poll and my parener Joe.
At length it bless'd his Majerty,
To give peace to our nation;

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When honest hearts, from foreign parts,
Came home for confolation;
Like light'ning (for I felt new life
When freed from war's alarms)
I rush'd and found my friend and wise
Lock'd in each other's arms a
Yet fancy not I bore my lot
Tame, like a lubber—no;
For finding I was fairly trick'd,
Plumb to the devil I boldly kick'd,
My Poll and my partner Joe.

A Plague of those musty old lubbers.

Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink;
A can of good stuff, and they twigg'd it,
Would have set them for pleasure agog,
And spite of the rules
Of the schools, the old sools
Would all of 'em swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd, " Jack never be such a ninny
to drink"—says I " father your health:"
So I shew'd him the suff—and he twigg'd it,
And it set the old codger agog;
And he swigg'd, and mother,
And sifter and brother,

And I fwigg'd, and all of us fwigg'd it, And fwore there was nothing like grog.

T'other day as the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk,
I shew'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
Which soon set his reverence agong;
And he swigg'd and Nick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then truft me there's nothing like drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave,
As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has so set me agog;
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind soully or fairly,
Helm a-lee or a-weather,
For hours together,
I've constantly swigg'd it,

LITTLE thinks the townsman's wife,
While at home she tarries,
What must be a lass's life,
Who a soldier marries;
Now with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent—
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira,
With her jolly soldier.

And, damm'e-there's nothing like grog-

In the camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning;
Only griev'd her love must rise,
And quit her in the morning:
But the doubtful skirmish done,
Blithe she sings at set of sun,
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
With her jolly soldier.

Should the captain of her dear
Use his vain endeavour
(Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear),
Two fond hearts to sever;
At his passion she will scoff,
Laughing thus, she'll put him off,
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
For her jolly soldier.

THE wind blesv hard, the fea ran high,
The dingy feud drove crofs the fky,
All was fafe flow'd, the bowl was flung,
When careless thus Ned Haulyard sung:

A failor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily;
If winds can whiftle he can fing,
Still faithful to his friend and King—
He gets belov'd by all the ship,
And toasts his girl and drinks his slip,

Down top-sails, boys, the gale comes on, To strike top gallant yards they run; And now to hand the fail prepar'd, Ned cheerful sings upon the yard—

A failor's life, &c.

A leak!—a leak!—come lads, be bold,
There's fine feet water in the bold,
Eager on deck fee Haulyard jump,
And, bark! while working at the pump—
A failor's life, &c.

And see, the vessel nought can save, She strikes and finds a wat'ry grave; Yet Ned, preserv'd with a few more, Sing as he treads a foreign shore—

A failor's life, &c.

And now unnumber'd perils past, On land as well as sea, at last, In tatters, to his Poll at home, See honest Haulyard finging come—

A failor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard, what difgrace !—
Poll swears she never saw his face—
He d—— her for a faithless she,
And, finging, goes again to sea.

A failor's life, &c.

DRIFTED fnow no more is feen,
Blustering winter passes by;
Merry spring comes clad in green,
While woodlarks pour their melody;
I bear him!—hark!
The merry lark,
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our goundelay.

When the golden fun appears On the mountain's furly brow; When his jolly beams he rears, Darting joy; behold them now-Then, then, -Oh, hark! The merry lark, Calls us to the new-mown hay, Piping to our roundelay. When the village boy to field. Tramps it with the busom lass: Fain the would not feem to yield, Yet gets her tumble on the grass: Then, then, -Oh, hark, The merry lark, While they tumble in the hay, Pipes alone his roundelay. What are honours? What's a court? Calm content is worth them all: Our honour lies in cudgel sport, Our brightest court a greensward ball, But then, -Oh, hark! The merry lark, Calls us to our new-mown hay, Piping to our roundelay,

WHEN on Cleora's form I gaze Surveying that exauftless flore, 'Till then unnotic'd charms I praise, And those, 'till then prais'd, I adore : And whilft I look'd with fond, furprife, And catch foft madness from my fair, I wish'd for Argo's hundred eyes, And wish to gaze for ever there. But when Cleora's voice I hear, And when the thrikes the trembling firings, I wish each eye was made an ear, To lift with angels when the fings: Thus while in rapture they rejoice, My fenses still her empire own, And touch her, fee her, hear her voice-All, all confirm me her's alone.

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THE midnight moon ferenely smiles
O'er Nature's fost repose:
No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
Nor rustling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest—
The throbbing heart lies still;
And var'ing scenes of life
No more distract the lab'ring will.

WE Bipeds made up of frail clay,
Alas I are the children of forrow,
And though brisk and merry to-day,
We all may be westched to-morow;
For funshine's succeeded by rain,
Then fearless of life's stormy weather,
Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant the best blessing we know
Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure,
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
O taste not the dangerous pleasure.
Thus friendship's a slimsy affair,
Thus riches and health are a bubble,
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life
That on earth could be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife,
To whom truth and honour are given.
But honour and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they'r cutting so tingle,
That with all my respect to the fair,
I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
That wisdom is nothing but folly,
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy.
That all those who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving,
And that, fince we must all of us die,
We should taste no enjoyment while living.

I HE wind was bufh'd, the form was over, Unfurl'd was every flowing fail; From toil releas'd, when Dick, of Dover, Went with his messmates to regale : All danger's o'er, cried he, my neat hearts, Drown care then, in the fmiling can; Come, bear a hand, let's toast our sweethearts, And, first, I'll give my buxom Nan. She's none of them that's always gigging, And, stem and stern, made up of art, (One knows a veffel by her rigging) Such ever flight a constant heart t-With fraw hat, and pink freamers flowing, How oft to meet me has the ran ; While for dear life would I be roving, To meet with smiles my buxom Nan. lack follyboat went to the Indies-To see him stare when he came back! The girls were fo all off the hinges, His Poll was quite unknown to Jack: Tant masted all, to see who's tallest, Breaft-works, top ga'nt fails, and a fan ;-Messmate, cried I, more sail than ballatt-Ah! Still give me my buxom Nan. None on life's fea can fail more quicker, To shew her love or serve a friend; But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor-This one word then, and there's an end : Of all the wenches what fomdever, I fay, then find me out who can, One half so true, so kind, so clever, Sweet, trim, and neat, as buxom Nan.

Twas near a thicket's calm retreat,
Under a poplar tree,
Maria chofe her wretched feat
To mourn her forrows free.
Her lovely form was fweet to view
As dawn at op'ning day,
But, ah, the mourn'd her love not true,
And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet In murmurs (mooth along ; Her pipe, which once the tun'd most fweet. Had now forgot its fong. No more to charm the vale the tues, For grief has fill'd her breaft : Those joys which once she us'd to prize-But love has robb'd her reft. Poor hapless maid! who can behold Thy forrows fo fevere, And hear thy lovelorn flory told Without a falling tear ? Maria, -luckless maid !- adieu ! Thy forrows foon muit ceafe ; For Heav'n will take a maid fo true To everlasting peace.

THE moon hath climb'd the highest hill
That rifes o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea:
Then soft and low a voice was heard
Say— Mary, weep no more for me?"

She from her pillow gently rais'd

Her head, to alk who there might be,
And faw young Sandy shivering stand,
With palid cheek and hallow eye.

"O! Mary dear! cold is my clay,

"It lies beneath a stormy sea;

"Far, far from thee, I sleep in death, "So, Mary, weep no more for me;

" Three stormy nights and stormy days "We toss'd upon the raging main,

"And long we ftrove our bark to fave, "But all our firiting was in vain:

46 E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,

" So, Mary, weep no more for me!

" O! maiden dear! thyfelf prepare,
" We foon shall meet upon that shore
" Where love is free from doubt or care,
" And thou and I shall part more."
Loud crow'd the cock; the shadow shed!
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
" O! Mary weep no more for me."

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HER mouth, which a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the rose
In the morning that blows
Impearl'd with the dew.
More fragrant her breath
Than the flow'r-scented heath
At the dawning of day,
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lilley's persume,
Or the blossoms of May.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun; ["Done, done!"
The confusion but hear, " I bet you, Sir?"
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and

Lords, hawkers, and jockies affail the tir'd ear:
Whilft, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his
crest—
[ing his breast;
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touchScarcely soussing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The HIGH-METTLED RACER first starts for
the plate!

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush

Dogs, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;
Thro' marsh, sen, and brier, led by their sly prey,
They by scent and by view cheat a long tedious
way;

[course,

While alike born for sports of the field and the Always sure to come thro —a staunch and steet horse:

When

breath-

The HIGH-METTLED RACER is in at the

Grown aged, us'd up-and turn'd out of the flud : Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gail'd, but yet with fome blood.

While knowing posillions the pedigree trace,

Tell his dam won this fweepstakes, his fire gain'd count o'er And what matches he won too, the hostlers

As they loiter their time at some hedge-alehouse

While the harness fore galls, and the spurs his fides The HIGH-METTLED RACER's a hack on . the road.

Till at laft, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late, Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate! Blind, old, lame, and feeble, he tugs round a mill, Or draws fand till the fand of his hour-glass fands ftill :

And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view In the very same cart which he yesterday drew, While a pitying crowd his fad relicks furrounds -The HIGH METTLED RACER -is fold for the hounds.

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- 56 -Y E jobbers, underwriters, ye tribe of pen & ink, Who on the Alley's gay parterre your tea and coffee drink, Wid my fal lal de ra, &c. Rattling up your yellow boys, come hither at my call. I'm buyer and I'm feller, and I can farve ou all. Wid my fal lal de ra, &c. Ye bulls, ye bears, ye lame ducks, and all the waddling crew, you'd do; If 'twas not for us imouchers, I dont know what Wid my fal lal de ra, &c. If e'er you want shecurities, 'tis we that find good pail. shometimes fail. Our friends have got de tarnish-but den they

Wid my fal lal de ra, &c.

When fairly run down, the fox yields up his ; If nobleman have loft race-borfe, and all their fper fhent money ipent My heart it meles, I draw de pond, I lend for thent Wid my fal lai de ra, &c.

> But if a life you would infure dats old and crazy bufinels done. grown,

> De ways and means I'll let you know, to get de Wid my fal lal de ra. &cc.

> Ye captains and ye colonels, ye jointer'd widows

To little Isaac come, when your flock begins to Wid my fal lai de ra, &c.

I'll put ye in a method once more to raise de cash-I'll buy into your shinking funds-dat you may cut a flash.

Wid my ral lal de ra, &c,

Ye parshons wid good livings, ye courtiers wid good place, Advice I'll give you gratis, and tink upon your Wid my fal lal de ra, &c.

If dare ish poshibility, for you I'll raise de dust-But den you must excuse me if I farve myself de Wid my fal lal de ra, &c.

I give advice to ev'ry tribe, but physic and de law, But they out-wit the lews themselves, for bills at fight they draw;

Wid my fal lal de ra, &c.

We, when we lend our monish, run some risktho' tis but small-

But they take all de monish, and run no risk at all. Wid my fal lal de ra, &c.

- 57 -BLOW, Boreas, blow! and let the furly winds Make the billows foam and roar;

Thou can'it no terrors breed in valiant minds; But 'Spite of thee we'll live and find the shore.

Then cheer my hearts and be not aw'd,

But keep the gun room clear .

Tho' hell's broke loofe, and dæmons roar abroad, Whilit we have fea-room here, boys never fear,

Hey !

Hey! how the toffes ep—how far!

The mounting top-mast touch'd a star!

The meteors blaz'd as thro' the clouds we came,
And, Salamander like, we liv'd in slame!

But now we fink! now down we go

To the deepest shades below:

Alas! where are we now! who, who can tell?

Sure 'tis the deepest room in hell,

Or where the sea-gods dweil:

With them we'll live, we'll live and reign,
With them we'll laugh & sing, & drink amain;

But see! we mount! see, see, we rise again!
Tho' shashes of lightning, and tempests of rain,
Do sercely contend which shall conquer the main;
Tho' the captain does swear instead of a pray'r,

And the sea is all fir'd by the dæmons of th' air,
We'll drink and defy
The mad spirits that fly
From the deep to the sky,

And fing, whilft the thunder does bellow:

For fate ftill will have

A kitd chance for the brave,

And ne'er make his grave

Of a falt water wave.

To drown-no never to drown-a good fellow.

F Arewell to old England, thy white cliffs adieu!
Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you;
Tho' occans divide me as wide as the pole,
No distance can change the true love of my foul!
As well might my messmates determine to bale,
All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail,
is divert my firm mind from it fond thought of
Farewell to old England, dear Mary, adieu! [you;
Dear Mary, adieu! [you;

Dear Mary, adieu! can that ship go to wreck Where ev'ry plank bears your sweet name on the deck;

Way, many love-knots on the tops have I made, While guileless my shipmates at chequers have play'd r

Their sports are no passime but forrow to me, My mind is more happy in fighing to thee;

More happy, by far, when I'm thinking of you, For the hope of return, takes the sting from adieu? Yes! the hope of return's all the joy of a tar; 'Tis his compass, his helm, 'tis his guide and his

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'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he sails, It shortens long nights and it quickens light gales; The dull midnight watch it sends limping away, And dawns a new hope in his mind with the day; With rapture it makes his affections to burn, And changes adieu! into welcome return.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud,
The moon in her beauty appears;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The music of love in our ears:
Maria appear! now the season so sweet,
With the beat of the heart is in tune,
The time is so tender for lovers to meet,
Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel,
I figh, (can a lover do more)—
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er:
Maria, my love, do you long for the grove,
Do you figh for an interview toon;
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds, whenever I hear,
My bosom is all in a glow;
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine
My heart thrills-my eyes overflow : [ear,

Ye pow'rs of the fky, will your bounty divine Indulge a fond lover his boon;

Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine, Alone by the light of the moon.

WHILE o'er the bleeding copple of France
Wild Anarchy exulting flands,
And female flends around her dance,
With fatal lamp cords in their hands, Cuo.

CHORUS -We Britons fill united fing, Old England's glory, Church and King.

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Poor France! whom bleffings cannot blefs,
By too much liberty undone;
Defect is better than excess—
For having all is having none.
CHORUS—Let Britons then united fing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

True Freedom is a temp'rate treat,
Not favage mirth, nor frantic noise;
"Tis the brisk pulses vital heat,
And not a fever that destroys.
Chonus.—Let Britons then united sing.
Old England's glory, Church and King.

The Gallic lilies droop and die,
Profan'd by many a patriot knave;
Her clubs command, her nobles fly,
Her Church a martyr—King a flave.
Chorus.—While Britons still united fing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

While pillow'd on his people's breaft,
Our So ereign fleeps fecure, ferene;
Unhappy Louis knows no reft,
But mourns his more unhappy Queen.
Chonus—Let Britons then united fing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

He finds his palace a bastile,
Amidst the shouts of liberty;
Doom'd every heart-felt pang to feel,
For merely striving to be free.
Choaus.—Let Britons then united siag,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

Go, democratic demons, go!
In France your horrid banquet keep;
Feaft on degraded Prelates' woe,
And drink the tears that Monarchs weep!
Chorus.—While Britons fill united fing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.
Our Church is built on Truth's firm rock,
And mocks each facrilegious hand;

In spite of each electric shock,
The heav'n-defended steeples stand.
CHOR US.—While Britonstrue, united sing,
Old England's glory, Church and King,

Old British sense, and British sire.

Shall guard that freedom we posses;

Priestley may write, and Paine conspire,

We wish no more, and sear no less.

Chorus.—While Britons shall united sing,

Old England's glory, Church and King.

WHEN it is night, and the mid watch is come, And chilling mifts hang o'er the darken'd main, Then failors think of their far diffant home, And of those friends they ne'er may see again. But when the fight's begun,

Each ferving at his gun.

Should any thought of them come o'er your mind—

Think, only, should the day be won,

How 'twill cher

The heart to hear

That their old companion-he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a miffress kind

Have left on shore—some pierty girl, and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind.

And sight to think how it may fare with you.

O! when the fight's begun,

And ferving at his gun,

Should any thought of her come o'er your mind—

Think, only, should the day be won,

How 'twill cheer

Her heart to hear

Her heart to hear That her own true failor—he was one.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,
When forc'd from her to go—
Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
My heart was fraught with woe—
Our anchor weigh'd, for fea we flood.
The land we left behind;
Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
Us lay the ocean wide;
For five long years I had not feen
My fweet, my bonny bride.
That time I fail'd the world around,
All for my true love's fake!
But prefs'd as we were homeward bound—
I thought my heart would break.

The presigang bold I ask'd in vain
To let me once on shore;
I long'd to see my Poll again,
But saw my Poll no more.

And have they torn my love away!

And is he gone!"——she cry'd:
My Polly——sweetest slow'r of May,
She languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd

THE nicht was still, the air serene,
Fann'd by a southern breeze;
The glimm'ring moon might just be seen,
Restecting through the trees:
The bubbling water's constant course,
From off th'e adjacent hill,
Was mournful Echo's last resource,
All nature was so still

All nature was so still

The constant shepherd sought this shade,
By forrow fore oppress'd,
Close by a fountain's margin laid,
His pain he thus express'd:
Ab wretched youth! why didst thou love,
Or hope to meet success;
Or think the fair would constant prove,
Thy blooming hopes to bless;

Find me the rose on barren sands,

The silly midst the rocks,

The grape in wild deserted lands,

A wolf to guard the flocks;

Those you, alas! will sooner gain,

And will more east find,

Than meet with ought but cold distain,

In faithless womankind

THE fable-clad curtain's undrawn,
The lark carols fweetly on high;
Quickly opens the eye of the morn,
See the fun-beams are gilding the fky:
The huntiman he throws off the hounds,
The horn winds a tedious delay;
And the heart of each fportiman, elated, rebounds,
In expecting the fummons for hark, hark away.

Hark! a burst gives the fignal for chase,

Thro' woodlands we dashing pursue;

While the fox, sheet as wind, mends his pace,

'Till the huntsman proclaims him in view.

Now his strength and his cunning a mort.

See the dogs seize in triumph their prey,

While the death of the game, gives fresh light to

the sport,

The echoes re-echo with hark, hark away.

Now for Liberty-hair we repair,

To replenish the joys of the field,

Where good humour combines with the fair,

And the wife smiles obedience to yield:

While the bottle and bowl both unite,

To vie with the sports of the day.

Let bumpers go round to the sportsman's delight,

And all join in the chorus of hark, hark away.

WHEN the faney flirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild my foul,
And life's an endless treasure.
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,
Fresh with gay desires;
Rays divine my senses dart,
And kindling Hope inspires.

Then who'd be grave,
When wine can fave
The heaviest fout from finking;
And magic grapes
Give angel shapes
To every girl we're drinking.

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Here (weet benignity and love
Shed their influence round me,
Gather'd ills of life remove,
And leave me as they found me.
Tho' my head may fwim, yet true
Still to nature's feeling;
Peace and beauty fmim there too,
And rock me as I'm reeling.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's foft pillow tender truth
Her penfive leffon taught me;
Age foon mock'd the dream of youth,
And wifdom wak'd and caught me
A bargain then with love I knock'd,
To hold the pleasing giply,
When wife to keep my bosom lock'd.
But turn the key when tipley.

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Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time affuag'd my heated heart,
The grey heard blind and fimple,
Forgat to cool one little part
Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple,
That part's enough of heauty's type
To warm an honest fellow;
And though it touch me not when ripe,
It melts me still when mellow.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

Life's a voyage, we all declare,
With scarce a port to hide in;
It may be so to pride or care,
That's not the sea I ride in:
Here stoats my soul till Fancy's eye
Her realms of bliss discover,
Bright worlds that fair in prospect lie,
To him that's half seas over.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

As I lean'd o'er the gate one midfummer eve,
When the fky in the brook look'd fo clear;
Young Robin came flily and tugg'd at my fleeve,
And I could not help thinking it queer;
He patted my cheek and he play'd with my hand,
And he gave me fuch a whimfical leer,

Then talk'd about things I could scarce understand. That I could not help thinking him queer. Now all on a fudden he let his thoughts loofe. And he ask'd if to church I would fleer ? I thought him a whimfical and mad-headed goofe For his talking of matters fo queer : I meant to have chid him for what he had faid. When he whisper'd so soft in my ear, That if I had hurt him my heart would have bled. For my heart it felt somehow so queer. How long have you lov'd me, pray Robin? faid I, When he answer'd, "a calendar year;" I then was refolv'd with his fuit to comply, Altho' it feem'd hafty and queer; Folks thought it so odd that an hour, or so. Should have made me fo ready appear: But many a lass who have answer'd with no. Have died old maidens, fo queer.

. 67 -KETURNING from the fair one eye, Acrofs you verdant plain, Young Harry faid he'd fee me home, A tight, a comely fwain; He begg'd I would a fairing take, And would not be refus'd; Then afk'd a kife, I blush'd and cry'd, I'd rather be excus'd. You're coy, faid he, my pretty maid, I mean no harm, I swear; Long time I have in fecret figh'd, For you, my charming fair; For if my tenderness offend, And if my love's refus'd, I'll leave you-what, alone? cry'd I. I'd rather be excus'd. He press' my hand and on we walk'd, He warmly urg'd his fuit; But still to all he faid, I was Most obstinately mute, At length got home, he angry cry'd, My fondness is abus'd;

Then die a maid-indeed, faid I.

I'd rather be excus'd.

ONE fummer's eve, when Luna's beam
Illumin'd hill and dale,
And gayly wanton'd on the fiream
With zephyr's gentle gale;
What all alone, my pretty maid?
Cry'd Colin, paffing by,
Take company; I flouting faid,

O! let me, faid the smiling swain, Conduct you thro' the grove; And then in fond and moving strain, Renew'd his tale of love. He begg'd I name the happy day,

Indeed, fir, no, not I.

And hop'd the time was nigh, Says I, ha' done—I cannot flay, Indeed, fays he—n. r I.

We parted, but the teffy youth,
In female arts untaught,
Mistook my meaning; for in truth,
I meant not as he thought.
Then threw me oft in Colin's way,
And smil'd when he came nigh,
Again he woo'd, could I say nay?
Why, no, indeed, not I.

WHEN De is on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I wou'd approach, but dare not move—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
That instantenemy I prove—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
When she be absen', I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd that before,

The pleafing spring, or shady groweTell me, my heart, if this be love?
When arm'd with insolent distain,
She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain;
I strove to hate, but vainly stroveTell me, my heart, if this be love?

LAWYERS pay you with words, and fine ladies with vapours—

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Your parsons with preaching, and dancers with eapers;

Soldiers pay you with courage, and fome with their lives;

Some men with their fortunes, and fome with their wives !

Some with fame, some with conscience, and many throw both in;

Physicians with Latin, and great men with nothing : I, not to be fingular in such a throng,

For your kindness pay you with the end of a fong.

But pleading, engroffing, declaring, and va'pring— And fighting, and hect'ring, and dancing and cap'ring;

And preaching, and fwearing, and bullying, prefcribing,

And coaxing, and wheedling, and feeing, and bribing;

And ev'ry professional art of hum-drumming, Are clearly of some fort a species of humming; Humming hay take me with you, the term's very strong.

But I only meant-humming the end of a fong.

For all who thus kindly may pay me attention, I would I had language of fome new invention My thanks to return; for where's the expression Can describe of your kindness the grateful impression?

May ev'ry defire of your heart be propitious—
Be lading fuccess the result of your wishes;
Unimpair'd be your joys, your lives happy and long,
And now—I am come to the end of my song.

My name's Tippy Bob,
With a watch in each fob,
View me round—on each fide, and the top;
I'm fure I'm the thing!
Nay, I wish I may swing,
If I a'nt now, a nice natty crop!
I'm up to each rig,
Of my hat sm ke the gig!
Like candles my locks dangle down!
And look in my rear,
As an offrich I'm bare!
But the knowingest smart of the town!

As I walk thro' the lobby,
The girls cry out "Bobby!
"Here, Bobby!—My Bibbidy Bob!"
Now fqueaking! now bawling!
Then pulling and hawling!
So fmirking and pleafing!
So coaxing and teizing!
I can't get them out of my nob.

Observe well my shape,
And the fall of my cape,
It's the thing! It's the thing! dam'me! an't it?
And this bow round my neck,
Would at least hold a peck!
It may catch some old Duchese, too! may'nt it?
Then under this collar,
I've got a large roller,
'Tis just like a huge German sausage;
And squeez'd up so tight,
That, by this good light,
It goes nearly to stop up the passage!

As I walk thro the Lobby, &c.

My vest, a foot long,
Nine capes in a throng,
My breeches—my fmall clothes—I mean,
From my cheft to my calf—
Damn she mob! let them laugh,
I dress not by them to be seen 1
Pp

The strings at my knees,
Like chevaux-de-frize,
My boots to the small of my leg!
My spurs the nonsuch!
No crop can me touch,
For I swear I'm at home to a peg!
As I walk thro' the Lobby, &c

ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame
An angel's virtues lay;
Too foon did Heav'n affert the claim,
And call'd its own away.
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Muft never m re return;
What now shall fill those widow'd arms?
Ah, me!—my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that blifs refin'd,
Which bleft when her I knew?
Our hearts in facred bonds entwin'd
Were bound by love too true.
The rural train, which once were us'd
In festive dance to turn,
So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
Now, weeping, deck her wan?

The foul escaping from its chain,
She class'd me to her breast,
"To part with thee is all my pain!"
She cry d—then sunk to rest.
While M.m'ry shall her seat retain,
From beauteous Anna torn,
My heart shall breathe its ceateless strain
Of sorrow o'er her un.

There, with the earlieft dawn, a dove
Laments her murder'd mate;
There Philomela, loft to love,
Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew and ivy round me fpread.
My Anna there I'll mourn;
For all my foul—now fie is dead,
Concenters in her va N.

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WHEN Werter fair Charlotte beheld,
As the dane'd with the nymphs on the green,
He thought ev'ry maid the excell'd,
And prais'd the foft grace of her mien;
But all her accomplishments known,
Gentle Werter began to adore;
He fighs for a heart not her own,
And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
As a Friend gentle Werter was dear!
Her smiles oft his forrow assuag'd,
While Pity has dropp'd a fost tear.
Urg'd by love, he grew bold, and she cry'd,
"Werter, leave me, and see me no more!"
He sigh'd—he obey'd—and he dy'd!
Then the forrows of Werter deplore.

Ye Nymphs! let not Cupid deceive,
Under Pity's foft garb hide his dart;
Werter's forrows are laid in the grave,
While pity fill wrings Charlotte's heart.
And oft o'er his grave has she cry'd,
While with flow'rets she deck'd it all o'er,
"He saw me—he lov'd—and he dy'd!"
Then the forrows of Werter deplore.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To ev'ry passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,

That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours

With my lov'd lute's romantic found;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

he shepherd's horn, at break of day, The ballet danc'd in twilight glade; The canzonet and roundelay

Sung in the filent greenwood shade.

These simple joys, that never fail,

Shall bind me to my native vale.

DISTILL'D amidft the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn,
Till notic'd by approach of light,
It glitters in the smile of morn.

F

Morn foon retires; her feeble pow's
The Sun outbeams with genial ray,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away,

Thus on Affliction's fable bed,
Deep forrows rife, of faddest hue,
Condensing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilling dew.

Tho' Pity shews her dawn from heav'n,
When kind, she points assistance near—
To Friendship's sun alone 'tis giv'n
To sooth and dry the mourner's tear.

THE wealthy fool with gold in flore
Will still defire to grow richer,
Give me but these, I ask no more,
My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher!
CHORUS.

My friend fo rare, my girl fo fair,
With these what morral can be richer!
Give me but these, a fig for eare,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning fun I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I came home at eve
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher!
My friend fo rare, &c. &c.

Tho' Fortune ever shuns my door,
I know not what 'tis can bewitch her;
With all my heart—can I be poor
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher?
My friend so rare, &c. &c.

AS on you village lawn I ffray'd, One morning in the fpring, Around the lambs all sportive play'd, The birds did blythsome fing; Upon a bank where willows grew, I tun'd my oaten reed, How much I'm chang'd fince first I knew Sweet Molly of the Mead, &c.

No shepherd was so blythe as I, No youth was e'er so bleft, In rapture sweet the time did fly, For love then warm'd my breaft; To please her was my sole employ, To her I tun'd my reed, And morn and eve my only joy, Was Molin of the Mead, &c.

Soon as the fun refplendant role, One morn I took my way, And eager fought some fragrant flow'r, To make her look more gay; Right well she faw my tender pain, And foon my fate decreed, And now I live the happiest swain, With Molly of the Mead, &c.

\_\_\_\_ 78 \_\_\_ OFT as on Thames's banks I ftray, Where nymphs and fwains appear, From all their sports I turn away, If William be not there; The nymphs then laugh, The fwains all quaff, Their cyder, ale, and perry, They nod and wink, While health they drink, To William of the Ferry, Dear William of the Ferry.

When on the stream the youths attend, Their manly skill to show, With rival force the oar they bend. And o'er the furface row;

But none I'm fure, E'er ply the oar, Or feer fo well the wherry, As he who won, The prize alone, Young Will am of the Ferry. Dear William of the Ferry. Such blifs to me his smiles impart, Whene'er he talks of love, That now I find my yielding heart, Does all his hopes approve; So Hymen's bands, Shall join our hands, Then I'll be blyth and merry, And fing thro' life, The happy wife, To William of the Ferry. Dear William of the Ferry.

--- 79 W HEN first on the plain I began to appear, And the shepherds to ogle and figh; They call'd me their dear, their delight, and their But I heed no such nonsense, not I. Not all their fine words, their flatt'ry and love,

Tho' they fwore if I frown'd they should die; Could bring me to like, to ove, or approve, For I heed no fuch nonlense, not I.

But now in my turn I'm in love too, I find,, Tho' believe I for grief should not die; Were Jemmy as false as the wav'ring wind, O I heed not such nonsense, not I.

I think the lad likes me, and he may prove true, And if so, I will love till I die; But if he prove fickle, then I'll prove to too-O I'll die for no shepherd, not I.

I'OR tenderneis form'd, in life's early day, A parent's foft forrow to mine led the way; The lesson of Pity was caught from her eye, And ere words were my own, I spoke with a figh,

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&c. &c

her? &c. &c The nightingale plunder'd-the mate-widow'd dove,

The warbled complaint of the fuffering grove, To youth, as it ripen'd, gave fentiment new ? The object fill changing—the sympathy true.

Soft embers of paffion yet reft in their glow;

A warmth of more pain may this breaft never know!

Or if too indulgent the bleffing I claim, [flame.

Let the spark drop from Reason, that wakens the

IN Charles the Second's merry days,
For wanton frolics noted,
A lover of cabals I was—
With wine, like Bacchus, bloated;
I preach'd unto my crowded pews,
Wine was by Heaven's command, Sir,
And d—ma'd was he who did refuse
To drink whilft he could fland, Sir.

CHORUS.

And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, Sir;
That whatfoever king shall reign,
Pli crink my gallon a day, Sir.

When James the Sot affum'd the throne,
He strove to stand alone, Sir;
But quickly got so drunk, that down
He tumbled from the throne, Sir.
One morning crop-sick, pale, and queer,
By setting up with gay-men.
He reel'd to Rome, where priess severe
Deny the cup to laymen.

And this is law, &c.

Then Will the tippling Dutchman, fav'd
Our liberties from finking —
We crown'd him King of Cups, and crav'd
The privilege of thinking.
He drank your Holland's gin, tis faid,
And held predefination;
Fool! not to know that the tippling trade
Admits no trepidation.

And this is law, &c.

When Brandy Nan became our Queen,
'Twas all a drunken flory;
I fat and drank from morn till e'en,
And so was thought a Tory,
Brimful of wine, all sober folks
We d—mn'd, and moderation,
Till for right Nantz we pawn'd to France
Our dearest reputation.
And this is law. &c.

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King George the First then fill'd the throne,
And took the resolution
To drink all forts of liquors known
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He drank success in rare old rum
Unto the State and Church, Sir,
Till, with a dose of Brunswick mum,
He dropp'd from off the perch, Sir.
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A wife and valiant foul, Sir;

He low'd his people, beat his foes,

And push'd about the bowl, Sir,

He drank his fill to Chatham Will,

To heroes—for he chose 'em;

With us true Whigs he drank until

He slept in Abram's bosom.

And this is law, &c.

His PRESENT MAJESTY then came,
Whom Heav'n long preferve, Sir;
He "glory'd in a Briton's name,"
And fwore he'd never fwerve, Sir,
Though evil counfellors may think
His love from us to fever.
Yet let us, loyal Britons, drink
Our gracious king for ever.

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Till wine shall wash me away, Sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
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AH! Fashion, wherefore dost thou still
The female breast with anger fill,
And teach such cruel arts;
'Tis thou that bid'st the Fair conceal
Their glowing charms beneath a Veil,
To tantalize our hearts,

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O! banish the Bonnet, or draw up the Veil, And crown with simplicity each British Fair; No longer their smiles and their dimples conceal, But let us behold them e'en just as they are,

Ah I Fashion, 'tis thy ruthless pow'r,
That 'midth the grove and in the bow'r,
Oft damps extatic bliss;
For when the nectar we should sip,
The cobweb flutters on the sip,
And blunts the amorous kiss.
O banish the Bonnet, &c.

O! Fashion, bid the curtain tife,
That we may feast our longing eyes,
With dimples and with smiles;
Then every youth shall blessthy sway,
And to thy precepts homage pay,

Dear Goddess of our Isles.

O banish the Bonnet, &c.

Assist, O thou God of the Vine!
To Friendship libations we pour;
Let mirth, wit, and jollity join,
To cherish the festival hour.

'Tis wine makes us happy and gay,
The Lethe and balm of all woe;
Let's crown the full glass while we may—
A bumper to bleffings below.

Let monarchs for kingdoms contend,
A sceptre's no more than a toy;
Our empire's a bottle and friend,
Wit and wine are the fountains of joy!

What's wealth or the gold of Peru?
Poffess'd, they but add to our care;

The wretch may take gold as his due, But Sours will have wine and the fair,

All wisdom, says Solomon's vain; And reason brings doubt and despair, That books do but puzzle the brain, And teach us what ideots we are.

Let wretches feek grandeur and gold,
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Give us Wine, O thou God of the Bowl !
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PATRICK.

A Rose-tree full in bearing
Had sweet flowers fair to see—
One rose, beyond comparing
For beauty, attracted me.
Tho' eager once to win it.
Lovely, blooming, fresh, and gay,
I fink a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

NORAH.

How fine this morning early,

The fun fhining clear and bright;

So late I lov'd you dearly,

Tho' loft now each fond delight.

The clouds feem big with showers,

Sunny beams no more are feen—

Farewell, ye happy hours!

Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

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· His faithful heart be ever prais'd, · For love and truth dwelt there!"

The wretched Charlotte at his tomb
Oft paid the tribute due;
Wept o'er his grave, and mourn'd his doom,
And figh'd for love fo true.
His loss she could not long survive,
For life was at a stand;
Her colour fled, her cheeks grew pale—
She dropp'd her lilly hand!

Then gently rais'd her eyes to heav'n, With feeble voice the cry'd,

"Bleft youth! be all thy faults forgiv'n"She heav'd a figh-and dy'd.

Albert he mourn'd his wife and friend, And shed the tender tear:

The village west their mournful end. And nought was left to cheer.

If other maids admire his lays,
While foft and sweet he sings my praise;
The tender tale I must approve—
For Music is the voice of Love,

Like mine to botch is each man's trade,
Each toils in his vocation—
One man tinkers up the flate,
Another mends the nation;
Your parsons preach to mend the heart,
They cobble heads at college;
Physicians patch with terms of art,
And Latin want of knowledge.

But none for praise can more contend Than I, who cry, Old chairs to mend.

Your lawyer's tools are flaws and pleas,
We manners mend by dancing;
Wigs are patches for degrees.
And lovers are romancing.
Fortunes are mended up, and made
Too frequently with places;
With rouge, when their complexions fade,
Some ladies mend their faces.

But none for praise can more contend Than I, who cry, Old chairs to mend.

To th' cit's affairs, a gangrene speek,

The docket instant patches;

Spendthrift's their fortunes shatter'd wreck,

Tinker with prudent matches:

Humility mends prelates' pride,

Their hard and stern authority;

And ministers bad measures hide.

Behind a good majority.

But none for praise can more contend Than I, who cry, Old chairs to mend.

88 ----

IN gaudy courts, with aching hearts,
The great at Fortune tail;
The hills may higher honours claim,
But peace is in the vale.

WILLIAM.

See high born dames, in rooms of state, With midnight revels pale; No youth admires their faded charms, For Beauty's in the vale.

BOTE.

Amid the shades the virgin's fighs
Add fragrance to the gale;
So they that will, may take the hill,
Since Love is in the vale.

